28 August 1982 US $1.95 (by air) 35p ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 70c Den Kr 14.50 Fr NF 7.50 Ger Dm 5.00
Malaysia $2.50 Spn 200pts Ir 53p (inc. VAT)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Sound and Sorcery

WHO'S LAST: `FINAL DATES' ABC TOUR

MONOCHROME SET

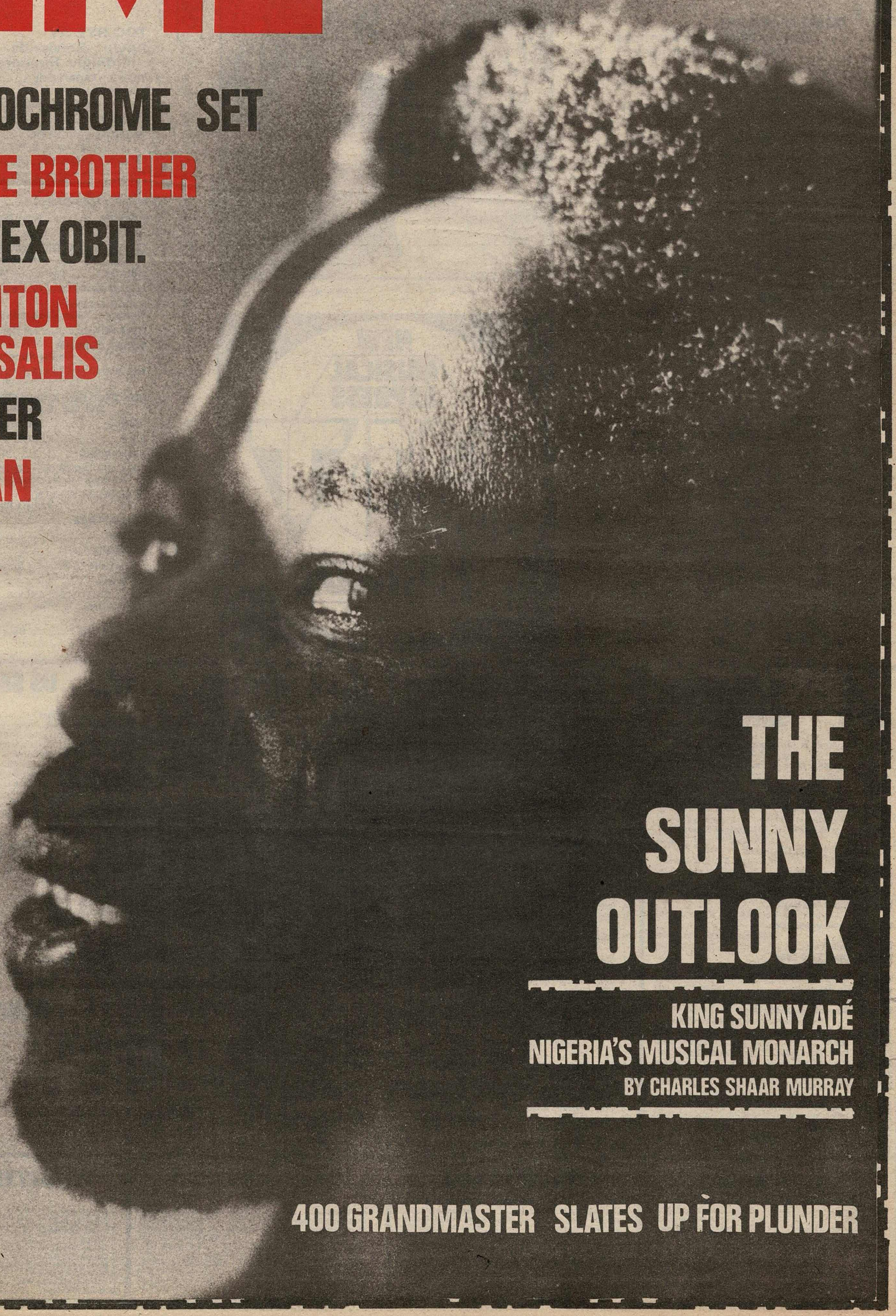
LITTLE BROTHER

JOE TEX OBIT.

WYNTON MARSALIS

FLIPPER

CONAN



THE SUNNY OUTLOOK

KING SUNNY ADÉ NIGERIA'S MUSICAL MONARCH

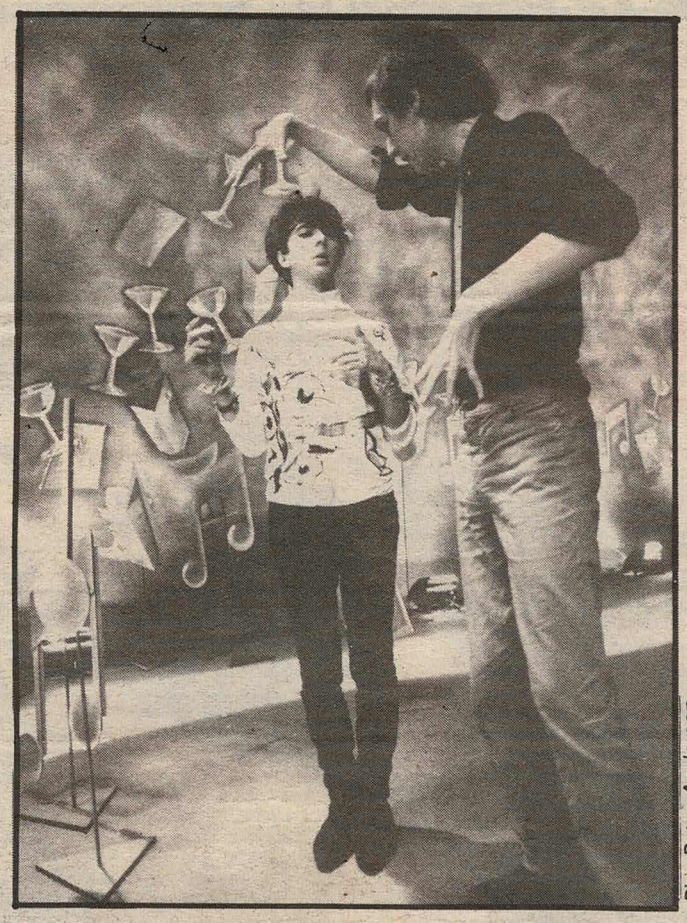
BY CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

400 GRANDMASTER SLATES UP FOR PLUNDER

King Sunny Ade shines his light/Pic: Peter Anderson

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week		Weeks in	Highest
		COME ON EILEEN Dexy's Midnight Runners (Mercury/Phonogram)	6	1
2	2	THE EYE OF THE TIGER Survivor (Scotti Brothers)	4	2
3	13	CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU Boystown Gang (EMI)	2	3
4	4	FAME ..... Irene Cara (RSO)	8	1
5	(—)	WHAT ....Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	1	5
6	5	IT STARTED WITH A KISS Hot Chocolate (RAK)	7	3
7	26	I EAT CANNIBALS PART I Toto Coelo (Radical Choice/Virgin)	2	7
8	6	STRANGE LITTLE GIRL The Stranglers (Liberty)	5	6
9	3	DON'T GO..... Yazoo (Mute)	6	3
10	10	THE CLAPPING SONG .... The Belle Stars (Stiff)	4	10
11	7	DRIVING IN MY CAR..... Madness (Stiff)	6	2
12	8	STOOL PIGEON Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze/Island)	5	6
13	9	MY GIRL LOLLIPOP..... Bad Manners (Magnet)	5	9
14	29	HURRY HOME ..... Wavelength (Ariola)	2	14
15	24	SUMMERTIME ..... Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	4	15
16	(—)	SAVE A PRAYER ..... Duran Duran (EMI)	1	16
17	21	HI FIDELITY..... The Kids From Fame (RCA)	3	17
18	17	BIG FUN Kool & The Gang (De Lite/Phonogram)	2	17
19	15	JOHN WAYNE IS BIG LEGGY Hayzee Fantayzee (Regard)	3	15
20	11	ARTHUR DALEY..... The Firm (Bark/Stiff)	4	11
21	(—)	NOBODY'S FOOL..... Haircut 100 (Arista)	1	21
22	18	18 CARAT LOVE AFFAIR Associates (Associates)	3	18
23	16	LOVE IS IN CONTROL Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	4	16
24	14	TAKE IT AWAY .. Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	7	14
25	20	SHY BOY..... Bananarama (London)	8	4
26	27	SPREAD A LITTLE HAPPINESS ..... Sting (A&M)	2	26
27	(—)	CHERRY PINK & APPLE BLOSSOM WHITE Modern Romance (WEA)	1	27
28	12	THE ONLY WAY OUT..... Cliff Richard (EMI)	6	9
29	23	I SECOND THAT EMOTION ..... Japan (Hansa)	6	10
30	(—)	BACK CHAT ..... Queen (EMI)	1	30



Pic: Peter Anderson

Que? Soft Cell in at No. 5 — *Marc Almond in rehearsal.*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week		Weeks in	Highest
		TOO-RYE-AY Kevin Rowlands & Dexy's Midnight Runners (Mercury)	4	1
2	2	THE KIDS FROM FAME..... Various (BBC)	5	1
3	7	LOVE & DANCE League Unlimited Orchestra (Virgin)	7	3
4	6	LEXICON OF LOVE..... ABC (Neutron)	9	1
5	4	TROPICAL GANGSTERS Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	13	4
6	3	FAME ..... Original Soundtrack/Various (RSO)	7	2
7	8	THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	10	7
8	5	COMPLETE MADNESS..... Madness (Stiff)	18	1
9	9	AVALON ..... Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	13	1
10	15	RIO ..... Duran Duran (EMI)	14	2
11	13	TALKING BACK TO THE NIGHT Steve Winwood (Island)	2	11
12	14	MIRAGE..... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	7	11
13	19	TUG OF WAR..... Paul McCartney (EMI)	17	1
14	17	ABRACADABRA The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	10	4
15	11	LOVE SONGS..... Commodores (K-Tel)	2	11
16	10	DONNA SUMMER Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	4	10
17	20	THE JIMI HENDRIX CONCERTS Jimi Hendrix (CBS)	2	17
18	28	NON-STOP EROTIC CABARET Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	9	4
19	(—)	DARE..... Human League (Virgin)	31	1
20	30	ASIA..... Asia (Geffen)	15	12
21	24	NIGHT BIRDS ..... Shakatak (Polydor)	15	6
22	16	STILL LIFE (AMERICAN CONCERT) Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	12	2
23	22	PICTURES AT ELEVEN Robert Plant (Swan Song)	7	5
24	(—)	ASSEMBLAGE ..... Japan (Hansa)	1	23
25	12	FRIENDS..... Shalamar (Solar)	7	11
26	26	BAT OUT OF HELL ..... Meat Loaf (Epic)	38	9
27	(—)	EYE OF THE TIGER..... Survivor (Scotti Bros)	1	27
28	21	SHANGO ..... Santana (CBS)	2	21
29	18	CAN'T STOP THE CLASSICS Louis Clark & The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (K-Tel)	4	18
30	23	I WANT CANDY..... Bow Wow Wow (EMI)	4	15

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Don't Go** ..... Yazoo (Mute)	
2	(2)	**Asylums In Jerusalem** Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)	
3	(7)	**Bleed For Me** ..... Dead Kennedys (Statik)	
4	(16)	**Warriors** ..... Blitz (No Future)	
5	(3)	**Run Like Hell** Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)	
6	(5)	**Religious Wars** ... Subhumans (Spider Leg)	
7	(6)	**Whatever Is He Like** .. Farmers Boys (Back)	
8	(4)	**Past Meets Present/Midnight Slows** Weekend (Rough Trade)	
9	(27)	**Rising From The Dread** UK Decay (Corpus Christi)	
10	(—)	**Leave In Silence** ..... Depeche Mode (Mute)	
11	(—)	**Shelter For The Rich** Disruptors (Radical Change)	
12	(11)	**Night And Day** Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)	
13	(10)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead** Bauhaus (Small Wonder)	
14	(18)	**Only You** ..... Yazoo (Mute)	
15	(13)	**Open Your Eyes** Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)	
16	(8)	**17 Years Of Hell** ..... Partizans (No Future)	
17	(—)	**So Here I Am** ..... UB40 (Dept Int)	
18	(15)	**House That Jack Built** ..... Conflict (Cream)	
19	(20)	**Something On My Mind** Pale Fountains (Operation Twilight)	
20	(22)	**Fuck The World** Chaotic Discord (Riot City)	
21	(9)	**IEYA** ..... Toyah (Safari)	
22	(21)	**Fuck The Tories** ..... Riot Squad (Rondolet)	
23	(28)	**Who's The Enemy** ... Amoebics (Spiderleg)	
24	(—)	**Don't Feed Us** ... Ikon AD (Radical Change)	
25	(—)	**Religious As Hell (EP)** March Violets (Merciful Release)	
26	(—)	**Society's Rejects (EP)** ..... MauMaus (Pax)	
27	(—)	**I Melt With You** ..... Modern English (4AD)	
28	(—)	**Lizard Hunt** ..... Balcony (Praxus)	
29	(25)	**Love At First Sight** The Gist (Rough Trade)	
30	(17)	**Temptation** ..... New Order (Factory)	

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Junkyard** ..... Birthday Party (4AD)	
2	(2)	**Garlands** ..... Cocteau Twins (4AD)	
3	(4)	**Christ — The Album** ..... Crass (Crass)	
4	(18)	**City Baby Attacked by Rats** ..... GBH (Clay)	
5	(5)	**Lords Of The New Church** Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)	
6	(9)	**Skidip** ..... Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)	
7	(3)	**We Are The League** ... A N League (WXYZ)	
8	(6)	**2 × 45** ..... Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)	
9	(7)	**Thermo Nuclear Sweat** Defunkt (Hannibal)	
10	(24)	**Live At The Roundhouse** Pink Fairies (Ace)	
11	(—)	**Punk'n'Disorderly Vol. 2** Various (Anagram)	
12	(14)	**4th Drawer Down** Associates (Situation 2)	
13	(15)	**In The Flat Field** ..... Bauhaus (4AD)	
14	(25)	**Soweto** ..... Various (Rough Trade)	
15	(22)	**Hear Nothing See Nothing** Discharge (Clay)	
16	(26)	**Drumming The Beating Heart** Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)	
17	(17)	**Movement** ..... New Order (Factory)	
18	(—)	**Singles Album** ..... UB40 (Graduate)	
19	(10)	**Caution In The Wind** . Anti Pasti (Rondelet)	
20	(15)	**Tench** ..... Shriekback (Y)	
21	(27)	**Degenerates** ..... Passage (Cherry Red)	
22	(8)	**The Changeling** ..... Toyah (Safari)	
23	(11)	**Wargasm** ..... Various Artists (Pax)	
24	(21)	**Two Bad DJ** General Saint and Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)	
25	(12)	**Greatest Hits** . Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)	
26	(—)	**Hi Yo Silver Away** Lone Ranger (Greensleeves)	
27	(16)	**Punk'n'Disorderly** ..... Various (Abstract)	
28	(20)	**Riotous Assembly** ..... Various (Riot City)	
29	(19)	**He Who Dares** ..... Theatre Of Hate (SSS)	
30	(—)	**Rhythm Collision** ..... Ruts DC (Bohemian)	

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of independent record retailers.

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **Hog And Goat/Get Me Mad 10"** Don Carlos/Purple Man (J&J)
2 **Love Without Feeling** ..... Bobby Floyd (Taxi)
3 **Ram Jam** ....Mighty Diamonds (Kings Crown)
4 **In The Army/Stay With Me 10"** Welton Irie/Earl 16 (Tanka)
5 **Mr Babylon** . Robert French (Black Solidarity)
6 **You Must** ..... Joe Higgs (Gorgon)
7 **I'm Getting Divorced 12"** Yellowman/Fathead (Jah Guidance)
8 **Black Romeo** ..... Delton Screechy (Al Jr)
9 **Creation Judgement** Sister Chinna (Steppers)
10 **Highty Tighty** ..... The Itals (Western)
11 **Bibow** ..... Errol Scorcher (Volcano)
12 **Video/Colour TV** ..... Ringo (Mic)
13 **Bam Bam** ..... Yellowman (Gorgon)
14 **Highway Robbery** . Israel Vibration (Volcano)
15 **Matty Gunga Walk** Clint Eastwood & General Saint (Greensleeves)

LPs

1 **Hi Ho Silver And Away** Lone Ranger (Greensleeves)
2 **Just Cool** ..... Yellowman (Jah Guidance)
3 **Love At First Sight** Freddie McGregor (Joe Gibbs)
4 **Commandments Of Dub** ... Jah Shaka (Shaka)
5 **King At Control** ..... King Tubby (tads)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street

US SINGLES

1 **Eye Of The Tiger** ..... Survivor (Epic)
2 **Hurts So Good** ..... John Cougar (Polygram)
3 **Abracadabra** ..... The Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
4 **Hold Me** ..... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
5 **Hard To Say I'm Sorry** Chicago (Full Moon/Warner Bros)
6 **Even The Nights Are Better** ..... Air Supply (Arista)
7 **Keep The Fire Burning** ..... REO Speedway (Epic)
8 **Vacation** ..... The Go-Go's (A&M)
9 **Wasted On The Way** Crosby, Stills & Nash (Atlantic)
10 **Take It Away** ..... Paul McCartney (Columbia)

US LPs

1 **Mirage** ..... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
2 **Eye Of The Tiger** ..... Survivor (Epic)
3 **Asia** ..... Asia (Warner Bros)
4 **American Fool** ..... John Cougar (Polygram)
5 **Pictures At Eleven** ..... Robert Plant (Atlantic)
6 **Abracadabra** ..... Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
7 **Good Trouble** ..... REO Speedwagon (Epic)
8 **Daylight Again** ..... Crosby, Stills & Nash (Atlantic)
9 **Vacation** ..... The Go-Go's (A&M)
10 **Three Sides Live** ..... Genesis (Atlantic)

Courtesy Billboard

DENMARK

1 **Baby Makes Her Blue Jeans** ..... Dr Hook (Mercury)
2 **Ein Bisschen Frieden** ..... Nicole (Jupiter)
3 **Der Komissar** ..... Falco (Gig/Pol)
4 **Da Da Da** ..... Trio (Vertigo)
5 **Sunshine Reggae** ..... Laid Back (Medley)
6 **Like A Roller Coaster** ..... Sugar (CNR)
7 **Ebony & Ivory** Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (EMI)
8 **Hvor Ska' Vi Sore I Nat** ..... Laban (EMI)
9 **Shirley** ..... Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
10 **En Pig Ska Gyvt So** ..... Vos (Sonet)

Courtesy BT/IFPI/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Way Down** ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
2 **Float On** ..... The Floaters (ABC)
3 **Nobody Does It Better** ..... Carly Simon (Elektra)
4 **Angelo** ..... Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
5 **Magic Fly** ..... Space (Pye)
6 **Oxygene** ..... Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)
7 **That's What Friends Are For** ..... Deniece Williams (CBS)
8 **Nights On Broadway** ..... Candi Staton (Warner Bros)
9 **The Crunch** ..... Rah Band (Good Earth)
9 **Deep Down Inside** ..... Donna Summer (GTO)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **You Wear It Well** ..... Rod Stewart (Mercury)
2 **School's Out** ..... Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers)
3 **All The Young Dudes** ..... Mott The Hoople (CBS)
4 **Popcorn** ..... Hot Butter (Pye)
5 **Layla** ..... Derek & The Dominoes (Polydor)
6 **Silver Machine** ..... Hawkwind (United Artists)
7 **Seaside Shuffle** ..... Terry Dactyl & The Dinosaurs (UK)
8 **Mama We're All Crazee Now** ..... Slade (Polydor)
9 **It's Four In The Morning** ..... Faron Young (Mercury)
10 **Standing In The Road** ..... Blackfoot Sue (Jam)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

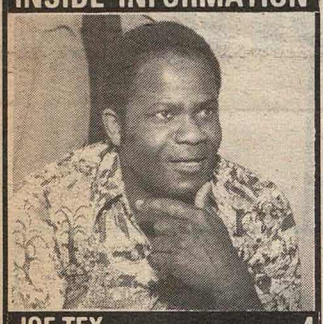
1 **San Francisco** ..... Scott McKenzie (CBS)
2 **I'll Never Fall In Love Again** ..... Tom Jones (Decca)
3 **The Last Waltz** ..... Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
4 **The House That Jack Built** ..... Alan Price Set (Decca)
5 **Even The Bad Times Are Good** ..... Tremeloes (CBS)
6 **I Was Made To Love Her** ..... Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
7 **We Love You** ..... Rolling Stones (Decca)
8 **Just Loving You** ..... Anita Harris (CBS)
9 **All You Need Is Love** ..... Beatles (Parlophone)
10 **Pleasant Valley Sunday** ..... Monkees (RCA)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **I Remember You** ..... Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2 **Roses Are Red** ..... Ronnie Carroll (PHillips)
3 **Speedy Gonzales** ..... Pat Boone (London)
4 **Things** ..... Bobby Darin (London)
5 **Guitar Tango** ..... Shadows (Columbia)
6 **Sealed With A Kiss** ..... Brian Hyland (HMV)
7 **Breaking Up Is Hard To Do** ..... Neil Sedaka (RCA)
8 **Once Upon A Dream** ..... Billy Fury (Decca)
9 **I Can't Stop Loving You** ..... Ray Charles (HMV)
10 **Ballad Of Paladin** ..... Duane Eddy (RCA)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION



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WHO AT BIRMINGHAM — LAST EVER BRITISH GIGS? P.36

Tour off, rumours of split

BLONDIE SHAMBLES

BLONDIE'S tour of the UK and Europe, scheduled to get underway at Glasgow's Apollo on September 1, has been cancelled.

"Ticket sales have not been as good as we hoped," confessed tour promoter Mick Cater. "We sold more tickets than most bands could hope to in the UK at the moment but it wasn't enough to cover the huge costs involved.

"Blondie had a great show planned but it wouldn't have been economically viable to go ahead. Blondie are not the only band to suffer bad ticket sales recently — even The Police failed to swell out their recent gig on their home turf.

"In the current economic climate, people do not have the money to buy concert tickets. The Stones tour took so much money out of the market that everybody is suffering."

The cancellation marks a new low on the Blondie progress chart. The band's recent album took a critical hammering and failed to sell as well as expected — currently it's at 184 in the US charts — while Debbie Harry's solo LP, despite a flurry of hype, also bombed out.

Reports from the States suggest that Blondie have generally fallen from favour on the concert circuit and rumours suggest that the band are about to split in the wake of Jimmy Destri's departure, the court injunction by guitarist Frank Infante, who tried to stop the band performing without him, and onstage reprimands of roadies and soundmen by Debbie Harry.

The better news is that ticket holders for the projected UK tour should have no problem getting their money back. Tickets should be returned to the point of sale where a refund will be made. And those who bought tickets by postal application are advised to send their tickets, along with their names and addresses, to Blondie Box Office, PO Box, 281, London N15 5LW.

Pic: Anton Corbijn

Debbie ponders: "I dye my hair brown, and my whole career crumbles?" Pic: Frank Griffin

Gabriel rejoins Genesis

PETER GABRIEL teams with Phil Collins, Tony Banks, Mike Rutherford, Daryl Stuermer and Chester Thompson to play a special benefit show at Milton Keynes Bowl on Saturday, October 2.

All the musicians will be giving their services free of any payment and profits from the show will be donated to Music, Arts And Dance Expo Ltd, the company set up to organise the musically successful but financially disastrous WOMAD Festival, recently held at Shepton Mallet.

The event, which teams Gabriel and Genesis for the first time since 'The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway' tour of Spring 1975 (though it's the first time that this set of musicians have all worked together) is a one-off gig and never likely to be repeated. Tickets for the show, which runs from 2.00 till 8.00pm, are therefore likely to be in considerable demand and these can be obtained in advance from NJF/Marquee, PO Box 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ, price £9.00. Please enclose an SAE with your cheques and postal orders which should be made out to NJF/Marquee.

A supporting bill will be announced shortly.

FRY TOUR A-Z

ABC, lexicographers to the blue-eyed funk trade, embark on their first major British tour in November.

The first stop is Scarborough's Futurist Theatre (November 4), after which come dates at Glasgow Apollo (5), Edinburgh Playhouse (6), Manchester Apollo (8), Sheffield City Hall (9), Preston Guildhall (10), Leicester De Montfort Hall (11), Stoke on Trent Kings Hall (12), St Austell Cornish Coliseum (14), Poole Arts Centre (15), Oxford Apollo (17), Birmingham Odeon (18), Bristol Colston Hall (19), Coventry Apollo (20), Brighton Centre (21) and London Hammersmith Odeon (23 and 24).

Tickets will be priced £5.00 and £4.00 at all venues except St Austell and Poole — where seats will be £4.50 — plus Stoke, where seats are set at £5.00. Bookings will be accepted at all venues from this Saturday (28) with the exception of Bristol (October 19) and Leicester (September 1), while punters at Brighton should check with the Centre box office as to when tickets will be available.

Phonogram release a new ABC single this Friday (28). A coupling of 'All Of My Heart'/'Overture', both from 'Lexicon Of Love' album, this single will be available in both 7" and 12" versions, an initial quantity of the former including a free glossy postcard featuring an individual member of the group, while the 12" will include a full colour poster of the whole band.

Fair Deal fights on

THOUGH NO official announcement has yet been made, *NME* understands that The Jam are considering playing two London dates at Brixton's Fair Deal on December 4 and 5.

This follows in the wake of the news that UB40 have scheduled shows for September 20 and 21 and suggest that the venue is somehow staying afloat financially despite continuing rumours of impending closure.

"We have a hard fight on our hands," claims Fair Deal mainman Alan Briggs, "but I'm still optimistic. Support

● *continues over.*

RIP RIG FOR NOTTING HILL, SCRITTI LP — TOUR & RECORD NEWS, P.36

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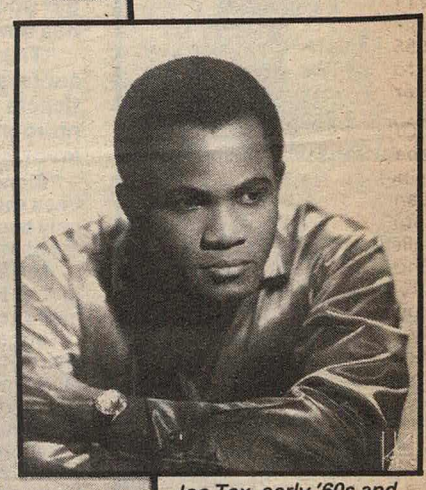
Soul legend Joe Tex is dead. Report: Cliff White

AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE



Joe Tex, early '60s and 1977. Pic: Joe Stevens

OUT THE back door one last time — just when we weren't looking Joe Tex, the original soul rapper, this month slipped this mortal coil. On Friday 13th, naturally.

Not that Joe was any more superstitious than other country-rooted, gospel-bred sons of the South. He was rather more worldly-wise than most. But as a keen observer of the human condition twixt expectation and eventuality, of life's little ironies, he'd have doubtless found a chuckle or two and a cautionary moral in the fact that he unexpectedly jumped nature's queue on such a commonly dreaded date.

Not a week beyond his 49th birthday, Joe Tex apparently died of a heart attack at home base in Navasota, Texas. Yet the one-time Soul Brother Number Two, New Boss Of The Blues, should theoretically have outlived most of his contemporaries to become a ripe old raconteur.

Of all the '60s soul stars he seemed to be among the least susceptible to the rich array of ego trips and tinctures that play rogue's roulette with mind and body. By all accounts — including my own impression when interviewing the man for *NME* in 1977 — Joe was as good of heart, quick of wit, and sound of soul as they make 'em. A healthy, humorous charmer who, since he'd enjoyed the big-time run in the '60s, was as content away from the limelight on the Navasota ranch as he was during his intermittent tours as preacher or singer.

Joe Tex first scored big in January 1965 with 'Hold What You Got', a simple, self-penned sermonising ballad, ostensibly advocating fidelity and caution in affairs of the heart. Somehow, though, Joe's quirky delivery, couched midway between benevolent preacher and lecherous uncle, gave the performance an ambiguous quality not diminished by the fact that the tune was basically 'Holy, Holy, Holy' revamped by a bunch of Muscle Shoals sessioneers.

It was the first of over 20 such hits that made Joe a major soul star of the '60s, at one point only outranked by James Brown. But had it not succeeded it would have been the last of an equally long line of flops, for the "new star" was a veteran of some ten years of standing on the verge.

Born Joseph Arrington Jr. on August 8, 1933 in Rogers, near Baytown, Texas, Joe Tex was weaned on country, gospel and a little blues music but first got lucky with a comedy sketch, winning a local talent show that took him out of high school to a week's residency in a New York hotel. Tex claimed that it was during a second trip to the city that he wrote 'Fever', sold his rights to the song to pay off rent and lost a small fortune in royalties when it hit for Little Willie John, then Peggy Lee, and was subsequently recorded by all and sundry — it's just about to turn up again on the B-side of the new Jam single. True or not, in 1955 he was signed by the company that recorded Little Willie John, King Records.

Tex's releases on King (1955-57), for whom he recorded in New York, and then Ace (1958-60), for whom he recorded in New Orleans, were a motley assortment of derivative rock, R&B and pop novelties. None were indicative of his later musical development, nor of his growing assurance on stage.

Both facets were first captured on record in 1960, when he spontaneously extended a performance of Etta James' 'All I Could Do Was Cry' into a heartfelt rap about his childhood sweetheart marrying another man. Funny thing was, it was all true.

The record was his first minor hit and Joe Tex had found his natural style — just being himself, half singing, half rapping about his own emotions or picking the humour out of eavesdropped conversations and street lore. In 1961 Nashville publisher Buddy Killen founded Dial Records specifically to showcase Joe but, despite many regional hits, it wasn't

Fair Deal

■ *From previous page*

from the professional side of the music business in terms of gigs coming in is fantastic. There's a crying need in London for a venue like the Fair Deal. Bands recognise this and I'm looking to them to give us all the support and help they can."

Other major gigs up and coming at the Fair Deal include the Gregory Isaacs concert on October 2 and a big Soul Festival on October 17, while other gigs by Burning Spear and Osibisa are yet to be confirmed.

Finally there's the 'Workers Against Racism' show, which forms part of the Workers March Against Racism, a four day march from London's Brick Lane, a scene of racial violence during the '30s, down to Brighton, where marchers will lobby the TUC conference.

The concert takes place on the first day of the march (Saturday, September 4) and features The Cimmarons, Carmel, Sons Of Man In Roots, The Alarm and Creemies. Doors open at 5.30pm and tickets are £4.00 or £3.00 for the unwaged.

UBs practise the politics of fun

Topper to join Fast Eddie and Pete Way in metal 'supergroup'?

Headon 'Motorway' collision

SUDDENLY last week, everyone was a talking about *"that* birth" — to Fast Eddie and Topper Headon, a 'group'. The Motorhead/Clash link-up had finally happened.

Both Eddie Clarke (former guitarist with Lemmy's boys) and Nicky Headon (former drummer with Joe's) had been scanning the situations vacant columns since losing their jobs earlier this year. Being mates of some standing and sharing a common interest in making noise, they decided to make it together. Hence the patter of tinny drumsticks and the tinkle of diminished sevenths. . .

The group came together around the nucleus of Eddie and Pete Way (also on the dole and on the blag since leaving UFO a few weeks ago) with Topper later stepping in to rehearse with the hirsute metal ones.

The trio have been laying frantic rock 'n' roll rhythms down with the help of a Revox though, as yet, they're still without a vocalist.

Eddie Clarke, asked how things were looking at this stage, said: "We're looking wonderful — healthy and suntanned. Everything's looking good. We haven't done that many rehearsals 'cos the line up's not sorted out yet. But me and Pete have been sitting down and writing some songs and Topper's been sitting down and playing with Wilko (Johnson)."

Inevitably there are problems with contracts (managers, agents, dealers, all the usual rock'n'roll accessories) but "they're being ironed out". After talking at length of his confidence in the new group, Eddie explained why he'd left Motorhead.

"I wanted more time to get the 'Iron Fist' LP better. I was producing the record and I didn't think the others were putting enough work into it. And then recording 'Stand By Your Man' with Wendy from The Plasmatics was the crunch. It could have been OK but the production was abysmal.

"I'm still friends with Lemmy but he's not friends with me. He won't forgive me."

Have UFO forgiven Pete for leaving?

"Pete hasn't *seen* any of them for six weeks. He been tied up with producing Twisted Sister and the Rejects before that."

Way, Clarke and Headon is certainly a strange combination.

"Well, I've known Topper for years. He used to live underneath a friend of mine. And Pete knew him as well . . . when you're in bands you bump into people y'know."

But what does this group of defectors sound like?

"I don't know. I s'pose it's somewhere between Motorhead and UFO."

But no name — can't you and Pete think of one?

"Motorway!? No, we'll get a name when we've got a singer. We're not ready yet but we'll be gigging by Christmas. Before that we'll hit the studio, maybe with Topper, maybe with a session drummer.

"Topper's not definite. He's been really great and it's possible he will be drumming with us but we're still looking for a permanent line-up.

"People have been saying we're after big name vocalists, a famous singer, but really we want an unknown vocalist, someone new. There's a lot of talent about and we're going to find it if it kills us."

At the time of going to press, rumours that small-time unknowns Joseph Mellors and Ian Kilminster were among those auditioning for the group were unconfirmed.

— X. MOORE

Going for their guns L-R: 'Topper', 'Pete', 'Fast'.

● *Other hopeful vocalists should send tapes to: Eddie Clarke, c/o Jennie, 4a Newman Passage, Newman St, London W1.*

Law hits mushroom munchers

THE LAW has again taken on the mushroom eaters. A case heard at Highbury, North London magistrates court last week now moves to a higher crown court in Snaresbrook where, it is predicted, something of a definitive ruling on the legal status of magi funi will emerge.

So far the law has grappled clumsily. The Home Office admits to having 'dealt with' about ten people last year, although mushroom eating is now a pastime indulged in by thousands. The new case, against Kelvin Curtis of Kentish Town, follows a raid on his home in May at which time, police claim, they discovered mushrooms growing there containing the hallucinogen psilocybin.

Psilocybin is one of a host of chemical and plant substances "controlled" under the 1971 Misuse of Drugs Act (morphine, LSD, amphetamines, cannabis being others).

While psilocybin is itself prohibited, mushrooms containing the drug are not. Possessing and consuming them is legally OK.

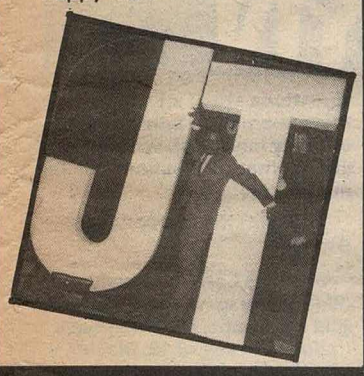
Release, the drug counselling agency, say a key case to establish this distinction was Regina versus Goodchild in 1978 (involving cannabis stalks) which ruled a person cannot be charged with possession of a plant containing a controlled

until Atlantic assumed distribution of the label in 1965 that 'Hold What You Got' introduced him to an international audience.

Of his massive subsequent repertoire, Joe will probably be best remembered for 'I Want To (Do Everything For You)', 'The Love You Save', 'I Believe I'm Gonna Make It', 'Show Me', 'Skinny Legs And All', 'Men Are Getting Scarce', 'Buying A Book' . . . oh, and about two dozen others. Plus, of course, his two '70s smashes, 'I Gotcha' and 'Ain't Gonna Bump No More With No Big Fat Woman'.

Originally a Baptist, in 1968 Joe Tex embraced the Islamic faith, adopting the name Yusuf Hassiez, and cut back his entertaining commitments until his complete retirement to the church in 1972, just after 'I Gotcha' had proved to be his biggest ever hit. Although he returned to showbiz to record 'Bump' and later releases, as well as to perform, he wasn't rejecting his newfound faith. Both his religion and his music were, to him, just two expressions of the same reality.

There's little doubt he died a happy man.



portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

PETE BURNS
of Dead Or Alive

RECORDS
Baby It's True ..... **Mari Wilson**
Beat The Beat ..... **Mari Wilson**
My Boy Lollipop ..... **Millie**
Terry ..... **Twinkle**
Misty Circles Part 2 ..... **Dead Or Alive**

FILMS
Whatever Happened To Baby Jane? (1962)
Mad Max 2 (1982)

DEATH LIST
Chris Burkham
Paul 'Flymo' Simper
Toni Basil
Dowdy George

SEX SYMBOLS
Bette Davis
Joe Delassandro
Mari Wilson
Divine
Martin Kemp

COLOURS
Brown
Green
Orange
Yellow

Pic: Kevin Cummins

A typical magic mushroom eater

drug so long as the drug has not been 'separated' from the plant.

The judges so ruled because large numbers of garden and household plants also contain 'illegal" substances and the police, should they get a rush of blood, would be free to arrest most of the population.

The separation rule also applies to 'preparations', although what such terms precisely mean isn't clear. It would seem you may hang your mushrooms up to dry but not warm them in an oven since they might turn to powder, which is a preparation and subject to penalties under Class B of the 1971 Act.

In the Curtis case, doctors from the police science lab have insisted that the confiscated fungi does not grow naturally in this country and would thus seem to be creating a new category of 'producing'. This has been challenged by Curtis' lawyer.

Release are ready to support the defence assertion. They say that numerous psilocybin fungi, such as members of the psilocybe and paneolus families, grow naturally in the UK.

Curtis was reported by *City Limits* magazine to have appeared for the commital wearing a CND badge and brown pin-striped suit. He said he "wanted to make the world a better place" and that his mushrooms were "sacred and magic".

Psilocybin has properties similar to LSD though not as crude or long lasting. It is associated with hallucinations — though users develop a tolerance until eventually they experience no effect at all. It is therefore not considered addictive. Reported side effects include increased heart rate, pupil size, blood pressure, vomiting, mild stomach upsets, hangover and flashbacks.

Long term effects are not known. Spotting the variety is not always easy and imposters can be poisonous. They crop up October to mid November, especially when heavy rain follows a warm spell. Parks and heaths are familiar locales.

—**ANDREW TYLER**

lowry

"I guess this is the ash heap of history that we were going to consign rival political and economic systems to."

New Thin man

□ **Snowy White,** the guitarist who joined **Thin Lizzy** two years ago, following **Midge Ure's** short stay with the band, has decided to quit and resume his previous occupation as a session-man. His replacement will be **John Sykes,** currently with **Tygers Of Pan Tang,** who has recently been cutting a solo single for MCA with the aid of **Phil Lynott.**

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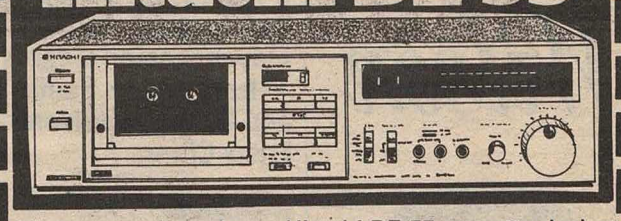

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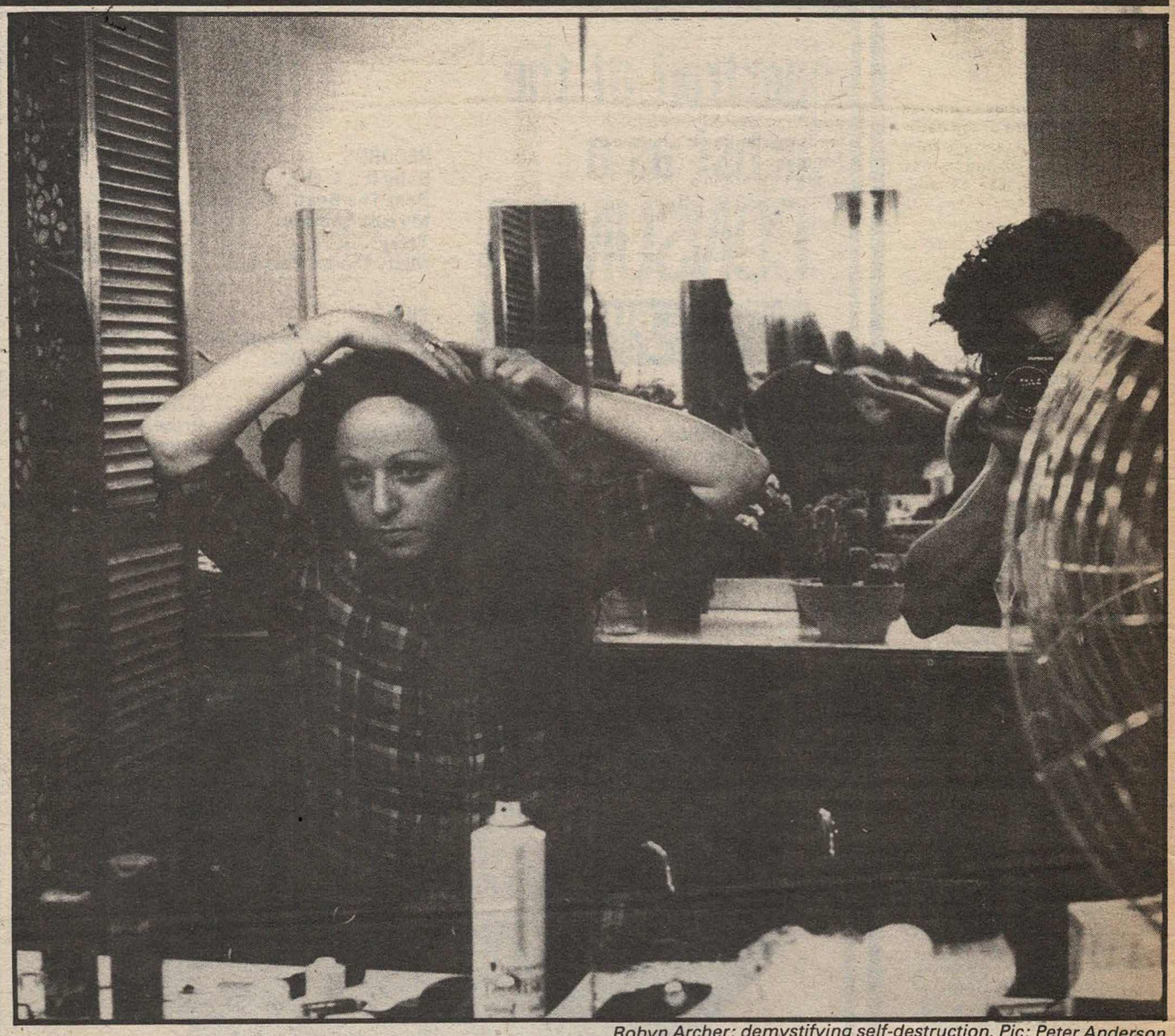
Mari Wilson

GRAHAM LOCK hears how Robyn Archer made a West End hit out of 'celebrating' the lives of eleven women singers — from Bessie Smith and Piaf to Joplin and Patsy Cline . . .



Robyn Archer: demystifying self-destruction. Pic: Peter Anderson

A STAR IS TORN

"IT WAS Brecht's thing always in rehearsal to get the actors to walk up and if, say, they were playing Grisha, the actor would have to say 'And now Grisha says', then say the speech, and then say 'Well, that's what Grisha said'. And what we're doing in *A Star Is Torn* is exactly that method — it's always obvious that it is Robyn Archer, an Australian, standing up and saying something about some women."

In whiteface on a bare stage, using just two pianists and minimal costume changes made in full view of the audience, Robyn Archer 'presents' the 11 women singers of *A Star Is Torn*, her one-woman show currently running in London's West End.

The show, she says, "celebrates" the lives of Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, Dinah Washington, Edith Piaf, Helen Morgan, Jane Froman, Janis Joplin, Judy Garland, Marie Loyd, Marilyn Monroe and Patsy Cline. She performs their songs, from 'Empty Bed Blues' to 'Ball And Chain', with riveting power, and links them together — putting their lives in perspective — with a brief, laconic narration.

Between them, the show will tell you, these 11 women had 31 husbands . . .

"Magnificent" *(Daily Express)*.

. . . yet only four children (three of those to Judy Garland). Nine of them died before the age of 50 . . .

"Devastating" *(Leveller)*.

. . . and a tenth, Marie Lloyd, was dead at 52. Two were raped, two were born in brothels . . .

"The best musical performance on the London stage" *(Financial Times)*.

. . . and they all sang the blues.

The critics loved it.

"The nature of subversive theatre," says Robyn Archer, "is that you've gotta get your audience there first, and you hope to God it's the unconverted — the people who'd never agree with you on most things — but somehow in there you sow a seed of doubt and discontent, a new slant on the taken-for-granted.

"I think *A Star Is Torn* is a good night's entertainment but hopefully it has an aftertaste, in terms of the reassessment of those women as performers. I mean, the very act of putting them together *is* a political act."

A Star Is Torn works in classic Brechtian fashion. The songs draw you *in*, the style of the production pushes you *back*. You feel the emotion, glimpse the mystery; then you're nudged into *thinking* about it.

Questions arise: why were these women so adored? Why did they have such wretched lives? What connections can be made?

And who the hell is Robyn Archer?

She was born in Adelaide in 1948, grew up working class and asthmatic, got into music "about the age of 12, playing a plastic ukelele and singing

not only rock and roll — lowry

SIR MONTGOMERY DE CREPESCULE (A.K.A. PARTHENON) IS "ON HOLIDAY."
BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR SAWING A MONKEY IN HALF..
LATER THAT EVENING- AS MONTY IS SHAVING..
DINNER IS SERVED!.
WE GOT CHICKEN TONIGHT- MAN-MADE CHICKENS.. STRANGEST DAMN THINGS YOU EVER SAW!!..
I'VE BEEN THRU THIS MOVIE BEFORE!
I CAME HERE FOR REST AND RECUPERATION..
Note oil-skin base
COME ON DOWN, MONT-WE'RE POURING BOILING WATER ON THE FURNITURE!
I'M GOING UP TO GET SIR MONTY-IF HE DOESN'T HURRY WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE DELIRIUM TREMENS CLUB..
UPSTAIRS-THINGS HAVE TAKEN A TURN FOR THE WORST..
IN HEAVEN, EVERYTHING IS FINE...
R.L.

Next: Making a cat's brain out of one hundred and forty seven used radio deejays and setting fire to pretentious types. Also, psychotic rage as a force for positive social change.

the lone groover — benyon

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And contains an extra track.

songs like 'Speedy Gonzales'. In the folk boom of the early '60s, she was a teenage folk star; but later turned to rock, blues, country, jazz, cabaret — "anything to earn a quid". She became a nightclub entertainer, "singing mindless rubbish in sequinned dresses", until a motorbike crash put her on crutches for four months. She couldn't face returning to the clubs so she became a teacher. But singing was her passion, and she soon found herself doing "Dirty ditties to a roomful of drunks" every night at a mock-Elizabethan tavern.

Then, in 1974, the State Opera of South Australia invited her to sing in Brecht's *The Seven Deadly Sins*.

"It was the first time I'd come across Brecht, the first time I realised it was possible to sing without participating in any of the bullshit."

She left teaching in 1975 and has since released several LPs, toured Europe and South-East Asia, given recitals, written cabarets and formed a rock band. Brecht, though, has remained a premier influence; and her latest LP — 'Robyn Archer Sings Brecht' on EMI — presents a wide-ranging retrospective of his songs.

Robyn Archer says: "I admire Brecht beyond all writers, I think. I love his ambivalence — you know, the attitude that always comes through in the songs of *nothing* can be accepted at face value, *no* party line can be toed. And because of that, many of the songs retain great relevance. I mean, I believe that we're in quite a similar situation to the early '30s. Not as dire — but, you know, you have increasingly repressive governments, inflation, recession, high unemployment, worker unrest; and the upper middle classes, wanting desperately to hold on to what they've got, will employ increasingly militaristic tactics not to lose it.

"I think many of Brecht's songs — 'Benarres,' 'The Stimulating Impact Of Cash', 'On Approving Of The World' — point to those areas of class selfishness and greed, and to the fact of increasing suffering among ordinary people."

Unlikely as it may sound, I think 'Robyn Archer Sings Brecht' is the best pop LP of the year.

A Star Is Torn, her other current project, began with a four-week run in Melbourne in 1979. Since then, it's played in every major Australian city and ran for two months at Stratford East's Theatre Royal before moving into its new West End home at Wyndham's Theatre.

The show, written by Archer and director Rodney Fisher, feeds on the tension between her respect for the power of those 11 women's art, and her fascinated horror at their personal tragedies. There are links, she suggests, between the vulnerability they displayed on stage and the thread of self-destructiveness that ran, to varying degrees, through so many of their lives.

". . . I think what that self-destructiveness boils down to is a schizophrenia — and this is sort of a feminist argument — between the aggressiveness they needed to get up there and *perform*, and the passivity they were brought up to follow in their social and sexual lives — that belief that you have to attract a husband to look after you. And they all took exactly the same path of doing love songs about devoting yourself entirely to men who would look after them, 'Someone To Watch Over Me', etc, and yet it *never* happened in their lives. Their husbands or lovers, many of them, ripped them off constantly . . .

". . . There were many women singers who were survivors, but they tended not to be known for their vulnerability. Ella Fitzgerald will go down as one of the *greatest* jazz singers but she doesn't have that megastar status, and whenever she dies she's not gonna be like those others, because there isn't that element of — you're watching death, watching self-destruction . . .

". . . Yes, of course there were many early male casualties too, but I think that was a different kind of death, a different exploitation. Because men aren't, publicly or privately, meant to be vulnerable. If you go and see a male star who's in terrible straits, you don't feel 'poor thing' . . . I mean, Hendrix would've looked really, er, blocked but he was playing the most amazing violent aggro guitar — and how do you compare him to seeing the five-stone, withered body of a Garland or a Piaf, who's singing her pain to the extent that it's making people cry?

"You look at somebody totally stuffed up like Sid Vicious, but again he's working his *aggro* out onstage, not his vulnerability . . . It really is boys don't cry and only women bleed stuff . . ."

It's a role Robyn Archer is determined to avoid — "I don't intend to die young" — and she looks set to enjoy both success and longevity. She could even last longer than Dan.

BLACKMAIL CORNER

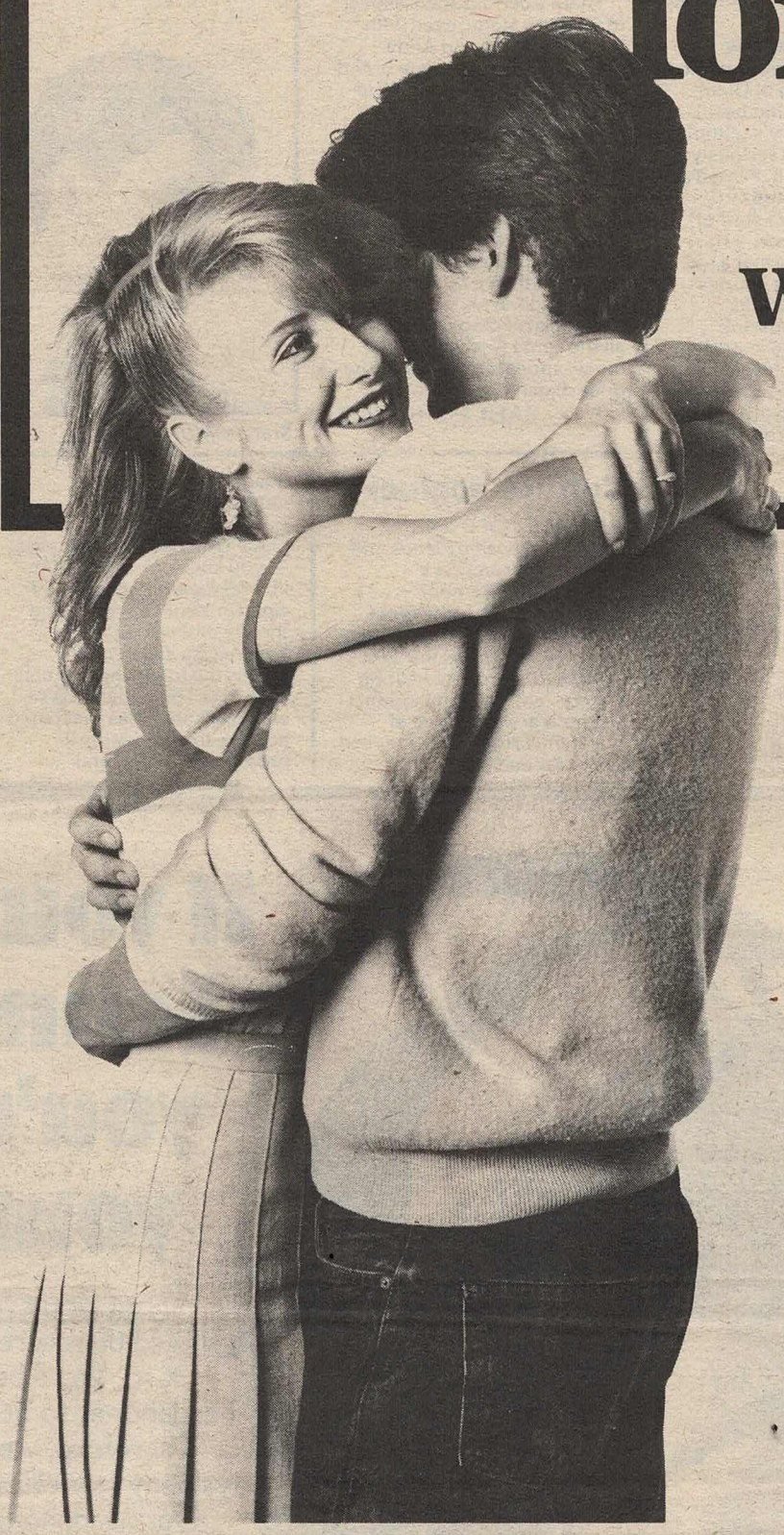
Pic: Harry Goodwin

IGNORE THAT silly basket at the front, for a moment — and the thing he's sitting in. Consider instead the talented combo behind him. Here we see seminal popsters Guys And Dolls, posing in zany mood outside a fashionable niterie, the name of which you may just discern on the door at the far right (in case you can't, it says "toilet").

And now — operating both eyeballs independently, if you will — zoom in on the raven-haired pair who stand at either extreme of the line-up. Beginning to see the light? (If not, try and imagine them blonde. . . and *sans* the comical, nay, *conical* legwear.) Got it? Of course these were but early days for the dishy duo-to-be, long before they were to become last week's Future of Great New Pop, back when poverty obliged them to take a day-job as hired extras in Registry Office wedding snaps.

But hey, d'you think we'd revive this smile-from-the-file merely to *embarrass* the woosome twosome? Yes, of course we would — you can bet your bottom, Dollar!

See more of each other for less



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This is the age of the train

Some Bizzare goings-on in Trafalgar Square

STEVO was in ebullient mood (yet again) this week, after having allegedly conned CBS into shelling out some £40,000 for a single by The, AKA Matt Johnson, singer – instrumentalist who accrued a modicum of interest sometime back with his 4AD album 'Burning Blue Soul'.

According to *Mirror* centrespread star Stevo, Decca spent some £8,000 on the single but failed to get Johnson's signature onto contract. To cut a crazy story short, Stevo's Some Bizzare label then picked up the recording costs and also grabbed the record rights, after which various majors were assailed verbally regarding the delight's of our hero's avant-garde acquisition.

CBS were first to really take the bait. Steve claims that, after dangling The The in front of company chairman Maurice Oberstein, Mo agreed to turn up at a typically Stevo venue — under a bus stop at midnight, in London's Tottenham Court Road. The meeting was later concluded with Stevo perched on top of a lion in Trafalgar Square and dictating terms to the somewhat bewildered exec.

The CBS chairman also had a sense of humour it seems, for, even after paying a parking ticket resulting from his early morn trip down to Nelson's pad, his company coughed up the requisite £40,000 for the £8,000 recording.

— SOFT HEAD

VIDEO SYNCRASY

Glittering souvenirs

COMING SOON (like any minute now) to a video column near you: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark — Live At The Theatre Royal Drury Lane.** But first, the full supporting programme, in the *very* full form of **Gary Glitter — At The Rainbow.** Ready, gang?

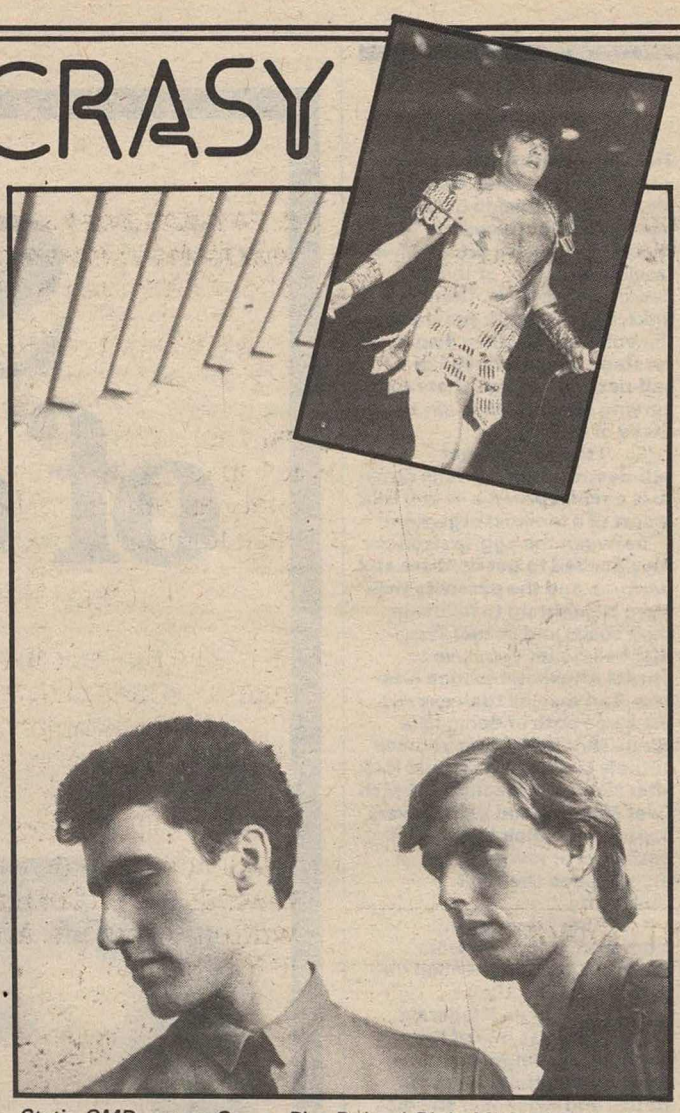
Gary Glitter, (VCL, 54 minutes, £29.95) purports to present "the King of Glam Rock at his glittering best". But whatever Gary's glittering best might be, I'd seriously doubt that this is it. Filmed at one of his renowned come-backs, this is stuff of recent vintage, and accordingly smacks of a sad pastiche of former 'glories'. Flabby, breathless and sweating, he camps and grinds through the expected repertoire, with a turgid band of marginally interested musicians. The loyal audience plays out its own role in the panto: just as Gazza gamely *pretends* to be an emotion-choked showbiz legend, so they pretend to be adoring extras. Good game, maybe, but a far from absorbing spectacle in the cold light of video.

On, gratefully, to *OMD At Drury Lane* (Virgin, 52 minutes, £29.95) — a concert from last December which captures an act genuinely at its best, glittering or otherwise. 1981 was a very good year for this pair, seeing some of their strongest offerings to date. By the time they reached the Theatre Royal they were riding a crest of success, with a well-honed set to match it — I know, I was there. Whether it makes for great watching, though, isn't so certain.

There's certain static aspect to OMD on stage, even with the fancy lights and Andy McCluskey's passionate brand of idiosyncratic dancing. (He has a way of moving to the slowest, most majestic pieces, looking as if, in his own head, he's hearing Little Richard.) Given the inevitable loss of sensurround lushness in a video's sound-reproduction, too, the tape's more a souvenir (than a re-creation) of the original experience.

It's an acceptable souvenir, all the same — at least if the music appeals to you, and the price doesn't appall you.

— PAUL DU NOYER



Static OMD, game Gazza. Pix: Roland Blok, Michael Putland

Culture schlock

☐ PALACE VIDEO are releasing *Cocaine Fiends* and *Multiple Maniacs* on a double-bill three-hour cassette. *Fiends* is the inept work of the US Federal Drug Advisory Service of the '30s, *Maniacs* the product of John Waters' limited imagination, and both are examples of 'cult' films. Ho ho ho, let's hear it for bad taste! How absolutely outrageous, dahling!!!

☐ AS THE 'nasties' go for trial — you know, excellent films like *SS Experiment Camp, I Spit On Your Grave* and the thriller-diller *Driller Killer* — how reassuring to come across the following promise from FilmTown Video: "We will reject any titles that fail to achieve top standards in production, acting and storyline." Don't expect too many releases from *them.*

☐ AND LEST video owners should pursue such reactionary ephemera as *Bilko,* say, or films made by bloody proper film directors, be warned that the 'real thing' will be on show next month at ICA's Cinematheque. Not only does London's cultural oasis cater for the many Steve Dwoskin fans amongst us, but offers such innovatory video work as *Poised On The Edge Of Taste* ("A self parody and self celebration of the stylish"), *A To Z* ("A visual dash through the alphabet"), and let's not forget *Non-Stop Cut-Up,* the complete William Burroughs in six minutes. Oh, like, wow, and I used to think *The Likely Lads* was funny, you know what I mean, man!

—THE VIDIOT

Vid-access in Notts

'DV-1', the first video release from Cabaret Voltaire, previewed in the last *Videosyncrasy,* can be seen on August 28 as part of a series of video screenings by Access Channel 5 at the Midland Group Nottingham.

The season follows the successful 'Video Go' compilation programme earlier in the year. This time round Access are concentrating on complete programmes, the Cabaret Voltaire video accompanied by a short Pete Care film soundtrack, written and performed by the Cabs.

Other screenings include The Buzzcocks Live at *Rockpalast,* the 1979 package featuring Stiff Little Fingers, The Normal and Lora Logic, and a SLF promotional of 'Inflammable Material' on September 4. Finishing on September 11 with a collection of oddities by Throbbing Gristle.

Tickets are £1. 30p and are available from Access Channel 5, c/o Midland Group Nottingham, 24-32 Carlton St., Nottingham NG 1NN. Telephone 0602 582636/7. But hurry — the capacity for each screening is only 40 people.

— GAVIN MARTIN

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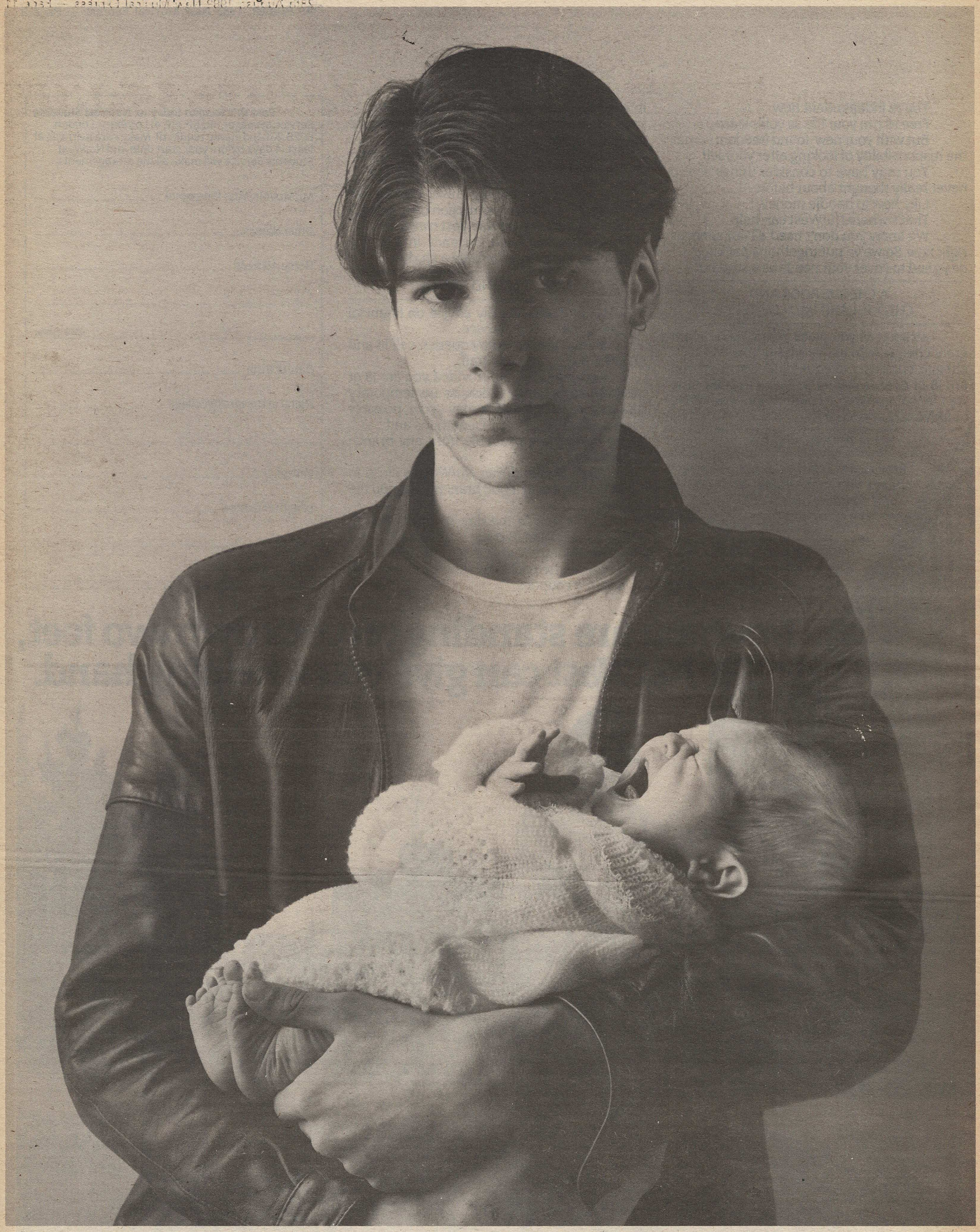

He thought having sex would be unforgettable. Unfortunately it was.

Despite what you may think the girl isn't the only one who's left holding the baby.

Because if you get a girl pregnant, you could be financially responsible for the baby's maintenance for seventeen years.

From now until 1999. That is a fact of life.

So if you don't want to be a father, don't behave as if you do.

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And if you are going to make love, always use a contraceptive. They're very easily available.

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Let's hear it for President Donny Osmond!

WITH THEIR showbiz careers on the slide The Osmonds are reported this week to be ready to settle for a little something in politics — say, Donny as a Utah senator or, chuckled *The Sun,* even President Donny one day.

The Osmonds are, of course, America's premier Mormon family, and their native State of Utah thoroughgoing Mormon territory. With a wave of religious fervour still washing over the US, Senator Donny is not such a ludicrous prospect.

The church's London HQ indicated this week that any political act undertaken by The Osmonds would be off their own bat — but it seems likely that some portion of its considerable holdings would eventually be wagered on an Osmond ticket should such a campaign look to be picking up pace.

Ninety per cent of the church's undisclosed holdings, says London, are now in property and land. Major remaining commercial interests are a TV station in Utah called KSL, a newspaper called *Desert News* and the Zion First National Bank.

The London office says there are already some fairly well placed Mormon members of Reagan's administration and record biz tycoon Mike Curb, who has worked with The Osmonds, is lieutenant governor of California.

The family's change of course will apparently take place within a year and has been forced by some appalling showbiz flops. Donny and Marie's blockbustin' Broadway show *Johnny One Note* folded the night it opened. The group's last assault on the UK resulted in banks of empty seats and harsh accusations flying back and forth between the Family and their promoter.

But remember, they laughed at *actor* Ronald Reagan and even at *Catholic* John Kennedy — and look what happened to them. Oh yes, they got shot.

—ANDREW TYLER

GET THE MESSAGE — LOUD AND CLEAR!

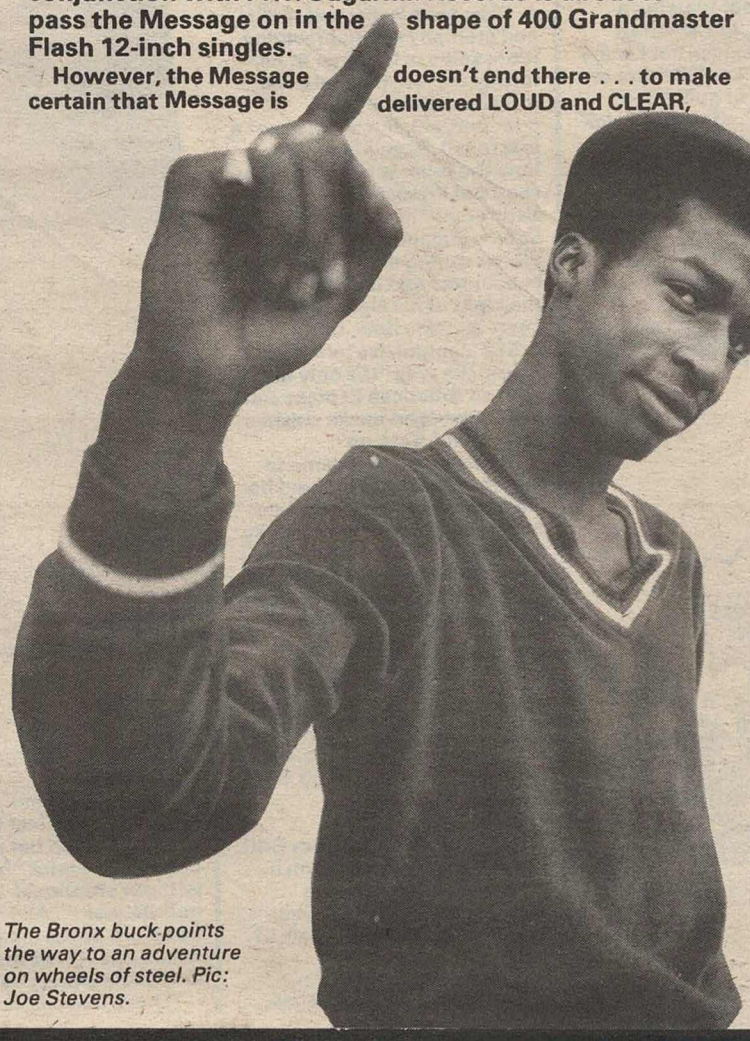
GRANDMASTER FLASH is the ruler of the rappers — king of the quick mix, the fastest thing on twin turntables!

And to coincide with the UK release of Grandmaster Flash's critically-acclaimed new single, 'The Message' — a recent Gavin Martin Single Of The Week — *NME* in conjunction with PRT/Sugarhill Records is about to pass the Message on in the shape of 400 Grandmaster Flash 12-inch singles.

However, the Message doesn't end there . . . to make certain that Message is delivered LOUD and CLEAR, there's a special overall first prize of a gleaming Hitachi (TRK-8200E) sound box: the ultimate in street-beat sensibility — a high sensitivity master-blaster portable four-band stereo radio/cassette tape recorder with built-in power-plus speakers *(pictured above).*

This message is brief . . . to win either the coveted first prize of the Hitachi sound box or one of 400 copies of 'The Message' by Grandmaster Flash, fill in the correct answers to the three set questions and then, in no more than ten words, offer your opinion as to why Grandmaster Flash is so called.

Remember, keep it clean so don't push me I'm close to the edge!



The Bronx buck points the way to an adventure on wheels of steel. Pic: Joe Stevens.

1). What is the name of Grandmaster Flash's backing group?
a). The Dynamic Duo
b). The Treacherous Three
c). The Fuming Four
d). The Furious Five

2). One Grandmaster Flash track was included on *NME's* truly wonderful *Dancin' Master* cassette. The title has a similarity to the name of which group?
a). Survivor
b). The Birthday Party
c). ABC
d). Fun Boy Three

3). On which recent Blondie hit did Grandmaster Flash receive a prominent name-check in the rap-segment of the lyric?
a). 'Heart Of Glass'
b). 'Atomic'
c). 'Rapture'
d). 'The Tide Is High'

To: NME/Grandmaster Flash Competition, 55 Ewer Street, London SE99 6YP.

Answers: (1) ..... **(2)** ..... **(3)** .....
In no more than ten words how, in your opinion, did the subject of this competition come to be called Grandmaster Flash?

.....

.....

.....

Name .....**Age**.....

Address.....

.....

.....**Phone**.....

This competition is open to all readers in the UK, Eire, Isle Of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines, the printers of NME, the staff of PRT Records. The editor's decision is final and results will be published in a future issue of NME. Closing date: September 21, 1982.

ALL OF MY HEART

By A.B.C. a song from the long-player the Lexicon of Love. Side two, Overture, an orchestral adaptation of the Lexicon of Love. Each record is packaged in a superbly designed and illustrated sleeve with informative cover notes. The initial quantity of seven inch records includes a colour photo-postcard, whilst the initial quantity of twelve inch records includes a twenty three by twenty three inch colour poster.

ABDX

CYNTHIA ROSE hears Britt Ekland tell it like it was — on cassette

Svedish seductions for the svelte Stowaway

WHAT BUT the magic of cassette (and the greed of the Decca Corp) could possibly bring you 'True' Britt Ekland, Svedish accent und all, whispering two full tapes' worth of her real-life experiences into your very own lugholes?

A handsomely packaged present for any aural voyeur, *True Britt: Two Cassettes* (topped with no less than *three* copies of the same glorious colour portrait of BE) delivers, too.

Britt takes you along almost every step of the way as she bursts out of her middle class Stockholm home ("My parents moved in circles where certain *conventions* existed . . . a wife had not 'arrived' in society until she had at least one fur coat in her wardrobe and one diamond ring in her jewellery case") like a bright butterfly — thanks to the magic of peroxide — determined to find Somewheresville at all costs.

Inevitably, we find, she becomes "attracted" to the sponsor of each project on which she starts to embark.

We hear all about how Britt finally achieves her "first real sexual satisfaction" . . . well, maybe not *all*, but certainly Who, When and What We Were Wearing. The fashion motif, in fact, seems to be what triggers Britts deepest confidences ("He came to my door wearing a blue bathrobe, but when he took off his Mexican hat I knew it was serious", or "If either of us felt a tingle of guilt I don't remember it . . . I wore a black Ossie Clark mini-dress . . .").

More soberly, we learn how talented scouts plucked Britt "right from my seat in a coffee bar on the Via Veneto" — only to have Darryl Zanuck to diet for six months. This may account for the way that, shown into Peter Sellers' suite for the first time (at his request), our Britt found herself "mesmerised by his skill . . . with chopsticks".

Her tone is discreet, polite and eternally self-deprecating (little sniffs of laughter at her former foolish, innocent self provide dependable punctuation), but she *has* got a tale to tell. Revelations like: how the toilet is situated in the centre of Princess Margaret's bathroom; "like a throne!" that Sellers depended on amyl nitrate during all their amorous encounters and had done so the night of his eight successive heart attacks; how, during Britt's 'compulsive' phase as a hippy, she was "the only hippy with an American Express card and a thousand bucks stashed away to fall back on".

Of course when it came to Rod the Mod (who entered her life after record producer Lou Adler exited), Britt could really let her hair down: "Rod came into my life six weeks after I parted from Lou and I rose back into the sky like a gull whose oil-soaked wings had been cleansed with detergent!"

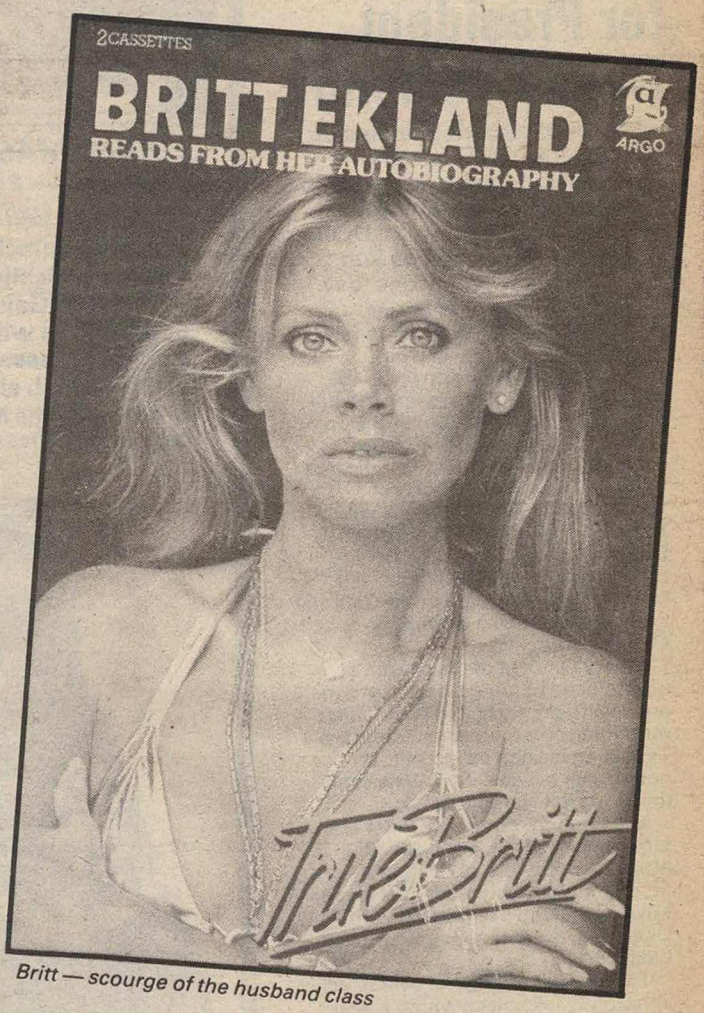
They loved each other *so* much, in fact, that soon Rod was out bartering for Tampax at bush huts near Manila — when his beloved 'Poopy' had a location shoot in the Philippines.

"Our love nest," gushes Britt, "was a cloistered mansion in California, into which we poured our hearts, our dreams, and a million dollars' worth of art!

" Yet somehow, destiny seemed determined that this — like previous loves — should "like a fractured wine cask, soon shatter."

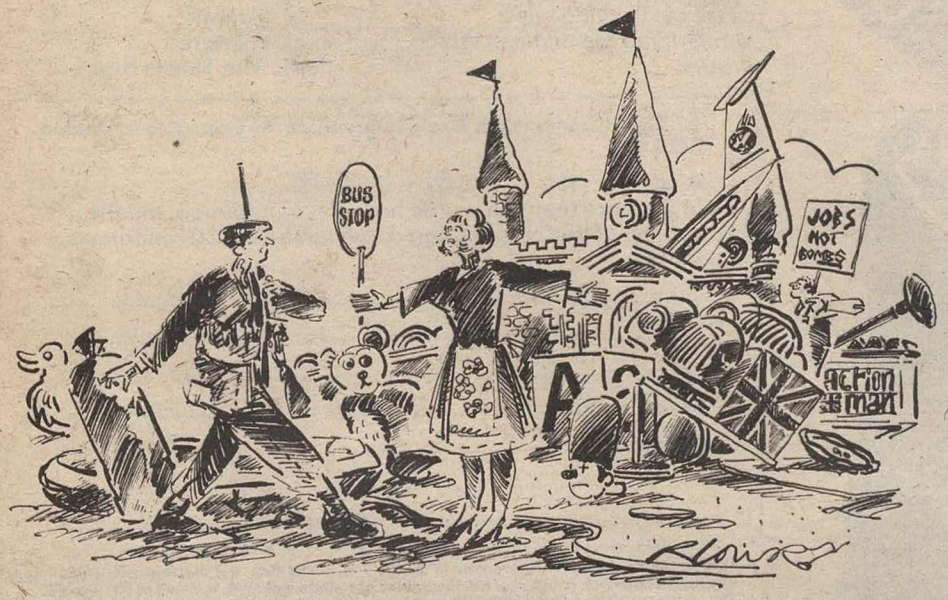
Well, never mind. Britt is resigned to the fact that her "work", indeed her whole "way of being", cannot "function without emotional nourishment". And she has the last word about what those needs might lead the less charitable among us to think:

"I have been accused of being capricious . . . of shielding behind the trappings of the rich and the distinguished. This may well be a fair judgment, but in what circumstances would *I* meet a factory worker, a clerk or an engineer?" The listener can only join her in a heartfelt sigh and be equally glad that circumstances will probably keep most of *us* from ever meeting Rod Stewart.



Britt — scourge of the husband class

lowry



"It was Action Rioter, Action Man! He went berserk while you were in the Falklands."

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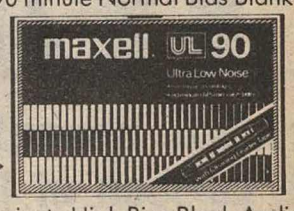

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RUMBELOWS

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We save you money and serve you right.

"Hello children. Our name is Flipper and we'd like you to try some of our

MANIC DISRUPTION

— we think it'll do you good."

Flipper — a band with a porpoise in life. L-R: Will, Steve, Ted, Bruce. Pic: Laura Levine

By Richard Grabel

I'D JUST been thinking about Haircut 100 — lovely boys, polite as can be — making cheerful, playful music. But I'd had enough of candy, I craved a stronger taste. Something completely different. I ran for my Flipper album.

Flipper are the band you need when you want something that speaks of what's hard to face, not easy, an art that has earned the right to be deranged because it is trafficking in truths. Flipper aren't to be taken lightly — they mean it, man — but are a pleasure, if you are willing to move off your usual spot a bit.

Flipper's manic disruptiveness might put them in a murky corral with Birthday Party, but they'd soon bust out of that because Flipper have a "meaning behind the moaning" to which Birthday Party can only pretend. They've found out something.

Their droning insistence, their complete rearrangement of the usual rock and roll use of hooks, tricks and catches makes them spiritual brothers to The Fall. Crass fans might catch on to their attitude of spitting in the face of almost everything, but Flipper have no dogmatic axe to grind.

Put it this way. Sometimes after all the music you hear, you need a palate cleaner, something that will wash away the taste of everything else, leave you ready to start fresh. The two bands I know of who do that best are: an absolutely psychotic hardcore manic riff band in New York called Chain Gang, and San Francisco's Flipper.

PUT IT another way. Flipper have this logo, a fish with a toothy, menacing mouth. A nice piece of grafitti drawing appeared on the men's room wall after they played Danceteria. It was a big Flipper fish, about to swallow up a small fish labelled "rock and roll".

Not that Flipper have any intention of taking over anything, except a stage once in a while, and they always share that with their fans.

Let Bruce Loose explain it.

"We're all crazy. And that's the only reason we've stayed together for three years. We've never listened to anyone who wanted to push it.

"Your review put a lot of pressure on us from club owners, wanting to book us. What they don't realise is that some of 'em will like us and some of 'em won't.

"I want people to know that we're not some kind of next big thing bullshit."

Bruce Loose and Will Shatter are the writing team of Flipper. They take turns singing and playing bass, constantly switching off during a show. They are young, vigorous, drug-addled, excited. They are extreme fun to be around.

Ted Falconi provides the droning, all-encompassing guitar sound that is Flipper's very potent weapon of aural devastation. He is older, quieter than Bruce and Will. They warn me off talking to him.

"Our guitar player is a concept man," Bruce says. "Watch out for him. He likes to deal with concepts that aren't there."

Ian, Flipper's manager, says, "There are two words that sum up Ted. Viet Nam. Oh, and also, shell shock."

The drummer is Steve DePace. Very solid, very normal guy.

But don't think that because Bruce, Will and Ted are madmen means they are in the same vein as those self-consciously "crazy" bands who like to demonstrate how dangerously punk they are by drinking a lot and swearing or mucking around in some cartoon "fun" spirit.

AS BARNEY Hoskyns said in his review of their album, we should appreciate how serious Flipper are underneath it all. And as anyone who's experienced them live will tell you, they don't kid around. Staying in the room with Flipper playing will produce a strong reaction. Whether it's positive or negative depends on how stiff you are.

I don't really interview Flipper. I hang around with them at their New York gigs and pick up bits and pieces of their personality out of the air.

Like the way Will introduces himself.

"I don't want to be an asshole for saying this, but I really liked your review."

That's not being an asshole.

"Well I don't want to look like I'm licking your ass. But it was good. We liked the album review that was in the *NME* too. I liked it because it gave a lot of the lyrics and it didn't . . . The other reviews went into this intellectual shit. The songs should speak for themselves.

"I hate talking about songs. This interview I did today, the guy started saying things like 'Tell us a little about this one' and I started falling into that trap. I don't like talking about the songs."

That was Will. This is Bruce.

"You shouldn't give journalists free drinks or let 'em in for free."

Then he hands me a ticket and gets me a free drink.

"But it's alright as long as you tell the truth. But don't tell it too blatantly, we don't want to scare 'em off."

But he was on numerous martinis at the time and didn't really mean it. This band specialises in blatant truth and scaring 'em off.

"There are eyes that/Cannot see/And fingers that/Cannot touch/That's the way/Of The World."

They scare 'em off everytime they play. But a lot of people give in to that delirium and get up on stage and dance and scream with the band and do their dance The Wheel. I did it. Got up with a large crowd of revellers and did The Wheel (swung my arms around and around in circles) and sang the words when the microphone was passed around *("We are The Wheel")* and this was no punk catharsis by rote, nothing predictable at all and I felt great.

ONE TIME I tried to interview Flipper in the dressing room of the Mudd Club when they were angry because the club had advertised that it would be a free gig but then they were charging a "drink minimum" at the door. A lot of the young hardcore kids who come to see Flipper didn't have the money, and Will especially was furiously at the ruse.

"What we try to do in our music and lyrics is, we try to be honest. We don't appreciate bullshit. We try to be straightforward with people and not play games. And then the clubs we work in are bullshitting and lying to the people that come to see us, and it makes me very angry.

"This is gonna be a terrible interview because all you're going to get is bitterness and anger about a specific situation right now."

Bruce: "I'm not angry. We'll just never play here again."

Will: "I'm just working out my anger. But I want people to know how these clubs use us and use the audience."

You said before that anger is a good drug to snort up before going onstage.

"It helps the attitude. But I'd rather play a gig where the club was cool and we didn't have to fight with the club.

"Let's cut this interview."

A few minutes later Flipper went on and played an angry, menacing set. Will told the audience, "We really wouldn't want you to trash this place 'cause you'd been ripped off. That would really be a bummer." But nothing happened.

He also told the audience: "It doesn't matter what *NME* said about us or what *Boston Rock* said about us. It's all . . . it's all a big chunk."

A large part of the audience at the Mudd Club are shaven headed young men with a crazed look in their eyes. They are the perfect stage props for Flipper. We need a music that madness can find a home and live in.

Something as distinctive as Flipper naturally invites imitation. A New York band called Hose are virtually a Flipper cover band — their EP even has a version of 'Super Freak' much like the one that Flipper sometimes do when they're stuck for an encore. Hose have the ingredients of the Flipper sound — the droning manic guitar, the sardonically declaimed vocals — but the spark isn't there, and the record falls flat.

What Flipper accomplish absolutely cannot be faked.

One of the Flipper catchphrases listed on the insert tp the 'Let Them Eat Jellybeans' compilation is *"Flipper is a bad acid trip as entertainment."* But don't discern from this that Flipper are some sort of anarchist attitude-mongers or a Cramps-like horrorshow theatre. Flipper do no acting onstage. They don't even use a set list.

Bruce: "We can't function that way."

Discern instead that Flipper music pushes aside every normal procedure and talks more honestly and openly about very personal things, even secret things, than is usual. Flipper is also coming out of a bad trip and landing on your feet holding onto something new and wonderful as entertainment.

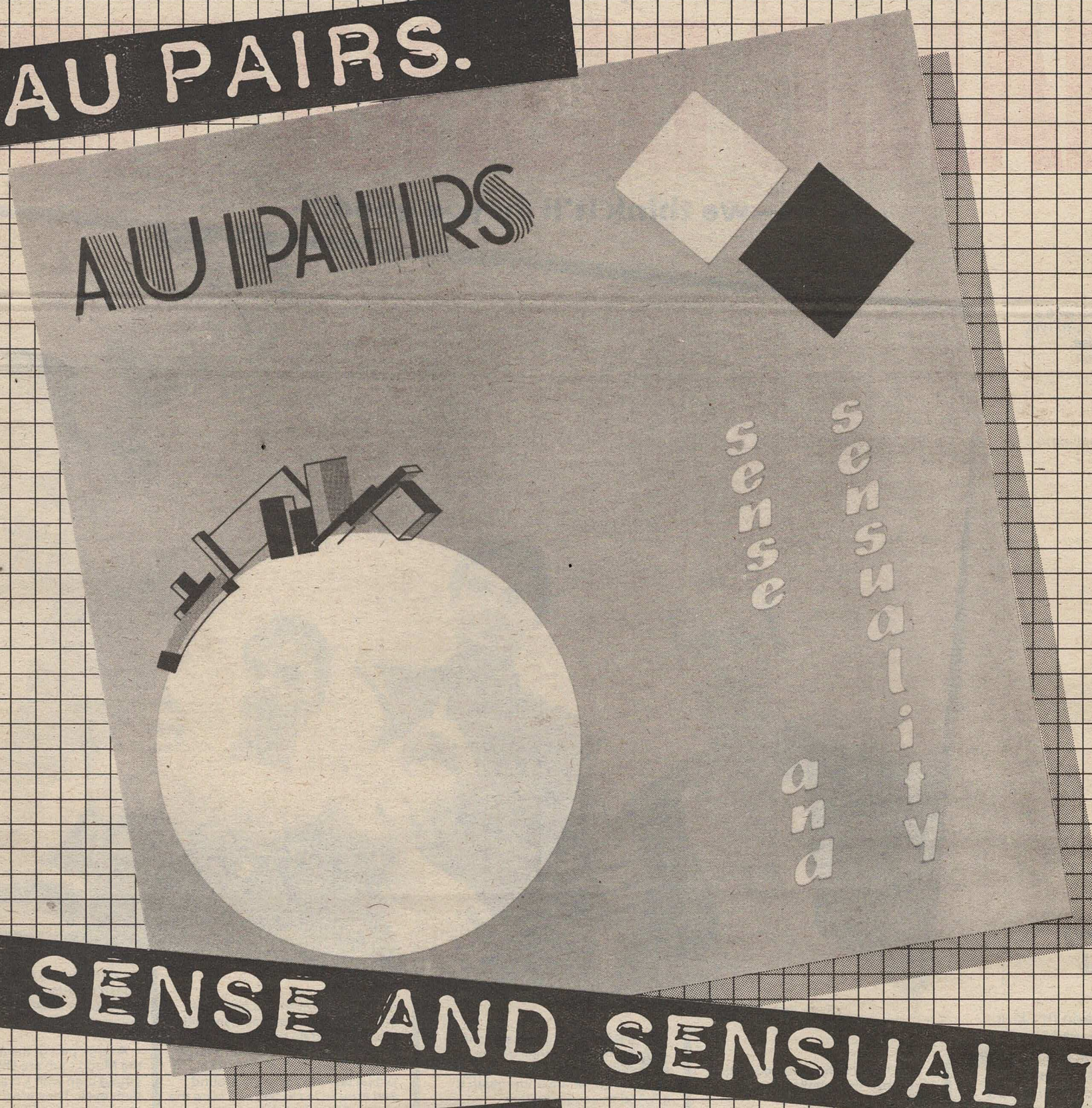
"It's Life! Life! Life is the only thing worth living for."

Bruce: "Will alters his consciousness with anything that's available. I do too but I do it to face myself."

Will: "What did Bruce say about me? Well it just depends on what kind of mood he's in."

Flipper are a serious interruption of the regularly scheduled programming.

AU PAIRS.



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SINGLES

REVIEWED BY DANNY BAKER

STARPOINT: Bring Your Sweet Loving Back (Casablanca)
Whilst the musicians on this potential hit don't sound overly dumb, the record neatly illustrates how lazy most of the world is. Minimum effort in working out a thin rhythm — sometimes that works — and an annoying infantile lyric. The bass line is familiar and was best worked on Cheryl Lynn's unsurpassed moment 'To Be Real' (1978). I mention this so and so also-ran only because I've been told it is selling in thousands. Oh and the label paid me to say it's out. Not enough for a good review mind, but enough for column space. You think I'm joking eh?

CYNTHIA SCOTT: The X Boy (Compact)
Another release that uses big jungle drums. I notice the new milk 'Gotta Lotta Bottle' jingle is done quite successfully in this fashion. 'I Eat Cannibals' is a good record too. This one . . . the more this one goes on the jazzier it gets, with a coldly recorded piano really hitting the spot. Anyhow, Cynthia is of Mari Wilson's camp old Compact stable so we can expect to see her performing this in a mud hut set, sitting inside a goofy outsize cooking pot. A team of confused woad covered "zulus" mug unashamedly with cut out saxophones whilst at the back of stage two scantily clad Amazonian beauties pretend to keep rhythm on two enormous kettle drums. At the end of the song out burst Funboy 3 and Bananarama from beneath the drumskin. Perhaps someone makes a 'pith helmet' joke. Anything is possible — these are fine times for all of us.

CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR: Tell Me What To Do (De-Lite)
SHARON BROWN: Love Don't Hurt People (Profile)
JERMAINE JACKSON: Tickle Your Fancy (Motown)
Three lacklustre disco efforts. Crown Heights just can't seem to cash in on being bedmates of the excellent Kool & the Gang. Actually, CHA wrote a page in the Big Book Of Essential Disco with the 1975 'Dreamin A Dream', a fantastic party-de-force with the best recorded drums in the history of known music. Cooling down and ageing has suited Kool, that last LP without a bad track on it, but Crown Heights lack a vocalist of any class.

Sharon Brown fluked a hit with her awful 'Specialize In Love', the follow up has a touch more brain but is limp nonetheless. Jermaine has talent, miles and miles of heart, but never gets off the ground. He's made some first rate stuff — his page in the BBOED is writ large with 'You Like Me Don't You' — and his last five or six singles and two LPs have been so near yet . . . He's hardened and coarsened for this new one and I shan't be surprised to see the effort flop outside the chart like a landed Huss.

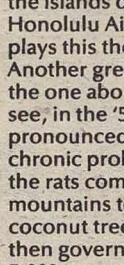
Jermaine's brother, the "individual" Michael flew into London yesterday by power of thought. I bumped into him at the baggage and brain reclaim area. Our conversation went:
Michael: Didn't you interview me in Boston?
Me: No.
Michael: No neither did I. Must've been two other guys; good morning.

And with that he soared off into the air.

REAL THING: Seen To Smile (EMI)
There is a hill just outside Liverpool that has the faces of Chris & Eddie Amoo — the frankly Amoo-named brother held in Real Thing — carved into their very living rock like Mount Rushmore. This was paid for out of public funds in an act of devotion after their 1976 'You To me Are Everything'. Either Chris or Eddie, I'm still not sure, has a tone in his voice that even now causes something in my head to froth up like Alka Seltzer. The voice alone causes a meagre ballad like 'Seen To Smile' to smack right in there — winning over reviewer and concerned young consumer alike.

UB40: So Here I Am (Graduate)
I am told UB40 have released over 80 singles since I last heard them on 'One In Ten'. 'One In Ten' was a good song and, for a joke, it's an idea next time you hear it to sing "I have a one inch head" at the crucial time. I did that and was immediately hailed as England's next comic genius. 'So Here I Am' offers no such scope for clever laugh getting. For a start it's not reggae — so there's one laugh gone straightaway — and then it just lopes along in a torpid funk scratch. I had an awful time listening to this one.

THE REMIPEDS: Hawaii 5-0 (Rialto)
I'm all for this one. The familiar theme brashly and gustily attempted like it was really the opening of some indispensable games show or something. Most importantly it gives me the chance to tell you all that I've just returned from the islands of the title. At Honolulu Airport the Musak plays this theme constantly. Another great Hawaiian story is the one about the rats. You see, in the '50s, Hawaii (locally pronounced Ha-vy-ee) had a chronic problem, what with the rats coming in off the mountains to feed off the coconut trees in Wakiki. So the then governor imported over 5,000 mongeese from the mainland, in a blaze of publicity, in order to really whack those no good rats right back up into the jungle. Anyway, come the big day and teams of photographers see the governor snip the rope that sets free the hungry animals in search of a good rodent feast. Two months later the rats are still helping themselves to all that good coconut. What gives. Well they ship over a mongoose expert to see what's going wrong. He's there two months on all expenses and then tells the board that the mongoose is nocturnal whereas rats aren't. The two armies have never met. Now Hawaii has a rat problem and a mongoose problem. Good eh? If the next singles column is as dull as this one I'll tell you how come Hawaii has two Inter-State freeways when they are some three and a half thousand sea miles from the nearest qualifier. Or else if one of you groups wants to release a record with the words 'Seaside Landlady' in the title — aw, I got a million of 'em . . .



"CHORUS SOUNDS LIKE 'FANTASY ISLAND'."

MARI WILSON: Just What I Always Wanted (Compact)
Flop Mari is not so far removed from ABC. Her sound is brittle and thunderous and the songs she has written for her are inaudible under the invisible voice of pop style that screams at you "LOOK I'M JUST LIKE YOU; I KNOW WHAT POP IS! GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PROVE HOW GREAT I CAN BE PLEASE, WE'VE CUT THE CRAP AND ARE GETTING BACK TO WHAT RECORDS SHOULD BE ABOUT! CAREFREE INNOCENCE YEAH!"

Whereas ABC rely on a network of sly press grapevine to slip you the hip wink of 'in-the-know', Mari stands self-conciously holding a pile of tupperware in a kitsch little set hoping to appear natural and sucker the punter into a game of "Oh look there's a pile of tupperware, do you remember that?". Mari and her sinister organization want to sell millions of records through punter sympathization. Wasn't Motown just the best ever? If we could only squeeze back into Mari's '60s then everything would be dandy — we'd sleep easy knowing what crises were to come. My *mom* used to dress like that etc. It's a backward — as in retarded — angle that spoils an otherwise personable set of productions by Tony Mansfield.

MAGIC LADY: Sexy Body
HOWARD JOHNSON: Keepin' Love New
JEFFREY OSBOURNE: Eenie Meenie (Funk America)
I wrote my very first singles column on August 8th 1961 when I was four years old. A record on the Funk America label was my Single Of The Week and this humbling fact is thrown in my face every time I try to make a serious point about Where Our Music Is Going. In the middle of my speeches I see people at the back of the hall, who, at crucial moments in my discourse, hold up cardboard signs saying simply "Funk America Eh Dan?" at which my flow and delivery becomes eccentric to say the least. Now the long dead label comes back to haunt me.

Magic Lady would have me gushing about 'popping basses' and 'sweated vocals' but these days I — *we all* — know that such frantic earnest efforts exist only in some lame brained chronic rocker's concept of what makes people feel good. This sweaty grunt-funk has got to be stiffly banned sooner or later. It only brings shame upon performer's families and causes certain periods in journalists' lives to come under a cloud.

The ice-cream stained Johnson steals Luther Vandross' 'Never Too Much' semi-ballad, removes the vocal track, and replaces it with his own eyeless, wanderings. Jeffrey Osbourne once played in the slips for Glamorgan it says here. His hobby is collecting Winston Churchill's wristwatch. "He only ever owned one," he says, "and I believe I have it!". The chorus to his record has words written by M Sombello that go: *"Eenie meenie miney mo/catch a lover by his toe/that's the game of love we play/hatso ratso hey hey."* (The last line I inserted myself as the original is too dull to broadcast.)

SPIDER: Rock And Roll Forever Will Last (RCA)
Scene: A disused Burton's showroom in Whitley, now doubling as band rehearsal room and indoor downhill clay pigeon shoot. We arrive as Leotard Weatherwax sits with the other members of his group THE SPIDER. They have just cut a certain smash hit record but are at a loss for a title).
Greffo: What about. . . 'Rock & Roll, I'm Nuts For Your Heavy Chord-style Sequences'.
Leotard: Do what? That's a musicians term. We gotta keep it alive for the punters Greff.
Skids: I got it. 'If It Weren't For This Here Rock Lark — I Think I'd Go Barmy Like'. . .

They fall silent.
Leotard: Sounds too much like that track on the Granite Smugglers EP. I think we should stick with 'Rock And Roll Will Last A Bloody Sight Longer Than Blondie'.
Greffo: It says here they've just split up.
Leotard: Well there you are then! Let's go.
Crusher: I still like 'More Legs Than Arthur Askey'.
Leotard: But it don't mean anything do it Crush?
Crusher: Oh you're such a blinkin' Tory Lee.
Skids: Well me first line of lyrics goes, er, *"Play it hard and play it fast — "*
Greffo: And rock and roll will last forever as far as we're concerned!
ALL: Belt up Greff.
(Ad lib scene until Francis Rossi's arrival)

Fry considers this week's chart positions.

Pic: Peter Anderson.

"THE FOUL RAG & BONE SHOP OF THE HEART"

ABC: All Of My Heart (Neutron)
At the rear of the *NME* there are immense palatial gardens in which we writers are encouraged to walk in an effort to conjure up the correct frame of mind needed to begin work. Recently I was deeply troubled over whether or not to include a certain downbeat slang reference to homosexuality in one of my columns — my last singles column in fact — and so, as is the perturbed writer's habit, I spent an hour walking the grounds. It was down by the small fountain just behind the tennis courts, that I came across our Phil McNeill hunched over the low wall sobbing as I'd never seen him sob before. Hastily dragging my thoughts away from the semantic turmoil worrying my mind I tried to comfort him. For several minutes I got nothing but half finished sentences, garbled sobs and long distant red-eyed stares. Then his plight became clear.

"Oh Danny," he choked biting his lower lip clean through, "it's ABC. I . . . I've never heard such a good record. How can I review it? How do I go about reviewing an LP so fantastically incredible? My whole life till this moment has been a sham, a hopeless shallow charade. Do you know what it is to reach 61 years of age and have your entire perception of existence turned snout about flippers?".

"It can't be *that* good, Phil," I countered. His head snapped up to fix me with a stare of such ferocity all the hairs on my back stood on end. "IT *IS* THAT GOOD. Don't you dare tell me it's 'not that good'. Huh, what would you know of perfection? What do *any* of you know?"

With that he placed his head into his hands again and began issuing low animal groans.

It is now three months later. I admit I had my doubts at the time but now they are cemented. ABC are certainly not "so great we must give them every last penny we ever earn". Nowhere near that. I liked their 'Look Of Love' and so called 'Poison Arrow' a lot and 'All Of My Heart' is another hit. (Actually the eighth track to be lifted from the album 'Our Lexicon Hat Dance' which, oddly enough, has only six tracks on it). But ABC? Knock it off colonel! Their gulping heart-throbs have strawberry cordial flowing through their veins, bashing out arch, twee symphonies too cynically constructed for anyone to seriously have any true feeling for; John Barry thrashing The Teardrop Explodes. If I don't think about it, then this single's fine. If I do then I begin to suspect that the record is a pompous new backing for one of David Bowie's 'Anthony Newley period' vocals. But whatever, a true hit of these "confused" '80s.

LITTLE BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU

This Week Only! The New Music Hall Express lets rip on 'The Art Of The Comic Monologue', sifts through the lineage of Frank Randle and Stanley Holloway and finds . . . David Stockell, a comic genius.

Cracks: X. MOORE
Snaps: KEVIN CUMMINS

GREAT COMEDY, like the greatest music, is spat out by the bitter, the frustrated, the angry, the passionate . . . the hopeful *and* the desperate — not by the rosy cheeked contented, the sated complacent, the *idol* rich.

Look behind the greatest gag and you find a painful desperation. Sickness, both physical and economic, spawns a wicked humour.

Little Brother has that sadness in his eyes, that wicked humour seamed through his act. Originally conceived as a vehicle for the terminally paranoid, a stand-up wimp, the act has developed, growing beyond comic confines, enabling the character to comment more easily on all that sadness, all the madness in the world.

The original device (the paranoid innocent) would have restricted Little Brother's subject matter, imposed limitations on his humour and, in presenting a pathetic character, probably *fed* an audience's fears and prejudices instead of exploding them. Now he comes at his audience from all sides.

Little Brother, like the sharpest comics, deals with truth — a fragile commodity. He writes about mums and dads and kids, the school and the factory, the people who run our lives and the people who live them. He is a poet in the great tradition of the Northern club comedian.

"Put you hands together for . . ."

Little Brother is young David Stockell, all the way from Bradford. I don't know how young he *is* (21? 45?) but it doesn't matter. Given his talent, and the medium he has chosen to work in, there's no time limit for success, no threat of early artistic redundancy — he has only to wait.

He started to write in the '60s, ". . . when I was nine. I'd been writing poetry since I were a kid and I'd also been writing comedy sketches but I s'pose the first time I thought about performance was after '76. Me and SWells wrote some lyrics together and started this band called The Luddites . . ."

Bradford's cool entertainer on guitar and long-time friend and sex poet Seething Wells on wayward bass . . .

"Aye. Actually we never got off the ground. I started doing stuff on me own and got to support The Clash and the Gang Of Four and then SWells realised, Eh, it's an easy way of getting famous is this, so we started working together separately like. And now he's got famous."

But you got to play with The Clash.

"Cos Kosmo Vinyl was doing 'em in them days and he recognised me as the little skinhead who'd been put through the window by a bouncer for being drunk 'n' disorderly and suchlike when the Stiff Tour played Leeds University."

A bouncer threw you through the window?

"Well, some big glass doors. It was bonfire night and he was dressed as a cowboy . . . anyway, Kosmo Vinyl came up to me at George's Hall (Bradford) and asked what I was doing with meself now. I said I was reading poetry and he said to come along to the next Clash gig and do it there. So I did . . . and got cans thrown at me."

What sort of poems were you writing then?

"Crap ones, basically."

SHOWBIZ MIGHT SEEM like a dangerous trade when your first taste of success is a Worthington E can between the teeth but it beats living in Leeds and working for the Royal Ordinance Factory or living in York and working at Rowntrees.

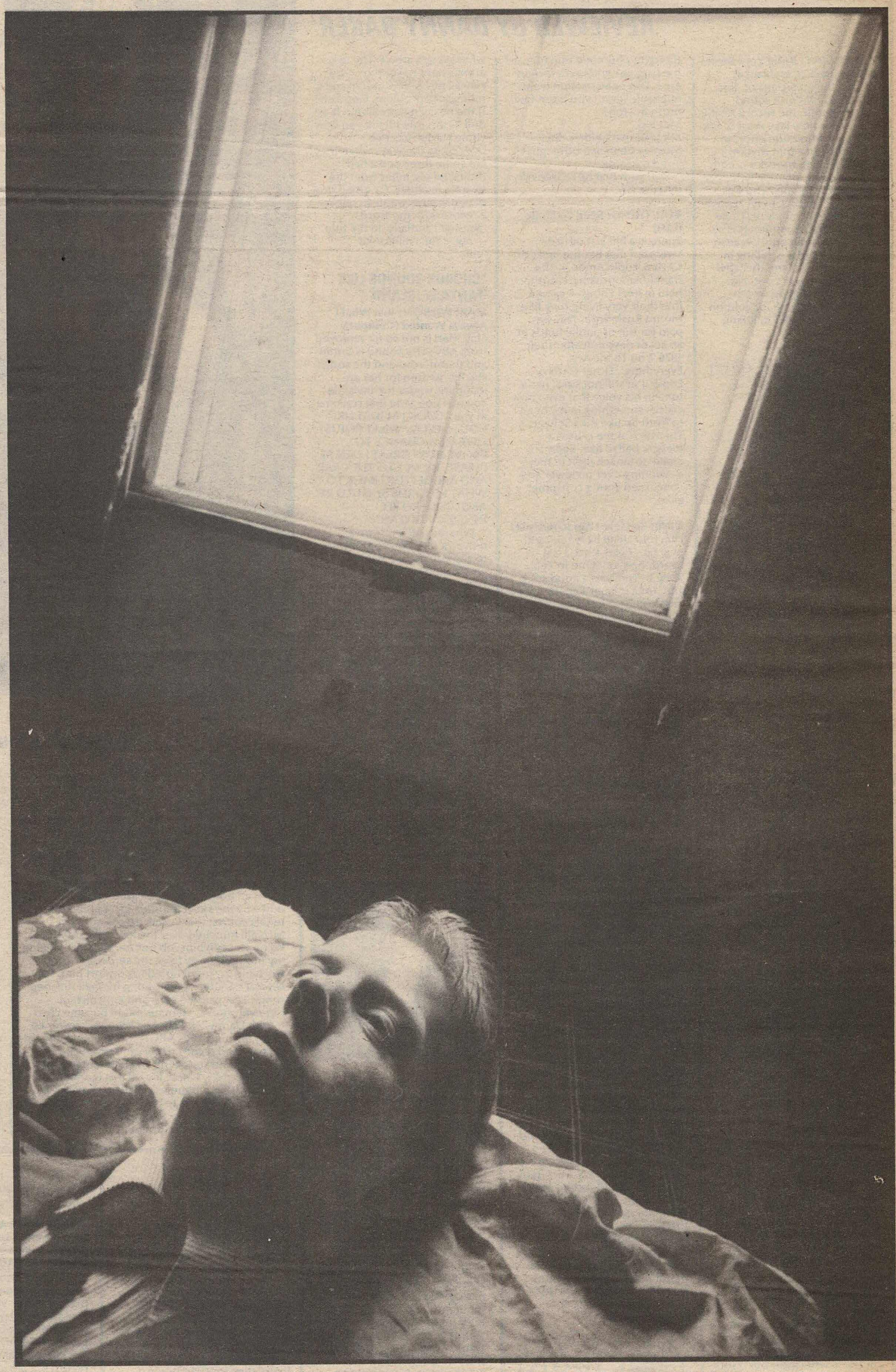
David Stockell lived in Holmwood, Bradford, the only punk on an estate more interested (like a hundred others) in Tetleys and Paper Lace. In between signing on to collect benefit and taking the necessary non-unionised duff jobs to avoid having it cut off, he worked as a busman — two years on the buses and still he doesn't know which one takes him home.

"Yeah, but I used to tek people from the infirmary to the cemetery. That was *my* route. Bundle of laffs."

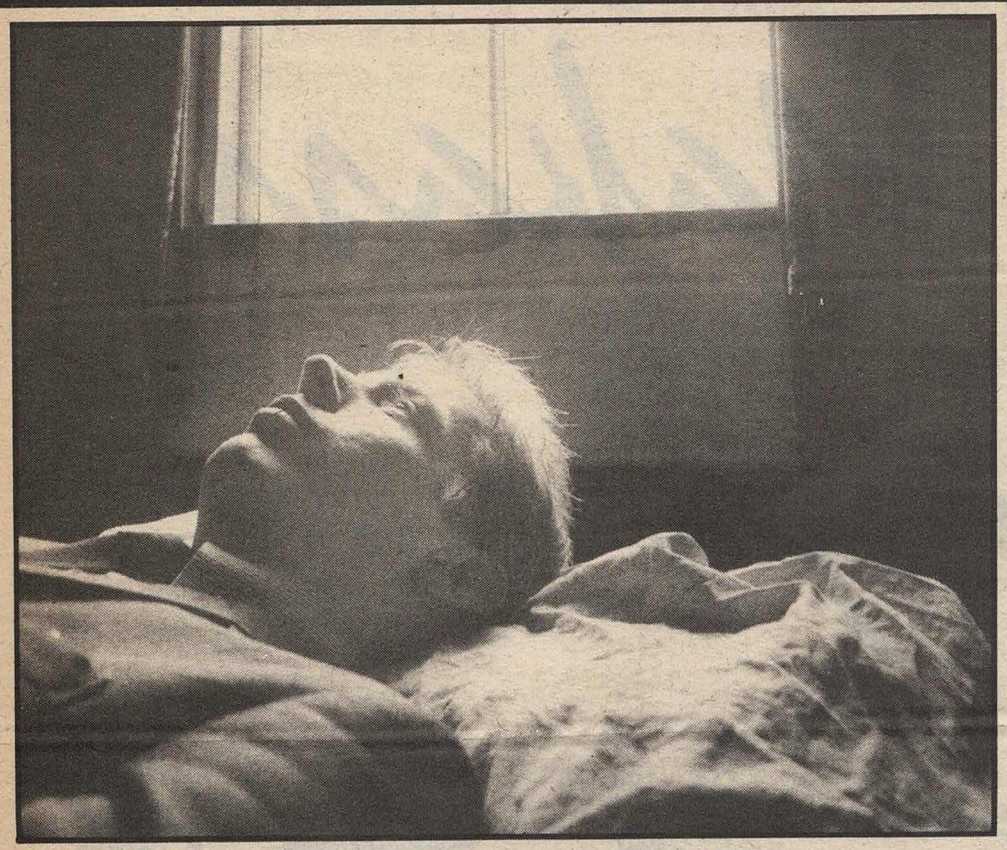
At the end of two years he'd got the sack and chronic varicose veins. Not that either unemployment or illness are new to him. Whilst on the dole he's had shingles, a kidney disorder, pneumonia, sinuses, suffered heavily from flu and managed to get tonsilitis three times in one year.

The pain behind comedy isn't only rooted in the audience's neuroses, it's often rooted in the comic's own life (Formby suffered all his life from chronic asthma — and died from it). Just as humour preys on anxieties, so it germinates in them, a reflex counter-attack, an outlet for back-comment and observation.

Little Brother's poems are bitterly observed. The beauty is that the harshness of his subject



LITTLE BROTHER, ALIAS DAVID STOCKELL.



matter clashes *sharply* with his slick performance, a dialectic that makes for brash entertainment not dour, *painful* poetry.

"I don't regard much of what I do *as* 'poetry'. I do write stuff which *is* poetry but I don't do it onstage. Only occasionally.

"That said, there's a lot of stuff you can get away with in poem form which sounds funny because it rhymes and there's ideas you couldn't possibly put across in a straight comedy act — which is why I'm not a stand-up comic. Plus there's too many stand-up comics around at the moment . . . I did start with comedy but it's a *lot* harder being a comic than being a poet."

The poet can always skive off and get serious; the stand-up comic is a slave to laughter.

LITTLE BROTHER is a hybrid but not a rare one. His technique is rooted in the Music Hall tradition of the comic monologue.

This delivery is a clever trail of rhyme and sub-rhyme, catch phrases, repetition and alliteration — the comic form that broke Stanley Holloway, among others. There are certainly similarities between Holloway's Northern monologues and pieces by Little Brother such as 'Mr Robinson Cheats Death' or 'Sweet Revenge (A Victorian Marsh-Melodrama)'.

"I just started writing that way, I wanted to write stories in that form — it wasn't a conscious decision to do 'Mr Robinson' or the others in the style of the comic monologue. The reason it comes out as a Northern monologue is 'cos it's the way I talk anyway."

He did once rewrite 'Albert And The Lion' (a Holloway monologue about a youngster who gets swallowed by a lion at the zoo), adapting it to press reports of the two keepers who were eaten by "society chap" John Aspinall's pet tigers.

"With 'big cats eating people' fitting the original piece, and not liking the bloke, I wrote my version of the story in the style of 'Albert'. If there's stories in the news I'll often do stuff about 'em and let Little Brother use it for a couple of weeks in the act."

Holloway, too, had an 'alter-ego' (though an occasional one) in Sam Small, a character taken from his most famous monologue 'Sam, Sam, Pick Up Tha' Musket'. Holloway, however, generally shied away from the 'social/political' satirical monologues, using Sam Small as an incidental wacky diversion. David Stockell uses Little Brother far more adventurously.

Little Brother's aggressive comic intellect courses through his whole performance. The character is more total, a full-time bitter mockery that is closer to the work of that supreme clown, Grock (the shaven-headed creation of Adrien Weetach, another genius son of another Swiss watchmaker.) One moment Little Brother will draw pity as the pathetic figure in, say, 'Brown Envelopes' . . . and then suddenly, like Grock, he attacks and snaps back.

His act at its vibrant best has brilliant speed and rhythm, 20 minutes, maybe more, of electric, polished delivery. A Little Brother gig like the last one I saw, at Brixton's New Variety, showed David Stockell as a master of timing.

"I'm getting better at timing but me material's only just ripe. SWells and Joolz getting attention has forced me hand — I think what I'm doing's good but I'd rather it had more time to fester and develop 'cos I'm a perfectionist. At the moment I'm going back and rewriting everything; I want to get it perfect before I break."

Little Brother has already received attention from television (he appeared in the last series of the *Oxford Road Show*, was recently filmed for American TV and now looks set for a spot on BBC's *Arena)* but most of his work has come from the rock circuit and, accordingly, a Little Brother/Seething Wells single will be released shortly on the rADical wallpaper label.

IN TRUTH, LITTLE BROTHER isn't suited to the cavernous halls and cold, vinyl portraits of the rock 'n' roll arena. It's in the clubs that his performance shines. Sadly, the clubs that once showcased quality comedians like Sandy Powell no longer exist but there is a comparable circuit, now stale and crassly conservative, waiting to be shaken up and sparked once more.

"The thing is, I am a product of the rock circuit so I'd like to carry on working there as well as clubs and the problem is, you can't just turn up at clubs like you can at rock gigs — you've got to have an agent. It's a real cut-throat business.

"I've done quite a few clubs. I got in touch with a couple of showbands, like Radiation from Sheffield and The Psyche Clones from Rochdale, who cover Madness and Gary Numan, and they offered me a load of dates at WMCs around Yorkshire. And Keighley Funhouse asked us to do the CB night — when all the CB blokes bring their wives — but I'd have to rewrite a lot of the stuff or I'd get floored.

"As long as you tell jokes about everyone wanting sex all the time and with women with big knockers, you're alright. But do a poem about contraception and it's: 'Don't you talk about contraception or none of that muck in front of my wife — stitch that!' "

In a small club his act gels and *drrrrives* — fast, hard patter spattered with mimic detail and vocal tricks, a rush of gestures and sound FX that never lets you know when one poem's ended and the next's begun — but where does he go once he's played all the WMCs in Yorkshire? How does he cap that?

"I could use the character of Little Brother and do other things apart from poetry. Like we were going to do a radio programme for Pennine . . . Mark My Words *(a Sheffield poet)* has got a weekly spot on Radio Hallam and does a character called Damien Napier, an alternative comedian — he goes into the studio, sits down and teks the piss . . . Great."

David Stockell is maybe too quiet, not arrogant or forceful enough to take on radio, television, life beyond the WMC fringe . . . But Little Brother is *hard.* If Pinter's *the* Writer, Red Skelton *the* Mime-artist and Frank Randle The Comedian — then Little Brother is *the* Poet.

"You have been a watching . . ."

Little Brother is a serious proposition. To paraphrase Trevor Griffith's Eddie Waters, he works *through* laughter, not *for* it.

His is a brutal humour, a humour that says we live lives controlled by other people.

"It's because of this 'ere Magna Charta
As were signed by the barons of old
That in England today we can do what we like
. . . So long as we do what we're told".

— Stanley Holloway

Holloway said that during his monologues he used to think of hospital operations and funerals, poverty and fascism — the pain that fires the comic? Mebbe Cannon & Ball's act went sour the day they stopped thinking about the dole queues back home. For the moment, anyway, David Stockell's humour is still ALIVE. For the moment, he is a truly *impressive* performer, a pro, a man with *ferocious* style. .

No quote. David Stockell is quietly brilliant. He doesn't have to cover vacancy, like too many pop starlets, behind gold lame jackets and nervous verbosity.

David Stockell *suspects* Little Brother is good — I *know* they're a winning team.

Goodnight and God bless.

(Apologies to Gethin Price for having to say it all again)

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JAZZING INTO THE STRATOSPHERE

Teenage trumpet major WYNTON MARSALIS lights up another admirer, RICHARD COOK

"NICE tie."

We're walking up from the downstairs bar at Ronnie's, and Wynton Marsalis swivels to check my silvery noose. Of course, I tell him where I got it (you think I'm going to tell you?).

Urbane to a fault, he pauses to shake a hand as we file through a capacity crowd at the Scott' Club. Eyes glittering, teeth bared in a sly grin below a trim wisp of a moustache, Wynton lights up another admirer, just as he had done minutes earlier in a bewitching set by his group.

This is a rare moment we have here. We're present at the earliest mature incarnation of a musician who should, if he holds course, muster a kingly sway over the demesne of jazz music. Real prodigies come along seldom enough; scarcer still are those with the wit to query their sudden flarepath to success and the chops to suggest that, no matter how good some cat says they are, they're sleeping on a greater suss and inclination to go a lot further yet.

To speak in plain characters, Wynton Marsalis is 20 years old and has the jazz universe at his feet. Not since Clifford Brown floored all Stateside competition nearly 30 years ago has a trumpeter promised so much. There's something about the trumpet that's crystallised a certain enterprise in the jazz spirit: it was the burnished, singing attack of Armstrong, Gillespie and Brown that unleashed a peculiar sense of darting into stratospheres, setting the tail of a tempo afire, cuffing attention to a declaration in magnesium.

The urgent piercing of the trumpet's treble tone can spark a magically *abrupt* involvement from listener and player alike: a crescendo in chrome effects the transformation of the moment.

Marsalis understands that, has the ignition of excitement down hot and cold — but the most remarkable thing about him is the way he pares a prodigious technique to such etched and polished detail. There's no tautological grabbing, no needless flurries of recourse to flamboyant rhetoric.

In an enthralling 90 minutes it was as if the hornman was shaping a single solo, retreating into the shadows of rhythm, reconnoitering the possible strata of melodies and tactically unfolding the lotus until it was time to close up.

His brother Branford on tenor sax is so elegant a foil it's a disgraceful pleasure. Superficially reserved, even hesitant, it eventually dawns that there's a fascinating fraternal game in progress. Branford is all droll curves, demure peeks into the gaps left by the last soloist, sudden hefts into the low register and a forecast thundercloud that never *quite* arrives. When the two meet in a climactic, braced charge against the rhythm you can almost hear the fire crackling. An excellent rhythm section acts as lever to the adventure.

Basically, a hard bop quintet: except hard bop was never really like this. The Marsalis brothers dismantled the locomotive, the undercarriage intact but a sleeker, more angular proposition on top. A mode that had humidity as an unyielding climate was swept, aired and recharged in a manner that suggested again that this most basic of jazz measures has enormous resource in it yet.

WE SECRET ourselves backstage between sets. I perch myself between sax and trumpet cases, instruments gleaming in the dull wattage that serves to light Ronnie's 'dressing rooms.' Marsalis has one ear on the fusion group that's playing support. "Doo skow doodoodoo . . . it's ok it's cool," he says, though it obviously isn't. "I never like what I play, but I don't criticise my own shit. When I play, I play to get better."

What does he think about while he's playing?

"Music. It's an abstract art. The object is to attain the highest expression in that idiom so it will stand the test of time and leave an imprint on history. About three per cent of all music that's played around the world does that."

Hearing Marsalis speak — the slight drawl of his native New Orleans toughened to a wisecracker's edge by his years in New York — furthers the archetype of the cool operator. He's friendly, unfailingly sharp in conversation.

His history can be nutshelled in a moment: first trumpet at six, classical lessons till 12, studying at Juillard at 17 and a job with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, the make-or-break workshop for hot young talent. Marsalis stunned everybody. If you can get hold of 'Art Blakey And The Jazz Messengers' on Kingdom Jazz or the debut album for CBS (which I was a little too cool on) you will be too.

"It's the hardest music to play. People look at things in two different ways. Some people look and say, this can't be done; some say, it can, it's just that nobody's doing it. That's how it always is. I decided I wanted to do this because nobody else was *really doing it*. It's something that's going down the drain — the tradition is so great, but there's so many misconceptions because of the nature of musicians and the conditions they have to play in. It was my duty to try and play this music, on the highest level that I can play it on."

The conditions — I think of the European festival circuit, the endless round of established clubs and familiar residencies. Is he afraid of being trapped in this routine?

"Everybody's trapped in their surroundings. My job is to see those surroundings improve, for other guys. Like, if you expect things — if you say, Solid — I'm a jazz musician, I'll be put in a shitty hotel, then that's what you'll get. If you say, Fuck this — put me in a good hotel, man — then you'll get that."

You have to be good in the first place, perhaps.

"If you're not good then you don't *deserve* a good hotel." He laughs, but the assurance is solid. Marsalis knows he's good.

DOES HE consider he can say more in playing a solo than, say, singing a song?

"No, I don't think those two things can be compared. Words — literature — is a very universal thing, so it will always be more popular than music, which is very abstract. You know what I'm saying? Music with words is great but it has to be a certain kind of music which will endure. Great lyrics are as good as great music — but I *never hear* songs with great lyrics, man!

"I listen to pop and funk music — the reason I don't like it much is not because of the music, some of it's hip sometimes — but the words don't say shit! What they count as outrageous is how many curse words they can stick into a tune, how many dumb phrases they can stick inside a song.

"A certain level of stupidity is creative. Really stupid lyrics are funny, like Parliament. But who writes great lyrics, man? Rock musicians? I check them for the toons . . . Stevie Wonder. Paul McCartney does some good things once in a while."

And in jazz?

"Miles in the '60s, not in the '70s. That's not jazz. Trane, Bird, Louis Armstrong, Clifford, Clark Terry — I like a lot of people, man. Anybody who can play I like."

I decide to wave a label under his nose. What made him decide on hard bop?

"I'm not playing hard bop. There wasn't no be-bop licks in that set. Hard bop is like . . . "He goes into a superb exposition of bopscat.

"You know what I'm saying? Our music's like a combination of three different '60's groups — Miles Davis, Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane. Some of it's what they used to call avant garde — there's no titles for this music yet."

It'll come. If there's one thing the jazz establishment loves it's a players' school. Marsalis, though, seems set to be immortalised: how does he feel about that kind of attention?

"No critic can make me a star, make me into something I'm not. You understand what I'm saying? The musicians give me respect. When cats who've been playing the music for 40 years, who don't give a shit about me or anyone else — when they come up to me and say, Man — you *swingin'! That's* what makes me feel good.

"People who've heard some records and read a couple of jazz books and hear me and say, that sounds like Miles — they can't make me a leader. Either I am a leader and the cats will respect me, or I'm not. Someone else will come and do it. Another cat who sounds like Bird will come.

"Your plan is what makes you a leader. The thing that made Miles great was that he could play. The publicity he got was bullshit to sell records. He could *play* — that's the bottom line on everything. The last ten years, I don't know. Maybe he just wanted to make some money.

"The whole genre of shit they call jazz fusion — some good music came out of that. I'm not saying it's all bad, but compared to *this* — it don't stand water, man."

Is there a shortage of great players now?

"I think a lot of the greats have vacated their positions. A lot of the great cats died and replacements don't just come along. You don't force innovation. Ornette Coleman is the last great soloist in jazz on a genius level, but he's not playing jazz now. You understand what I'm saying? You can't just replace Ornette.

"The problem that jazz suffers is that asshole critics try and force asshole musicians into not trying to emulate the great people who came before them. Louis Armstrong, even when he was obviously greater, used to say, Oh, I just sound like Joe Oliver. He was still saying, listen to Joe."

RIGHT, OF COURSE. Taking a greater man's lesson and providing your own nuance and embellishment is finer than lunging after innovation when it's beyond your grasp.

"It's like any music. Some of the cats can play, the rest of them are *sad*. The avant garde now, that's mostly like 1940s European music with some blues licks thrown in.

"There are people who believe that jazz is not an academic music. What I have to tell them is that once a tradition has been established an academy has to go along and support and develop it. My technique has come from studying that tradition. You want to be a jazz composer? I saw Wayne Shorter sit down and play Thelonious Monk tunes for an hour — he understands, because he studies the masters. You say you want to play something new, that doesn't sound like anyone else, and that's what you sound like — nothin'."

Is this an exclusively black tradition for him?

"Oh no, man, music has no *colour*. It's just that the majority of good players are black. If this wasn't a black - white thing it wouldn't be no issue. Music is music. It's the exact opposite of racism. It came out of people's desire to express what they couldn't do in words. Do you realise how much *pain* motherfuckers've had to deal with? You know what it's like when you've been assigned an inferior position in society — when you realise something ain't right?"

Marsalis sounds uncommonly rational on the breaks. But will he burn himself out — star at 20, scuffler at 25?

"That's not gonna happen, man. I can't hardly play yet! It's amazing that I'm 20 and I can do what I can do, but that doesn't make it stand up against the greats. Maybe I'll get to that if I keep going . . ."

And Wynton went out to play some more.

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THE NEW BARBARISM

Conan The Barbarian
Directed by John Milius
Starring Arnold Schwarzenegger, James Earl Jones, Max von Sydow and Sandahl Bergman (20th Century Fox)

ANY STORY set in a period pre dating modern history is, by definition, a statement of its author's beliefs concerning the true nature of humanity. *Conan The Barbarian*, John Milius' adaptation and development of the work of pulp writer Robert E Howard, presents a fairly unambiguous answer to this most central philosophical question: humanity's true nature is essentially brutal. Furthermore, it is not only inevitable but utterly right, proper and appropriate for the biggest, strongest and stupidest to triumph, and the hero is — again by definition — the one left standing at the end.

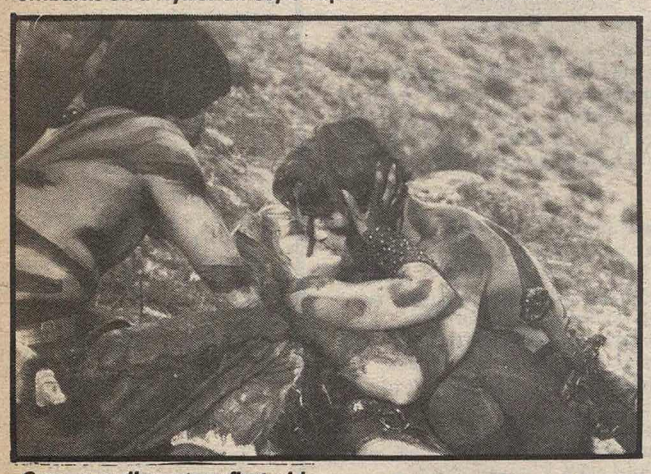
In other word, relax! You're not going to get any of that caring liberal crap in *this* motion picture!

Anyone expecting the burly, likeable rogue of the Marvel Comics' *Conan* series is in for something of a shock: the Milius-Conan is the authentic Conan of Howard, unsoftened by any wimpy comic book types, *"the everlasting barbarian, unmoved by theology or philosophy, his instincts fixed unerringly on rapine and plunder."* Milius opens the film with a quotation from Laughing Fred Nietzche, champion of the downtrodden *("That which does not destroy us makes us stronger")* and lyrical footage of a sword being forged, both metaphors for the early career of our hero, who undergoes a series of experiences which one imagines would be quite disturbing for a youngster.

When Conan is about 12, his village is put to the torch, his parents are slaughtered — all this takes place in Robert E Howard's fictitious Hyborian Age, sometime between the sinking of Atlantis and the commencement of 'known' history, by the way — and he is enslaved, set to years of back breaking (and body building) toil.

The architect of his misfortunes is one Thulsa Doom (James Earl Jones), whose urbane, fluent articulacy is almost enough to mark him down as a Bad Person even without his other activities. Once Conan's hard labour has tuned him into a person with exceptionally large muscles, his owners set him to work as a gladiator, a period of his life described cinematically by a lengthy montage of extremely messy duels. He is taught exotic martial arts, and occasionally he is 'given' a woman in much the same way as a caged carnivore is 'given' a piece of meat.

All this stuff having not killed Conan, he has thus been made stronger and — once he has been freed by his owner — is in a position to commence his career as a hero, which is of course where the story *really* starts. He acquires companions in the form of Subotai (champion surfer Gerry Lopez) and Valeria (dancer Sandahl Bergman, prominently featured in Bob Fosse's celebrated ego-nightmare *All That Jazz)*, embarks on a Hyborian-style caper in which the team heist a



Conan: rudimentary first-aid

tower owned by a deadly horrible unspeakably corrupt and vicious serpent cult bossed by (wait for it) Thulsa Doom.

Plus there's a sappy princess (of course) to be freed from Thulsa's terrible influence, and a cameo from Max von Sydow as said princess's daffy old dad; you know, the sort of cameo that virtuoso actors do in silly films when they get silly money to overact for two days. His scene as the doddering King Osric is everything the producers hoped it would be when they hired him.

Arnold Schwarzenegger is, of course, perfect as Milius' vision of Howard's human tank. It is appropriate that the three adventurers are portrayed by a bodybuilder, a surfer and a dancer since the roles are almost entirely 'physical'. Schwarzenegger did more acting in any three minutes of *Stay Hungry* than he does in all of this put together, but Bergman makes a genuinely stylish acting debut. Her Valeria is the film's most sympathetic character, and — naturally — meets a terrible fate as a punishment for not staying in the kitchen. (The only other female characters are our passive princess, who exists simply to be abducted and rescued, and a beautiful, alluring witch who seduces Conan and then attempts to kill him. No stereotypes here, of course.)

CONAN The Barbarian is completely, utterly seamless. Schwarzenegger becomes such an authentic embodiment of brute force that when he performs his major stunt-breaking a

● *continues over*

"I enjoy the Bomb immensely. I think of it as a religious totem."

Big bad John — *Pic: Peter Anderson*

BILIOUS MILIUS

Chris Bohn meets John Milius, cantankerous Hollywood brat and creator of Conan the movie.

BUILT LIKE ONE of *The Deerhunter's* patriotic steelworkers, John Milius is a great bear of an American. He'd rather have been born a Texan than a Californian — "I have a great faith in the American redneck," he drawls, "he's something like the English yeomanry" — but other than that his chief regret is not being allowed to go zap Charlie Cong in Vietnam.

"I had asthma," he recalls remorsefully, "they wouldn't let me go. I was the only kid on my block who wanted to go, too; Everybody else was trying to get out of it!"

If it's not already apparent, Milius delights in grating against the grain. He'd hate you to agree with him. Noting Hollywood's love of a character, he's cultivated an exceptionally loud one — gun-toting rugged individualist, anarchist, outrageous bigot, liberal baiter. In other words the perfect American?

"Certainly not! My views are uncivilised!"

Is America so civilised that it can't accommodate them?

Well, America always attempts to be civilised. There are probably a lot of people who think like me, but they're not very vociferous. The liberal elements make a lot more noise. They've always traditionally dominated the media. You have to go to Texas to find people like me."

A WOULD-BE warrior, Milius rough-rides with a motorcycle gang called Mobile Strike Force Paranoia. His production company is named A Team after a crack unit in Vietnam. A mushroom cloud captioned "Let's get it over with!" hangs on his office wall, under the shadow of which he gleefully awaits The End. A typical Milius hero might be an inspiration to Survivalists, but Milius is not one himself.

"I don't intend on surviving," he proclaims. "I figure that when the cataclysm comes, it will be six months of living like a viking before we're all killed. It'll be like *Road Warriors* (aka, *Mad Max 2)*. In fact on a good day in LA it's almost like *Road Warriors* right now, with people driving around in cars on bikes and stuff . . ."

Just as he calculated it would, Milius' bulk looms far larger across a decade of American film-making than his few films seemingly warrant. But, as scriptwriter of *Dirty Harry, Magnum Force* and *Apocalypse Now*, producer of Steven Spielberg and Paul Schrader, and director of four adventures that are in turn wistful, mythic, absurd and overwhelming, he's been an important figure in re-establishing the notion of the anti-authoritarian lone ranger as cinema hero in an era in which the man of action

● *continues over*

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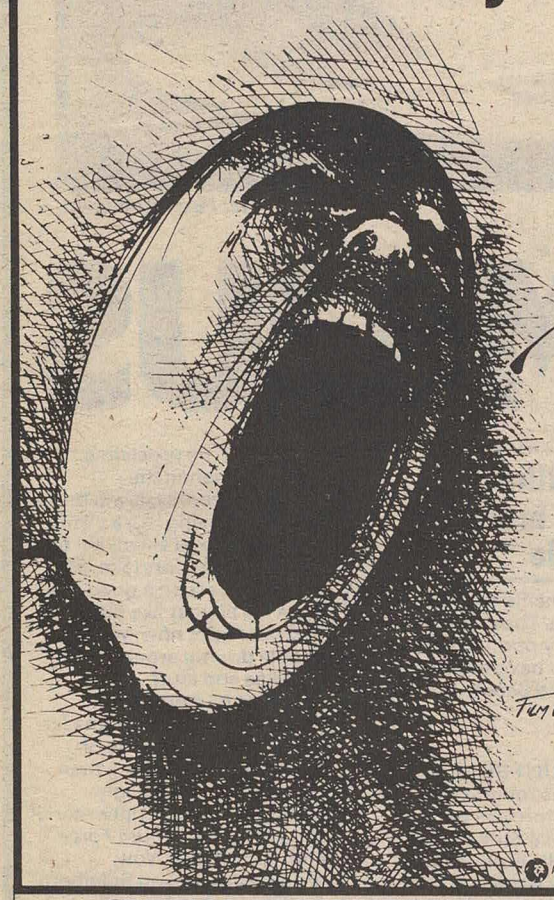

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Conan: "Any old iron?"

CONAN

● *from previous page*

vulture's neck with his teeth while crucified — it seems almost credible. (And while we're on the subject of 'credibility', Ron Cobb has designed a Hyborian Age with no jarring inconsistencies, a collection of sets and locations enhanced by the curiously hard, baked-out colour used throughout, producing an effect highly reminiscent of early spaghetti Westerns.)

As noted above, John Milius has realised Howard's gory visions in a manner which would (for better or for worse) meet with the author's full approval. Most movie transcriptions of material derived from comic books or pulp adventure fiction maintain varying degrees of distance from their subject matter: they utilise a protective field of irony to shield them from some of the original implications.

Sometimes this emerges as the kind of attitude which lets the viewer know that the film maker is 'aware' that everybody present is superior to the material. Sort of 'I know that you're too smart to take this stuff serious and that I am too, but since we all happen to find ourselves here, let's have a good time'. The *Doc Savage* movies of a few years ago, and the '60s *Batman* TV show are probably the most extreme examples of this approach, but *Conan* is as far away from this kind of cultural slumming as is possible. There is absolutely no distance whatsoever between Milius and Howard: even their commentaries on their work are similar. Milius was quoted in *NME* (7/8/82) as dedicating the film to "the purity and glory of battle," while Howard would eulogise endlessly about "clean slaughter". Okay: *what* purity and glory of battle? *What* clean slaughter? What stupid, irresponsible crap . . .

Such stupid, irresponsible crap is close to the surface of nearly all of the Howardian and sub-Howardian sword-and-sorcery hack (literally) writing. Swords-vs-sorcery generally works out as brute-force-versus-knowledge, with the implication that the former is morally superior to the latter, which is — after all — mainly fit for sneaky, devious weaklings. Real men settle things with meat cleavers, don't they? A real man would rather survive a calamity than attempt to prevent it.

Still, John Milius is a much smarter man than Robert E Howard. He must be: he's still alive. Howard shot himself in 1936 (when he was 30) because his mother was dying of cancer and he couldn't face living without her. His suicide, naturally, must have cheered his mother up no end; a son blowing his brains out is just what you need when you're on your death-bed. Having never left Texas in his life, he was extremely well qualified to pronounce upon the innate qualities of the different peoples of the world. In one of his stories, he so pronounced in the following terms: " . . the ancient empires fall, the dark-skinned peoples fade and even the demons of antiquity gasp their last, but over all stands the Aryan barbarian, white-skinned, cold-eyed, dominant, the supreme fighting-man of the earth, whether he be clad in wolf-hide and horned helmet, or boots and doublet — whether he bear in his hands battle axe or rapier — whether he be called Dorian, Saxon or Englishman . . ."

This is the imagery that informs Milius' movie (the fact that the only black actor of any prominence in the film is the villain is purest coincidence, naturally), and you'll find diluted traces of the same stuff in any number of lousy Heavy Metal albums, some of which come wrapped in barbarian sleeve graphics for easier identification.

ULTIMATELY, WHAT separates Conan from other screen supermen is his complete absence of style (except for the vulture bit, that is). Bruce Lee, Clint Eastwood, Bogart and the Connery James Bond were elegant, fastidious, cool figures; something was definitely going on behind each of their facades. With Conan, all it's about is the fact that he's phenomenally big and strong and, like all Howard heroes, owes his victories to the fact that he is racially superior to his adversaries. Brutality, as they say, rules.

A brutalist view of human existence can always masquerade fairly effectively as simple realism. After all, brutality is bustin' out all over and each new atrocity is a propaganda victory for the brutalists. You know the argument: it's a vicious world out there, and ya gotta be tough to survive (see Reagan R, Thatcher M, collected speeches of). Furthermore, underneath this veneer of civilisation, we are still the same savage beasts that we always were. It is always interesting to counter this argument with references to peoples who have had virtually no contact with 'civilisation', who manage to run their communities and their lives without slaughtering or enslaving each other, but then there's nothing dramatic or inspiring about that. It there?

"The idea of struggle is as old as life itself, for life is only preserved because other living things perish through struggle . . . in this struggle, the stronger, the more able win, while the less able, the weak lose. Struggle is the father of all things . . . it is not by the principles of humanity that man lives or is able to preserve himself above the animal world, but solely by means of the most brutal struggle . . . if you do not fight for life, then life will never be won."

John Milius didn't write that, though I'm sure he'd agree with it. Neither did Robert E Howard. The author was a funny little Austrian who had very strong views about the Aryan people and their intrinsic superiority even though he'd've looked ridiculous in a wolf-hide loincloth and couldn't have lifted a battle-axe if his life had depended on it.

***"Conan* is just the sort of movie I'd like to see tonight," says Milius. Great. If it's the kind of movie you'd like to see, then enjoy yourself. You certainly aren't alone.**

Charles Shaar Murray

MILIUS

● *from previous page*

has been rendered obsolete.

Be he Clint Eastwood's sullen, savage cop, or Arnold Schwarzenegger's uncomprehending, musclebound *Conan The Barbarian*, Milius' men swear loyalty to higher, abstract ideas of justice than those devised by society. They follow older codes of chivalry which, so they believe, invest in them the right to act outside of society's laws in order to protect themselves first and anyone else on their side as a consequence.

The intimation is that their warrior training has purified them of civilisation's sweet decay, thereby placing them above its petty rules. By way of justification for their actions they need only point to the messes so-called civilisation has gotten itself into and its pathetic inability in the face of hostile force. Nobody else is gonna do it, so you gotta look after yourself first.

If there is one message that comes through Milius' films, it is that if you're going to act, act decisively. Or die.

IT'S NOT always easy to fit such a brute simple dictum in a modern context. Hence *Conan The Barbarian*. Set in a mythical distant past, Conan sees his parents slaughtered, spends his youth in chains, until he proves himself as a gladiator and is eventually released, after which he devotes himself to avenging his parents' murder.

Though it's no more nor less than a stirring adventure story, old-fashioned and straightforwardly told, if one marked by some outstanding moments of magic — excellent choreographed battle sequences, the transmogrification of villain Thulsa Doom into a snake — Milius' maverick reputation has inevitably led to more idiosyncratic readings.

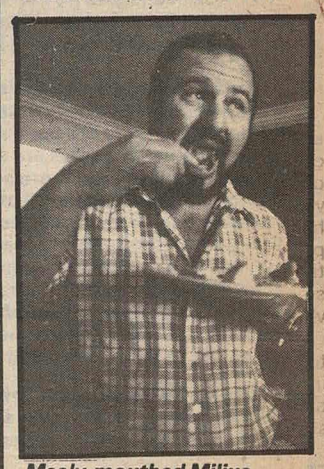
Nevertheless he refuses to be drawn on it, perhaps because he'd exhausted what he had to say in its defence the night before during a lecture at the National Film Theatre. On the subject of *Conan*, Milius's answers come slow and sluggish, as if he's totally bored with talking about a film that so obviously speaks for itself.

Whatever, his choosing of a pre-civilised landscape does appear to be an ideal place for Milius to work out a few of his obsessions.

"I didn't put anything there beacuse it was particularly relevant to today," he counters. "An adventure story is an adventure story whether it takes place today or back then. The same issues are always apparent."

Encroaching civilisation, coming in the deceitful shape of Thulsa Doom's religious snake sect, is hardly an inviting proposition. It seems uncommonly close to present day curses like the Children of God, or Jim Jones' messianic cult.

"But there are cults that go back through history that were very important too. The cult in *Conan* is based on the cult of the Thuggi, the Assassins, led by Hassan I Sabbah. As a matter of fact one incident in the film was



Mealy-mouthed Milius

taken directly from the history of Hassan, the point where Hassan asked one of his followers to jump to his death and then announced 'I have thousands more like him . . .' "

He has said that all the evil Conan faces springs from civilisation's closing in on his more natural state. Between mouthfuls of strawberries and cream, Milius expands: "Well, civilisation is inherently corrupt and evil. It's not man's natural state, but . . ." he pauses for a moment, eyeing his strawberries and grinning," it is very seductive!"

Shouldn't man aspire to a more ordered state, resist his more animal urges?

"He should probably aspire to the opposite, "suggests Milius. "We should really aspire to be animals and resist our desire to eat strawberries and cream. We'd probably be better off as animals, who are closer to a state of grace."

Isn't that just romantic primitivism?

"I don't think so," he growls patiently. "What advantages has civilisation given us? Seems to me all civilisation has done is to increase the body count. Do you think the Lebanese enjoy civilisation right now?"

And so it goes round and round. Let's skip civilisation's wearing treadmill and go one movie back, to Milius' most autobiographical picture *Big Wednesday*, which recalls his youth as a surfer. His version of beach culture has less to do with the Beach Boys' surfer idyll, more with man pitting himself against the forces of nature.

Like most of Milius' work it's not a little absurd, but at the same time it is highly engaging. Personally I would've thought that the '60s beach culture is everything that Milius now appears to despise: lazy, slobbish kids in pursuit of nothing higher than self-gratification.

"Naah, the beach culture was a buncha anarchist surfers," he proudly boasts. "We didn't lay about, we did a lot more than youth do today. We went out and rode 20 foot waves! Have you ever seen what man looks like on a 20 foot wave? That's a sort of magnificent gesture!"

But also a futile one.

"It's no more futile than standing on the moon! Actually it's quite magnificent. You know, only a creature such as man would dare to stand on a 20 foot wave or on the moon. It gives you pride of species!"

As the conversation strays farther away from his films Milius grows more expansive and illuminating. He really lets rip when a mention of *The Wind And The Lion* (1975) — a superb elegy for a rapidly shrinking world centred on a Moroccan bandit's small empire being threatened with American invasion after he's kidnapped an American citizen — triggers a brief eulogy for the late Theodore Roosevelt, America's last fighting president. Roosevelt's expansionist views prompts a few imperialist objectives of Milius' own . . .

America should withdraw all its troops from Europe and redeploy them in an invasion of South America, thereby expanding the United States to the Panama Canal, thus fulfilling every Mexican illegal immigrant's dream: that of becoming a US citizen!

"We'll have a wonderful expansion of *laissez faire* capitalisn, it'll be like the 19th century again," Milius grins wickedly, before huffing himself for the grand proclamation: "I believe it is the fate of nations always to seek imperial objectives one way or another . . ."

Just as it's the fate of others to resist and fight for independence; foreign troops' presence will always be a source of conflict.

"What's the difference if the Falklands are dominated by Galtieri or the British?" challenges Milius. "They're gonna be dominated by somebody. The only logical civilised argument is that the Falklands should be dominated by the islanders. Then that becomes ridiculous, because that means every little rock has the right to self-determination. We know that may be philosophically correct, but that never happens.

Pic: Peter Anderson

Mr John Milius

"It would mean the Balkanisation of everything. In Britain that would mean every shire would be fighting each other again!" His eyes light up at the prospect. "It would mean feudalism again!" And then in would step the Danes!

"Remember," he sagely remarks, there's always a Dane over every horizon. There's always a barbarous wolf hovering on the edge of the fold; And as England found out the only way to get rid of the Danes is not to pay them Dane geld, but to fight them and get strong. And *that* is what determines the strength of that culture. And *that's* how we get back to Conan! . . Say, this is great! I didn't get a chance to talk foreign policy last night!"

Surely a culture living in fear becomes warped by that fear?

"We're living permanently in fear anyway."

What with his mushroom cloud poster, Milius seems to enjoy the threat of the Bomb.

"Yes, I enjoy the Bomb immensely. I think of it as a religious totem. Whenever you think of people's natural greed and ambition the Bomb is there to remind them of their pending mortaliy. And I'm in a business that is known for its greed and lack of morality, lack of values, full of people who are greedy and venal. It's good to remind them that all they have can be gone in a flash.

"I mean, I love to imagine some hideous producer waking up in the middle of the night suddenly realising he's seeing his venetian blinds silhouetted against the fireballs, saying 'But I had a deal at Paramount!' It's wonderful. It returns you right back to reality doesn't it?"

What does Milius fear most?

"Well, I don't worry about the apocalypse. I fear a lack of cataclysm, more revisionism, more apologism, more socialism, more rot. Just hideous rot! It's a defilement of the human spirit."

What? Socialism's surely the opposite?

"The very word socialism," spits Milius with disgust. "An ism to be social you know. Think of the word itself. It's disgusting. A government, a system that requires its people to be social. Why, everything I've learnt all my life says you have the right to be anti-social!"

Until that right starts infringing on everybody else's right . . .

"Well, if I go live in a cave and I wanna be anti-social and they come to the mouth of my cave to keep bothering me, I'll install a machine gun . . . oops . . . then I'll be called a *fascist!* Fascists aren't people who install machine guns at the mouth of their caves to keep others away. Fascists are people who stand up in uniforms and tell everybody they're gonna have to toe the party line, whatever it is. All your wonderful leftists are fascists! I just want people to leave me alone!"

Survival of the fittest leaves a lot of casualties. "You think there are less casualties in class war?"

Under Milius' definition, though, it's only natural that the have-nots will gang up on the haves.

"Well," Milius laughs," Then we'll have Darwinian evolution won't we?"

How does he define himself?

"A nice simple anarchist. An individualist. I see myself as a zen anarchist — throwing bombs into emptiness!"

Their explosions creating just so much hot air?

JOHN MILIUS' excuse is he's a man born out of time. "I imagine myself as a perfectly normal 12th century man," he posits. His imperialist vews are somewhat contradicted by his opinion of government as something he wouldn't wish on anybody — "Government is for cattle not people!" — and going by the evidence of his films the only position he would honestly defend (to the bitter end!) is man's right to be left well alone.

In that sense his work perhaps comes closest to John Ford's explorations of a disappearing frontier, and the claustrophobic effect advancing civilisation had on frontiersmen. But there is a crucial difference between the two directors. Where Ford's elegaic westerns recognise that America's warrior period is over — gone forever — Milius' nostalgic adventure refuses to let it lie.

"I love to deliver great speeches and then mock them; because I don't take any of it too seriously — I don't take myself too seriously."

— John Milius, in *The Movie Brats.*

Conan: Arnold listens to the Oscar nominations

Going for the big one — an out-take from Milius' Big Wednesday (Shurely shome mishtake? — Ed)

Puberty Blues

Directed by Bruce Beresford

Starring Nell Schofield, Jad Capalja and Geoff Rhoe (20th Century Fox)

WHY WASTE words? What an ugly film! Ugly girls blankly fall in line and on their backs for ugly insensitive boys and wonder aloud whether this is what love means. Their acts are committed at the drive-in, at parties or on littered beaches, but always in the shadow of the factory, where — it is intimated — they'll while away an adulthood purgatory.

Excepting, of course, the two heroines who reach a level of enlightenment of sorts. Suddenly invested with the strength to resist peer group pressure, a kind of beauty blossoms with their newly discovered independence.

Really, the only noteworthy thing about *Puberty Blues* is the casting director's achievement in accumulating so many plain-to-ugly janes of both sexes and all ages in one classroom. God knows to what end. And given that Beresford is only as good as his script and stars, *Puberty Blues* makes for wearing watching. It's not the kids' fault, they're new and they need direction. None is forthcoming.

The only gamble Beresford takes is to film the original pulp novel / diary in a determinedly flat, realistic style that reduces its intended racy humour to a grim comedy of pratfalls and fearful pregnant pauses between periods. Nobody needs telling that teen angst is no joke, but growing up in the movies has never been this unremittingly humourless before.

In *Puberty Blues'* case, don't mistake dour seriousness for insight.

— Chris Bohn

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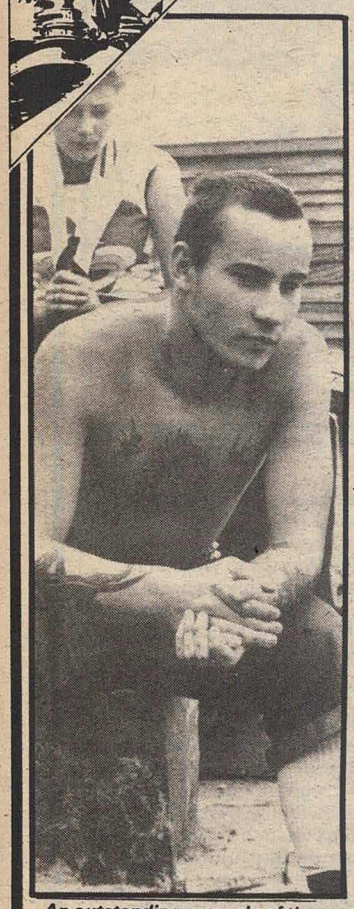
UndeRage

Directed by Kim Longinotto and Lizzie Lemon (Contemporary)



An outstanding example of the Yob Opportunities scheme.

THE HOME movie that caused all the gutter press scandal. Teenage working class life as it really is — sex, glue sniffing, swearing, racism, complacency, stupidity shock horror!!!

This predictably complacent 'film' is a documentary equivalent of the tendency which has gotten Ken Loach into such shallow waters of late: the blank, unadorned 'portrait' of the noble British working class — much beloved of culture critics who'd rather be social workers. There's ten times more 'explanation' of British social sloth in a Mike Leigh play than there is in an 'objective' (ie lazy) 'cross selection' of reactionary mouths such as *UndeRage* (that punning title is actually meaningless: none of these children betray anything like anger — only the apathetic acceptance of hand-me-down world views).

Before these 'film makers' make something more than a condescending Left-ish *That's Life* there's really nothing else to say. Documentary is no more 'objectively' true than anything else. Return to sender — addressee unknown.

Ian Penman

ON THE BOX

Thursday August 26
Come September (Robert Mulligan 1961). Bonanza time for *les campistes,* as Rock Hudson grimaces through a vapid "comedy of manners" (ie the scriptwriter has this complex about how he'll never be as good as "that rich bitch" Neil Simon; *and* he wasn't) with Gina Lollobedbrigadia, Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin. **(BBC2).**

Friday August 27
The Karate Killers (A.N. Studio d'Hackit). "Actually," said Pinzmeine, drawing lightly on a herbal cigarillo, "I find these Man From U.N.C.L.E. films exquisitely dated. I always used to identify with McCallum — the blonde one, you know — in my youth. Now I am content to observe *genre* quirks. Here our heroes battle THRUSH underwater for a secret gold-refining process, and are joined by Terry Thomas, Herbert Lom, Telly Savalas, Joan Crawford and many more." **(BBC 1).**

Saturday August 28
G.I. Blues (Norman Taurog 1960). Of immense significance to head-in-the-clouds rock bores, being the first film after Elvis 'Mine's A Slimline' Presley returned from "active" military service, marking his decline into a large piece of greasy putty. **(BBC2).**

Seven Brides For Seven Brothers (Stanley Donen 1954). Men in racoon hats and check shirts woo gals in lumberjack girl "style" togs, all directed by The Great Stan 'No Silly Gags Between My Name, B'ub" Donen. Howard Keel and Jane Powell sing Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul, although everyone's lips are tight about what went on off-set. **(BBC1).**

That'll Be The Day (Claude Whatham 1974). In *On The Box?* That will be the day. **(BBC2).**

Marnie (Alfred Hitchcock 1964). Pulls surprisingly straight face: excellent Hitchcock, just to get everything (ever, ever) into perspective. If you see nothing else, catch the virtuoso opening, Tippi Hedren's chameleon Marnie changing silently from preppy miss goodyshoes to complex crook. You'd be a big sucker to stick with five minutes' worth, through — a great, slowly evolving study in the sexuality and pathology of the female criminal (well, that's what it says on worried husband Sean Connery's book). Lots of behind-the-curtains sex (try it! you'll be surprised) as is usual with Mr A.H., but my favourite odd bit is Marnie's scorching defamation of psychoanalysis, Watch out also for Bruce Dern in a very, very 'short' cameo. **(BBC2).**

Gray Lady Down (David Greene 1978). Great/interesting cast belies burbleburbleburble yawn film about rescuing faulty nuclear submarnies *(Submarines, whacko —Ed.).* The only real suspense or mystery is wondering how much they had to pay David Carradine, Ned Beatty, Stacy Keach, Christopher Reeve and Charlton Heston to mug their way through. **(ITV).**

Sunday August 29
Tommy (Ken Russell 1975). One of the worst films man could possibly make, ever ever ever. "One of the few films I have actually walked out of," I remark to Andy Gill. "One of the many films I have never walked into," quips he, with Sun Ra-diant surety. **(BBC2).**

Island In The Stream (Franklin J Schaffner 1976). If you're willing to sit through Ken 'Give Me An Inch' Russell's ludicrous inflation of Pete Townshend's ultra-other-galaxy-of-tedium you're not worth the price of the 'stuff' that got you that 'wrecked' to do so. If you watch this you display infinitely better taste, and will find one of the Great and Wholly Solid George C Scott's greatest performances in an adaptation of an Ern 'It's The Way Ah Slay 'em' Hemingway story. **(BBC 1).**

Monday August 30
Jail House Rock (Richard Thorpe 1957). *Jail 'House' Rock* (as BBC2 have renamed it) captured ascendant '50s 'King of Rock n Roll' Spivvy Crouton at the height of his pommaded powers! Leiber and Stoller wrote their score with the plummeting career of Elvis 'Gatemouth' Presley in mind, but good sense prevailed and 4' 10" Spivvy makes a far more convincing child - molester - turned - "rocker". "Herpes Outbreak Hotel' is a classic. **(BBC 2).**

Airport '75 (Jack Smith 1974). Chaos is the 'flightplan' awaiting an unsuspecting crew in this air-sickening (!!!) shocker directed by Barnsley Flower Emporium's own Jack Smight. Charlton Heston is the blind orphan who waits in tears at home in Brooklyn for news of her diabetic nannie. Karen Black won something very nearly almost quite like an Oscar as the Liberian terror squad ageing fashion model Sid Caesar has to tackle singlehandedly. George Kennedy most impressive as the airport itself, watch out for John Milius as Orca the Whale (*Shurely shome shlosh reference!—Ed.)* **(BBC 1).**

Ashanti (Richard Fleischer 1979). Not to be confused with *Avanti.* **(ITV).**

Tuesday August 31.
The Last Waltz (Martin Scorsese 1978). Save it for me, Marty baby! Fact: the one Scorsese film I have never seen, although by many accounts (inc. Pauline Kael) it stands way above its genre (a rock concert movie) regardless of Dylan, Band, Mitchell, etc etc. It is a beautifully shot and edited documentary. **(BBC 2).**

Ian Penman

IN THE CAN

FITZCARRALDO (Werner Herzog). Even Andy Gill, world's self styled eagle-eyed piazza-prowling 'biggest' Herzog fan in the world, has had to admit this one's a Grade A Maxi-Stinker. "Frankly, Werner's let thermodynamics overtake aesthetics here," declaims Signor Gill from his Napoli breakfast & bar-B-Q hideout. *"Fitzcarraldo* — I found it poor, about two hours too long, and would you pass the Parmesan?". Better recommended is the film about the making of *The Road To Fitzcarraldo,* by Les Blank, named *Burden Of Dreams.* Mr Blank was previously responsible for *Werner Herzog Eats His Shoe,* and is not currently filming *Andy Gill Eats His Fedora.* **(Palace).**

Grease 2 (Patricia Birch). The second of the *Grease* saga, which is to say it is situated neatly between *Grease 1* and *Grease 3,* although closer in spirit, perhaps, to *Grease Phooe.* Grease aplenty, whilst going for a less smarmy *greasiness* than *Grease.* Guaranteed absolutely free of John Travolta, Olivia 'Neutron Bomb' Newton John and geese, too. **(UIP)**

Heatwave (Phillip Noyce). The introduction of characters and the grid of corruption they're going to navigate is perhaps a little too *gradual* . . . but . . . when . . . Ph . . . illip *(OK, OK — Ed)* Noyce springs his traps and unhinges the dizzying plot, *Heatwave* turns into a great scare movie, whose monster is Real Estate. Goodies and Baddies alike are tempted, jilted and shaken up by the ruses of Power (without any undue moralising or message-spinning). Great closing explosion and fall-out of images and implications. **(Mainline).**

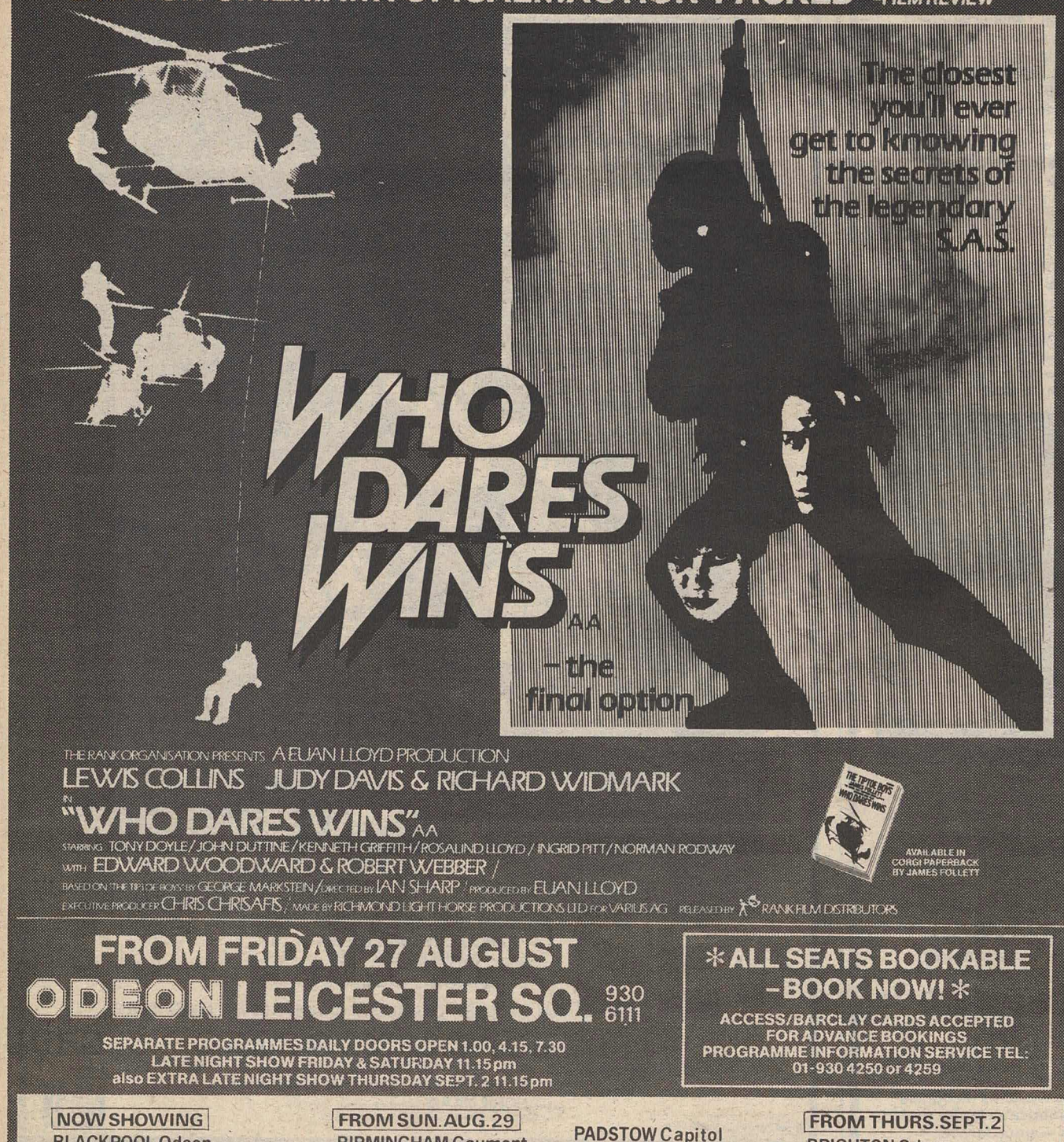
The Last American Virgin (Boaz Davidson). From the director of the *Lemon Popsicle* "adult comedies", this is exactly what it sounds like and exactly what you need if you've worn out the *Porky's* video. Poor sucker. **(Cannon).**

Missing (Costa Gavras). Extremely worthy slice of liberally concerned melodrama. Pity they had to (try and) make a "movie" out of it. **(UIP).**

Rocky 3 (Sylvester Stallone). Harmless enough comic book stuff — not that we in the Scorsese corner thought that anyone would have the *gall* after *Raging Bull,* but still . . . who's gonna spoil (the) sport, now? **(UIP).**

Ian Penman

"ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING FILMS TO COME OUT OF THE BRITISH CINEMA...TOPICAL...ACTION-PACKED" –FILM REVIEW



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THE BLACK AND WHITE MINSTRELS

AMRIK RAI floats downstream with the very colourful and wonderfully big headed MONOCHROME SET. B&W: PETER ANDERSON

THE MONOCHROME SET have sailed through four years of constantly changing sounds and styles without any apparent deviation from their distinctive mixture of lusty satire and irresistible hooklines.

How have they avoided becoming stale and dated and how much further can they possibly take it?

"The Monochrome Set have made their way without ever doing anything the band have been opposed to. There's been absolutely no compromise to the changes of pop music and consequently we don't feel any pressure on us at all to stop.

"It's great that we have got such a distinctive sound. Everyday you switch on the radio and you hear the same bass drum and clap intro and it could be any one of a hundred bands — Human League, ABC, Dollar or whoever. But when you hear a Monochrome Set record, you immediately know who it is.

"We don't want to be relevant to these times. These times are boring!"

IN DOWNSTREAM, Kingston, where the River Thames is only marginally wider than Oxford Street but considerably less congested, the three Monochromes like rejects from some old Ripping Yarns episode, sit sipping tequilas on a houseboat. Displaying characteristic aplomb, they initiate our intrusion into this scene of decadent retirement by explaining why their third album, 'Eligible Bachelors', will receive a favourable reaction.

Lester Square, the lead guitarist and keyboards player, explains: "I think, by now, people will have sorted out whether they like The Monochrome Set or not. We annoyed people in the press because they all thought that we should have been a very commercial and successful band but that we deliberately avoided that kind of success. One journalist even called us 'perversely uncommercial'. Now we're at our third album and hopefully it will be judged with a more reasoned attitude."

'Eligible Bachelors', soon to be released on Cherry Red, deliberately resumes the theme of buoyant pop that 'Strange Boutique' encapsulated so successfully, and leap frogs way above the drab complacency of 'Love Zombies' with a refined burst of gaiety and colour. More than anything else, the swinging flamenco guitars and compelling storylines of songs like 'Jet Set Junta' and 'The Ruling Class' evoke the dynamism and swashbuckling dance of The Monochrome Set's very first single, 'He's Frank/Alphaville'.

So where does 'Eligible Bachelors' put them in 1982's bright and breezy rock spectrum?

"Outside!" Lester snaps. "We don't harbour any ambitions to be quoted as saying something like, We're gonna rock this town tonight."

Bid, the lead guitarist and dark haired Asian from Bombay, flashes a slinky red silk dress and continues in a low, pained whisper: "We're a rock band who aren't in the rock business."

Don't you think a million other bands have said that before?

"They're all wrong! They all want to be part of something, some rock association, and we don't."

Andy Warren, the bass player, sits this part out, peering intently at his gaudy winklepicker boots. The drummer's known alternatively as Morris Windsor, Lexington Crane and even Lorenzo someone, but none of those are here.

I ask Andy if The Monochrome Set are going to do anything remotely *rocky*, like touring?

"Yes, of course. We've just played a few places in Scotland and no doubt there'll be more when the album comes out."

I recall seeing The Monochrome Set sometime ago. To say the least, you seemed to adopt a very detached pose.

"We're more songwriters than performers," replies Lester.

"We like playing live," adds Bid, "it's just that we don't go into that situation and pretend to be really close to the audience. If anyone wants to talk to us, they're quite welcome to come backstage afterwards. I'll give them a good talking to.

"It's a fact that when any performer gets on a stage, they just don't notice the audience at all."

"And we're not so pretentious that we think we're going out there to display our art just so that people can sit back and say how wonderful it all is," Andy continues. "We use slides and music to put on the best show we can."

I would still say you were overly clever-clever and arrogant.

"I think we're one clever," Lester replies quickly, "two clevers is perhaps going a bit far."

A TEQUILA or six later, the conversation drifts to The Monochrome Set's past associations with Adam and the Ants; the original line-up featured Andy on bass and Lester on the songwriting side. Andy points immodestly to a gold disc framed ceremoniously above our heads.

"One or two of us have got those little things."

Do you still see yourselves as a parallel of that sort of cavalier panache?

"No. We see certain parallels. There is a certain art schoolish tradition that we both belong to, but it doesn't go much beyond that."

So why did you leave the Ants?

"I played on everything up to 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier'; up to the point where they first split up and got back together again. During the interim I was asked to play for The Monochrome Set and, to be perfectly honest, in November 1979 this band seemed like a better bet." He laughs wistfully.

What did the first incarnation of the Ants sound like? Was it anything like The Monochrome Set?

Lester replies: "Adam and I were at the same school and when the Ants first got together, we were very much like The Monochrome Set. We used to write really good songs, it was very much versed in the style of the '60s and the art school background."

How important is it to you to write really good pop songs?

"There are so many people who want to be part of the music scene at all costs . . . and usually the thing that gets left behind is the musicianship. Kids will dress up, they'll have a political stance and immediately they're part of the music business. Forget the songs, they can be written backstage or in the van or almost anywhere else.

Do you see any links between yourselves and those bands?

"In some ways, yes," Andy replies. "When I heard the first two Teardrop singles, they did strike me as being musicians with similar ideas to us.

"It was refreshing," Lester adds, "to see people producing singles that I could drive down the motorway and get a buzz from."

Do you think that The Monochrome Set are quite anachronistic in many ways? Are you carrying on the spirit of the decadent '60s and grandiose '70s?

"I don't think so. One of the problems with the post-punk period was that music had been relegated to a back seat in preference to some kind of message. All we're interested in is trying to make real pop music."

"A lot of today's pop songs are nothing more than a pastiche of the '60s," decides Bid.

I POINT out that the most striking thing about The Monochrome Set is that everything they do is riddled with inconsistencies. From the name downwards, they combine very heavy lyrics, often ambitious attempts at satire, with light fluffy music.

"But that's why it works so well," Lester interrupts. "The fact that there is such an emphatic contrast."

"If you look at any visual art," Andy expands, "or any other kind of art, it all hangs together in a strange sort of balance. If there isn't that balance and you have to compromise, then it doesn't work. There's no tension to hold everything together. If you take a song like 'Espresso' (from 'Strange Boutique') which would appear to be a song about death, about someone going into an operation and probably not coming out, it has that much more impact if it has an absurd rock'n'roll, rhythm'n'blues type backing."

"It's made all the more surreal with the words transposed onto that sort of music," Lester continues. "The best thing that people have ever said about The Monochrome Set is that there is an insidious quality to our music. They'll hear something and like it immediately and yet they'll play it again, a few days later, and hate it. It's that insidiousness that prompts a different interpretation every time."

"And the name of the band comes from the old black and white TV sets. Even that fits the music in a strange way because all the old programmes always seemed much more colourful than the things they show today. You know, things like 'Whirlybirds' and 'Flash Gordon', they were really bright."

"There's also a nicer ring to it than The Colour Set," concludes Andy.

As Peter and I prepare to leave the boat, Bid asks: "Can I ask you what other bands say to you? I'm quite curious to know how different we are, or whether we are different at all."

How different do *you* think they are?

WHAT A DIFFERENCE ADÉ MAKES

King Sunny Ade, that is ... an honorary chief back home in Nigeria, and an ambassador of Juju music over here. Charles Shaar Murray meets the man with an African Revelation for anyone with ears to listen and a heart to understand. Photography: Peter Anderson.

KING SUNNY ADE: a small, neat, fastidiously elegant man who wears a suit of dark blue denims impeccably, which is to say that he makes the outfit look unique, perfect and utterly personal. He is one of the masters who operate beyond the verge of Western musical consciousness: throughout the '70s he has been selling 200,000 copies each of four albums a year throughout Africa, forty albums so far and every one a hit.

Compared to the magnitude of the success which he has achieved on his own, Europe could well seem rather small-time. 'Juju Music' — his first Island album and his first recorded specifically for European release — has sold under 10,000 copies thus far, but it's still early days. This music is still a secret, but once everybody knows it the dam will break. The African Revelation could change everything.

The musical characteristics of African popular music can be 'described' through similes or metaphors or musical references but its most vital characteristic is spiritual: a joyful egolessness which emerges in collective improvisation dedicated to the wholeness of the music. Every participant gets to express themselves because nobody dominates: it is simultaneously astonishingly fragile and delicate and astonishingly powerful and steady. This is what has to be learned from Sunny Ade's music; conscious adoption of his stylistic devices is another matter entirely.

But let's keep a sense of proportion about all this. I mean, last year everybody was going bananas (and pineapples and passion fruit and mangoes and any other tropical fruit you care to name) about salsa. Wall-to-wall Carmen Miranda, Havana Let's Go, Blue Rondo A La Turk and hordes of jerks yeling 'Yariba yariba' all over the place . . . a deeply moving experience *that* turned out to be.

So here we are again, only this year's bloody *African* music and every trendy bastard in town is oozing around clutching one of Island's 'Sound D'Afrique' albums or Rough Trade's 'Soweto' or — boxing clever now — some import on EMI Nigeria. Now Gaspar Lawal and Dudu Pukwana, African master musicians who've been resident in Britain for 10 or 15 years are playing to packed houses, Pablo Porthos and King Sunny Ade are heard in flash places and knowledgeable matters go up about African prints and fabrics.

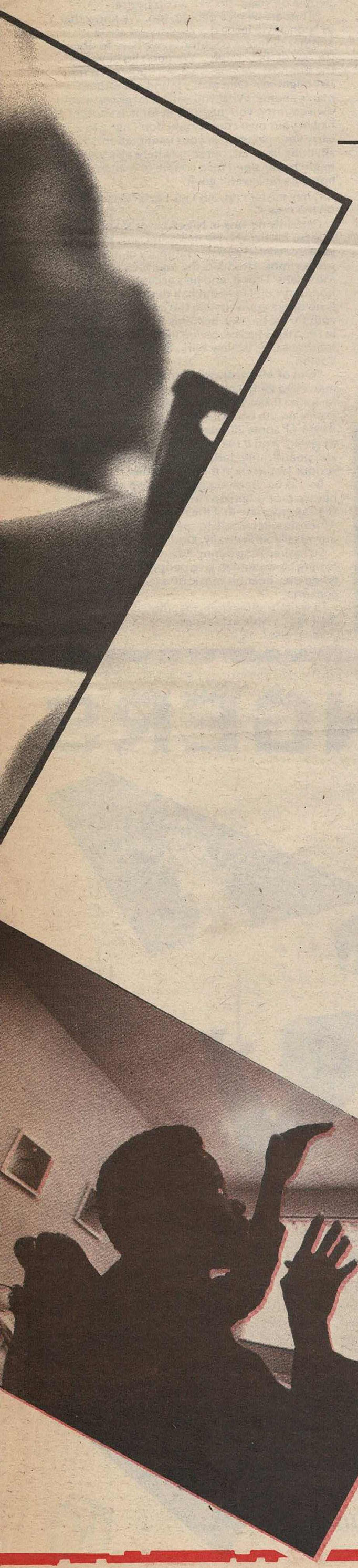
Maybe it's the old cultural window-shopping again. Where shall we go *this* year, darling?

And maybe it's not. This year's music needs lightness, agility, joy, wit, fluidity, grace and just a little touch of transcendence, and the musics best qualified to do that right now are calypso and its various offshoots — and African music. It's not escapism, but a more joyful form of defiance. Music like Sunny Ade's (and that of soca master Explainer) creates the mood that wins battles with a less draining struggle. Next to it even reggae sounds heavy in the wrong way.

SUNNY ADE is an elegant man: he is quiet, warm and relaxed. He listens to what people say and replies carefully. He is obviously a man of great personal power, and — just as obviously — a man free from the compulsion to dominate. All these qualities are as apparent in his music as they are in his presence.

It is necessary here to discard the imposture of expertise, the habit of casually inviting one's reader to assume that the writer knows everything about the subject and is carefully presenting handpicked gems of information and insight. The idea of talking to King Sunny

NCE



> ***"In future, the blacks and the whites must listen, and must learn to start doing things together."***

Ade was to develop reference from the conversation itself; to attempt to *learn* something, so I told him that I knew absolutely nothing about his music except that I liked the way it sounded, and asked him how he became a musician.

"Music was always my favourite thing when I was a young little kid," he begins. He seems utterly at ease when delving into his personal history for the benefit of a musical *naif*. "I was at elementary school and I used to love to follow along with the school band. It was an African school in Nigeria and I learned to play the drums when I was in class three. I played tympani then: it was a military sort of band, all brass and drums. When I left the primary school, I started to play with a lot of bands in my leisure time. I was a percussionist, I played cungas after leaving the brass band and it was the cunga I continued playing until I formed my own band in 1966.

"I played with Moses Oleya, who is now a comedian, but at that time he was a musician. He plays juju music too. Queen Elizabeth of England gave him an award for his juju music: the MBE for his musicianship as a juju musician. I love his style, and when I formed my own band I tried to change my own style to his."

So tell me about juju music: where does the term itself come from?

" 'Juju' is a name given to that brand of music they play in colonial days in the '20s and '30s . . . they want to define this brand of music from the music playing in the shrines where they are worshipping the goddess of the river or whatever. We have so many oracles and so many shrines in Africa and this music was playing there . . . and anything black or from the blackness was described by the colonials as 'juju'.

"There is an instrument — it is like a tambourine but has leather on the face — when they play it, it sounds *tikkajujutikkajujutikkajujutikkajuju* . . . it would say *juju juju juju*. It sounds like that. They used to play it all along with our music, and we keep the name to define it from all other music. And there is a lot of *art* in refining it from that early '20s '30s, '40s music. The early great ones in this music are people like Akanbi Ege, and after him people like Tunde King, after him people like P Ojavedani — he is now a High Court Judge — then came younger people like Ambrose Campbell, based in London. I believe he is in America now. He is one that refined juju music and put some Western instruments to it.

"Tunde King was the first one to bring in the guitar, in the early '40s. Early '30s? I believe it was 1936. When *I* started to play the guitar, I had already played cunga with a lot of juju musicians. That is why I doesn't want to divide my attention to learn to play the guitar and then go and play another kind of music, so I stay with juju music."

One of the most amazing properties of Sunny Ade's music and the music of his contemporaries is the spirit of balanced and dsiciplined improvisation which allows four or five guitarists to play collectively without hampering each other. How would Sunny and his fellow guitarists proceed to work out their parts on a new tune?

"The first we will call 'first tenor guitar', then 'second tenor guitar'. They are playing along together. The third one play 'armonising, the third one play inbetween. Instead of you playing the whole thing together and making noise, you play *clean*, you make sure that they are working together, 'armonising with the third one. Occasionally the tenor guitars can go on together and the third one, the inbetween rhythm guitar, can have his own solo, it's like the two of them, can give a guideline to the music itself. So they don't lose the steps of the music because the background of it all is the African talking drums. You can change anytime you want and then go back to the original line because it keeps the beat. We don't play in bars — no 4/4, 5/5, 3/3 or whatever — we just play *straight*, but now we have to study so that we can tell foreigners what is happening in African music when they want to play it or when they want to dance to it.

"When I want the steel guitar to come in, then my guitar will give the guideline towards them to tell them when to make the change. When the steel guitar has come in and played about four bars then I will change again to let the two guitar go straight to where they are supposed to be. The talking drums will be going right along with this and I take the lead both in vocal and the guitar. The steel guitar has its own way to take the lead and play the melody, but there must also be time for him just to go along with the music. Or when someone play the synthesiser, it might just be four bars or so. Then you leave it, go on and then you come back. We don't normally just put everything in at once.

"We have many different ideas for changing the music, my boys and me, and there are so many different kinds of dialects and music in our country from different tribes. So you sit down it work out. See, according to the songs you want to sing you have to look at the kind of drums you are going to play with it. If you are going to play a song from the north in the language of the north, then you have to *play* that music from the north to fit in all along.

"In juju music we don't normally do it that way, we are fixing some lines to show that this line comes from that line. In another part of the country they used to play big calabash that they would cut in half and put on the floor and it would go *krrrakatak, krrrakatak,* and so if you want to sing a song in that language the music, the background and everything is there. You can take your guitar and have that time, play everything that is there. The different tribes all have different kinds of music, and juju music is one of the modernised ones. I don't write songs, but I compose songs."

What's the difference?

"I write lyrics, but I don't write music. I sing philosophical songs about life, about the ills of society, about the seasons. I say what going on now, I sing parables about Nigeria today . . . we must be careful now because if things are falling down it is not only me and you who will suffer for it, but everybody. The government has declared an austerity now because the economic is falling, but I do not sing politics because I am a Christian."

BUT IF YOU'RE singing about what is happening economically to every single person, then you *are* dealing in politics. That *is* politics.

"No, no . . . my own way is not political. I don't lay my songs solely on that. I sing philosophical songs, I sing about life, I sing about what I see is happening, I sing about entertainment, I sing about educating people, I sing about doing good because we are human and we are supposed to do good, I sing about knowing the woman . . . on my last record I sing about how I will enjoy my life today because tomorrow I might be dead. I sing about . . . the other one is that the young ones must give respect to the elders. By not giving respect to elders, you turn the world upside down."

Don't elders have to *earn* the respect of the young? You respect people who give you reason to respect them.

"The young should respect the elders . . . but the elders should know that they have elders in front of them too. I believe that in common man to man dealings, the way you approach people is the way that they respect you. If I don't know you, it is hard to say who is older at sight. They are so many people who are older and to look at them they are very young. When I say that the young ones should respect the elders, I also feel that the elders should respect the young ones because the elders have elders too. Everybody should have respect, this is what happens.

"Occasionally, I sing about love."

Who do you respect most?

"A' moment. A' moment I have to say that it is my mother. I so much love her: she used to give me so musch encouragement."

What makes you angriest?

"Anything which can kill a human being — and not by accident — personally I don't like it. I like to believe that man should contribute to this world by helping others, by showing appreciation to the Creator take your share and let other people take theirs. I do not want to see the world destroyed; I believe in creation rather than destruction.

"Like in Nigeria now we have declared that we do not want nuclear weapons. We have seen the pictures, we have seen in the films what nuclear war can do, what it was all about last time. I believe in creation, because . . ." he gestures around the room in which we are sitting up at the Island office, at the TV and video set-up, at the fur niture, "you see how this place is set up? You see how beautiful this place is? Then if you intentionally take a hammer and you blow that TV, you will have nothing but *damage,* the *wreckage* of the television. You will have to start again to make things beautiful. Destruction does not only effect your brain, but your whole body. You look at destruction with your eyes and you realise that this is what you have been doing for the past twenty or thirty years . . . that is history, just finding someone to kill, looking for somebody to cut up . . . *destruct.* It is like you compose a song, lay the tracks down, compose the lyrics, doing everything, going to the studio, staying up nights, and you finally mix it, then you put in the first test pressings . . .

"Then you are happy. The producers are happy and all the people around are going, 'Shit, I know this is a fantastic record' . . . and then somebody come and just *smash* the whole thing. That's why I don't believe in nuclear war . . . I don't believe in *any* war."

But how about, say, the revolutionary guerilla war in South Afria?

"Well, in the matter of South Africa, I really don't want to say anything, because if I go into that I am talking politics . . . but in future, the blacks and the whites must listen, and must learn to start doing things *together*. God's time is the right time. God's time is the *best*. Occasionally . . . revolution works sometimes, and it *doesn't* work sometimes. When there is a revolution, you get what you want, but how to *maintain* what you want?

"Like in a revolution to get the present government out, you might succeed, but then you must start up whatever kind of government you want there. And then another government will come up behind and *they* will want another revolution because they say the former kind is the one that works. So I believe God's time is the best."

His extravagantly robed minder nods sagely.

"To do things peacefully is to understand how you are supposed to conquer this life. That's it. It's my belief that there is no satisfaction but your knowledge that you are satisfied with what you do. My job is to make music and compose tunes. So I don't eat too much, don't drink too much, don't smoke too much . . . your job is interviewing me. You could have someone else do it, you could hear it on the radio, but you have your question and you want to do it yourself for your satisfaction. It is through this that one discovers good comportment — how to conduct yourself."

CONTINUES OVER

ADÉ

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

ONE OF THE strands that make up moderm Nigerian music is that of reggae: a music of which King Sunny Ade is keenly aware.

"I so much love reggae music. I don't know what to say, whether to blame myself for not having moved forward in time, but I love to meet Bob Marley. There was a time that they signed him on to perform in Lagos and the company asked me to play on the same concert, but unfortunately he died.

"Reggae music is like juju music in different version. Bob Marley's reggae is different from Jimmy Cliff's reggae is different from U. Roy's reggae is different from Third World's reggae is different from Black Uhuru's reggae . . . all this music is reggae music, and that's like juju music, because we have over three hundred different kinds of musician playing juju music, more than three thousand musicians. The lowest is 10, 12.

As a Christian and as African, how does King Sunny Ade feel about Rasta?

"I wouldn't like to go into Rastafarian system because that stuff does not divide my attention. It is on the *music* that I concentrate. Before we heard Bob Marley in Nigeria, we heard Jimmy Cliff and he came to Nigeria to perform. Jimmy Cliff does not show the Rastafarian style, he does not have the locks. We had a record of Bob Marley and when we saw the dread, we talk about how his hair is, and then they say Rasta.

"Now in our country we have some children like that and they born like that, they tell them not to cut their heads. They call them 'dada'. According to the tradition, if a women want to deliver a child and it come out with the legs first instead of the head, they call him or her 'Ige'. It's *name*, like you say 'twins' if there are two or triplets' if there is three.

"When such a child is young, one or two years, you see locks like that, so we thought maybe that was how Bob Marley's dreadlocks is, and then we discover that it is a Rastafarian system way of having it. They believe they are from Africa, but we don't need that belief. We *live* in Africa. We are *already there*.

At home in Lagos. Pic: Adrian Boot

"My music is African music. It comes from Africa, and everything you can think of, we can use. They tell you that the African is black, but in Africa you will find people living in the Sahara . . . study this matter carefully.

"If you go to the Sahara, you will feel *burnt*. You know it is hot, and you have never seen this kind of hot weather before. The sun burns. But you can see white in the desert, and you can see black in the desert. Up here it is cold, and down there it is hot, but even in a very much hotter place you will see white and black. I believe that you should go along with the climate. Anybody born in that desert, under that hot, hot sun is supposed to be much more black. You understand? But black and white are born there. I am still working on it, though. I haven't figured out the origin of mankind yet. When I have that one I will say it *loud*."

On a slightly more mundane level, Sunny Ade is conscious of his position as a front runner not only in his intense success and popularity in Africa, but as an ambassador for those thousands of juju musicians whose work is still to be recognised. "Some of us have not had the opportunity to be here, and this is my first time of having an indiginous international record company who can handle business, a renowned company like Island."

He runs an eye over the vast array of current photographs of Island acts pinned to the wall behind the TV.

"They have both black and white, and I believe that they don't discrimnate. Evidence says that they don't."

October and November are provisionally set as Tour Time, and a spectacle of considerable proportions is promised. A big band? Listen . . .

"I travel with about 24 or 25 people . . . all players, all musicians, and two or three of my managers. All are guitars, singers or drums. In the band, some guitarists pair with other instruments. Some plays bass guitar and guitar too, some plays harmonies and percussion too, every one of us plays different kinds of instruments. This time we will be at least 19, 20 people on stage. It's like an orchestra.

"They are all nice people, too. We know that as soon as we leave our country we are in another different country, so we have to obey the law of that country. We don't go beyond the bounds, because we don't know what the law might say. One man's friend is another man's enemy. What you will be forgiven in your own country, you might be in for it in another, like in your own country you don't need to carry your passport or your immigration or anything like that, but somewhere else you might be detained for a couple of minutes or hours if you haven't got it.

Or, hey mister cop, ain't got no birth certificate on me *now*."

Certainly no one in Nigeria ever asked Sunny Ade for his papers. He makes records that are eagerly awaited by a constituency of impressive proportions. He chairs the equivalemt of the Musicians' Union, and he's accepted as an honorary chief in about half the country. There is no direct equivalent in the culture of this country for the role he fulfils in Nigeria, while in the States he is received like a hero, he plays for thousands in New York, Washington or Boston.

"Out of Africa, always something new," marvelled Pliny The Elder or some other Roman historian (I saw the line quoted by Stanley Dance on the back of Duke Eillington's 'Afro Bossa' LP some 20 years ago and never forgot it). And if the old gentleman was around and pontificating today I doubt he'd have any serious justification for revising that statement.

If — as has been suggested — the entire human race originated in Africa, it is no more than appropriate that the music and culture of Africa should be able to speak globally now, universally, universally. God's Time, after all.

So I asked King Sunny Ade what kind of feeling he wanted to give people in Europe, when they hear his music or attend his concerts.

"I want to show them that there is a new feeling . . . African feelings."

What else?

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LPs

HOODOO THAT VOODOO YAZOO DO SO WELL?

YAZOO

Upstairs At Eric's (Mute)

FROM ITS first conception, Yazoo had to be a marriage of the utmost convenience.

Like their chart partners and closest contemporaries Soft Cell, Vince Clarke and Genevive Alison Moyet mate an infinitely adaptable technology to a vocal sensibility that aims straight at the emotions. While the thin, grinning Basildon boy brings his Depeche Mode apprenticeship to the electronics in the background, the big dark blue girl reworks a gritty R&B obsession at the front.

And like Marc Almond's natural affinity for the erotic glamour of Northern Soul, Alf's genuine identification with the earthy passions of R&B has shed a new light on the possibilities of the once pure but progressively adulterated clean teen category of synthi-pop.

An unlikely pair and visually ill-assorted, Yazoo are not easily moulded into any convenient category. And with a shoddy second division predictably cashing in on the great British pop boom, fatally muddling glamour with stereotype and replacing the play on past myth with a drab conservatism, so that the top pops increasingly resemble a parade of superannuated strippers, Alf and Vince's unassuming integrity is something of a relief. Alf's solid and idiosyncratic presence is particularly welcome now that women seem once again both butt and accessory to a crude commercial joke. In fact, despite Clarke's proven pop facility, the balance of their combined talent falls rather in Alf's favour.

'Upstairs At Eric's' is an LP of trial and some error, and it shows all the signs of a collaboration that's still in a promising infancy. The writing is divided almost equally between the duo, and at their best each acts as an excellent foil to the other. When Alf's compositions show a tendency to slip into the musical cliche of a past idiom, the result is rescued by Vince's sharp and slyly playful '80s sensibility. And Clarke's light and essentially cheerful electro-pop souffles are given another dimension by a voice that takes something disposable and very nearly lifts it out of the sphere of an effervescent everyday entertainment into a truer, purer category.

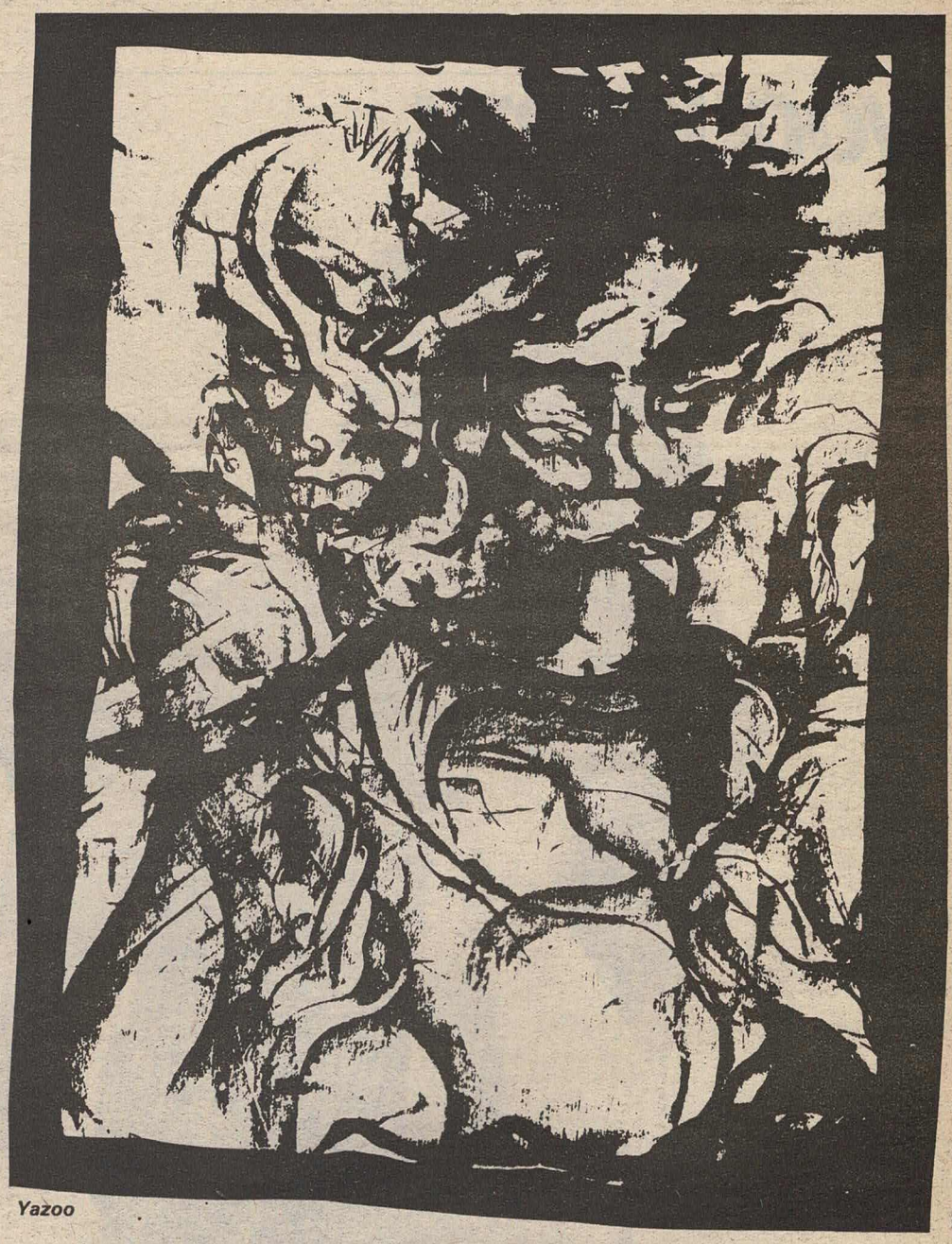
Alf is blessed with a voice that's wonderfully unaware of '80s inhibitions, the crippling self-consciousness and the tongue-in-cheek considerations of form that so hamper some of her contemporaries in the fine art of projecting passion. She has a sprawling emotional range and a tone that lacks a conventional protective covering. It's the contrast between the size and majesty of that voice's generous scope and the blithe electronic accompaniment, a blissful ignorance of the heartsick vocal drama implied by the sweet regimentation of the musical settings, that creates Yazoo's inherent tension and intrigue.

Although Vince Clarke's arrangements still lean towards simplicity, they're rarely trite and have enough textures to carry most of the mood changes. With Yazoo, his music has moved further along the road to maturity from the straight, synthi-pop path of the early Depeche Mode, while still retaining its sense of freshness and fun. He's helped immeasurably by his mastery of a decent tune, plus he's capable of the occasional piece of sublimely superior melody like 'Only You'. 'Upstairs At Eric's' also has a couple of tracks that smack of a rather too determined experimentation, although 'In My Room', augmented by the subtler shades of Muter founder Daniel Miller, is much more successful in an early Human League area than the stuttering vocal collage of 'I Before E Except After C'.

Although it's encouraging that Yazoo obviously feel under no obligation to repeat a formula into uniformity, the fusion between their two distinct styles isn't always as smooth or convincing as their two successful singles, and it's this that makes 'Upstairs At Eric's' sound patchy. However, if it sometimes gives the impression of chasing conflicting ideas that haven't been adequately integrated, there's the odd stunning song that acts as both compensation and proof of their potential. 'Winter Kills' in particular is a minor pop masterpiece — a muffled, funereal drum beats beneath a bleakly reflective piano as Alf tenderly twists the knife in something cherished: *"pain in your eyes makes me cruel / makes me spiteful / tears are delightful / welcome your nightfall . . ."*

A little too often, though, this LP speaks of two disparate pasts rather than one new Yazoo facing the future. When Alf and Vince have cemented their relationship into something that's close enough to contain their contradictions without conflict, their essential differences can only be to their advantage.

Lynn Hanna



Yazoo

Illustration: Ian Wright

The very healthy Velvet Underground. Mo is second from right.

TUCKER UP, MO

MAUREEN TUCKER

Playin' Possum (Trash, import)

MO TUCKER's 'Playin' Possum' is a probable contender for the ultimate garage record. She must also be the first one-woman garage band in recorded history. Could there be a more delightful fairy tale than that of the drummer of the Velvet Underground, leaving New York, raising a family in Arizona, and then suddenly ten years later, as though waking from a dream, recording a version of 'Will You Love Me Tomorrow'? She may have been playin' possum for over a decade, but there's probably more life in Mo Tucker than in the whole of Middle America.

While the Shirelles classic is sadly absent from the collection (it came out as a single about a year ago), its flip, Berry's 'Around And Around' is here, as are: a superlative 'Bo Diddley', *two* versions of 'Slippin And Slidin' ', a possibly untoppable rendition of 'Heroin', and a lovely arrangement of Vivaldi's 'Concerto in D Major'.

You could say that on paper the thing looks almost too perfect to intrigue. (The logo for Mo's Trash label is a garbage can and a discarded copy of the banana album!) In a sense that's true: all the record lacks is versions of 'Purple Haze' and 'To Know Him Is To Love Him' (though there actually *is* a 'Louie Louie'!) But there's no reason why 'Playin' Possum' should be taken simply as a historical curio. Maureen Tucker is too ingenuous and loving for that. When she stutters out the line from 'Heroin' about *"all the dead bodies piled up in mounds"*, I for one do not feel she is just capitalising on the Velvet Underground's most famous song. Her performance has a genuine bleakness and bewilderment about it — as though, so many years and miles from Manhattan, the song had become less fatigued and more honest.

And then again the kind of devotion she puts into Dylan's 'I'll Be Your Baby Tonight' is as perfect as Stella Stevens in *The Ballad Of Cable Hogue*. No, Mo Tucker is not having us on; she's paying a belated tribute to an era and a history that the Velvet Underground, perhaps more than any other group, put in terrible doubt.

Barney Hoskyns

gregory isaacs
HIS BRAND NEW CASSETTE AND RECORD NIGHT NURSE
ISLAND RECORDS ON CASSETTE
CASSETTE ICT 9721

The new Au Pairs line up, l-r: Fred Nietzsche, Ian Penman, Lesley Woods and Jane Munro. *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

ORGASM EDICTS

THE AU PAIRS

Sense And Sensuality (Kamera)

CAN I be frank? (I'd prefer to be Fred, as shall become apparent. But in the meantime . . .)

I'm relieved to say — rather than the customary "afraid to" — that I cannot agree with the kind of tactics endorsed by Paul Du Noyer in his review last week of some new Crass missile. *I* do not see that there is any reason for me to "test my opinions" by venturing into such territory (bringers of *terror* to *Tories?).* Or, should I do so, to expect that I would have any "preconceptions" burned or challenged or overturned or even slightly bruised.

I have the unshakeable belief that there is nothing such purpose can show me.

But these are the Au Pairs, you cry! Yes, but the very same strain of 'music' predicated on a quasi-religious devotion to humourlessness, to the dour vandalism, of yuk yuk, the Establishment — it's 'oppressive' hypostasis. More songs from the sickroom of a sickly Left, a centrifugal sweatshop churning out securely centred demands and moans!

(Can you imagine — even as recently as the late '60s, when certain strata of hard politics separated the manifold whimsies — that the most revolutionary demand the young could forge would be the right *to* work? Can you be content with *peasant* demands?)

Well — AT LEAST — the Au Pairs don't bore for a better Britain with songs about unemployment; but, like this year's crop *(sic)* of Bolshy young "poets", their language is situated in a dank swamp between *plain speaking* and *bad* poetry (the latter divides into — delete where applicable: Community / Feminist / Confessional). The *true* poet — a cruelly desiring politician — wants to be *in a different place* altogether — away from a tedious ME or WE that is disgruntled, underprivileged, sulking, blah blah. People like the Au Pairs are no politicians of desire — whatever their *Semiotext(e)* "style" cover/inset photo of armpit hair would have us suppose — but mere doorstep canvassers, hagglers whose lyrics sound as if they have suddenly awoken in disgust to the (im)morality of world politics (BIG SHOCK!) or the imperfection of human physiology and bodily functions.

C'mon folks! We have to come to terms with our *"ego"*, y'know, how *"repressed"* — and like, if you're a *guy,* how really *oppressive* — you are and guard against all those *"roles"* and *"labels"* They are trying to slap on you, you poor unthinking mollusc.

A lyric like *"Their meaningless morality/presented to you under the guise of rationality"* ('Shakedown' — sic) they probably think is a WOW. *"Then if God made Thatcher/Then who created Reagan?"* it continues. Well, I can't think of anything *less* "rational" than the warped ways of our global power network. I would have at least paid respectful attention if the song had pointed out something like the all-out aggressiveness of bomb-again religion from Reagan-USA's to Begin-Zion's; a curious way to love thy neighbour, to say the least. Directing all this scrappy ire and *ressentiment* against figureheads like Mag and Ron just makes you the (sucker) Punch in "their" puppet show: they know where you are and what to expect. (It is the shadows they cannot grasp — it is along off-the-beat tracks you have to move.)

Of course, we get a lyric sheet with all the sensible and sensual songs writ loud ('Don't Lie Back', '(That's When) It's Worth It', 'Instant Touch', 'Sex Without Stress', 'Fiasco', 'Intact', 'Stepping Out Of Line', 'Shakedown', 'America') — just so we get the message(s).

To which I can only retort: AAAAGGGGRRHHH! Take them away, all these angsty-tatty *postcard* songs about 'the' Falklands, or the invincibility of Orgasm or how much time unemployed have to use. And, to turn a familiar phrase, *it's obvious!* Lesley Woods' tongue sounds extremely uncomfortable as it tries to curl or rasp around phrases, outbursts and diary entries that were *never meant to be sung* (and don't it just show). In musical terms, no thresholds are navigated, never mind crossed, through any means available (repetition, flailing, patient vulnerability, whatever). They just *yammer,* self-righteously.

They really do need to put a wiggle in their walk.

Au Pairs are a musical result of that post-Punk fall out, in which happy minstrels like themselves, Gang of Four, Delta Five, etc could RIFF-rummage away half-amateurishly for a while (but it was FUN or ROCK AGAINST something, so it was OK) Then go on to decide they were MUSICIANS after all and scribble a few anaemic "funk" doodles and pretend this was a new kind of 'militancy'. Well, as the past year and a bit has shown, there really is a lot more (and/or less) to "funk" than a different way of riffing. Au Pairs music is half rocky half funky — bitty — stale, jittery, unappetising and smug. (CLUE, kiddies: Gil Scott Heron's 'B Movie' — it's all done with economy, humour and irony.)

The sad thing is, these people probably *know it;* look at their Consumer's Guides or sift through their fave 45s and they're likely as not peachy perfect, maybe even similar to your own. They like music that has Soul sheen, or *outrageous,* mad music by gluttons, libertines, idiots, sick fucks — music that is *wounded.*

Politically *correct* they all may be, but such contradictions they shall have to face, or keep out of out aesthetic earshot. They must realise the (must I say it? Oh, alright:) *political* resonance of one shot in a movie, of one shot of a certain rhythm, one shriek or silence from a certain voice.

Or: if you don't got it, don't flannel it.

(Following the Nth attempt to make it through the wasteland of 'Sense And Sensuality' I put on the Rockers Revenge 12", The Doors' 'Horse Latitudes' and a Monty Python sketch: such laughter, such physical force, madness and splendour!)

But why am I wasting my impatient passion? Friedrich, any words for the Au Pairs on their chosen task? "Whoever cannot hit the nail on the head should, please, not hit it at all."

And the Au Pairs just don't *hit it* (where it hurts). This *porcupine* music leaves me as (cold as) it arrived: an unwanted pest. Dull and worthy. But worthy of *what?*

So, Mr Smarty Pants neo-fascist well-paid journalist — put up or shut up! Friedrich, *how* must our desired music work its spell?

"So that the future digs like a spur into the flesh of every present." *Now* you're *talking* 'sense and sensuality'.

Ian Penman

SEVERAL SHADES OF GREY . . .

THE MONOCHROME SET

Eligible Bachelors (Cherry Red)

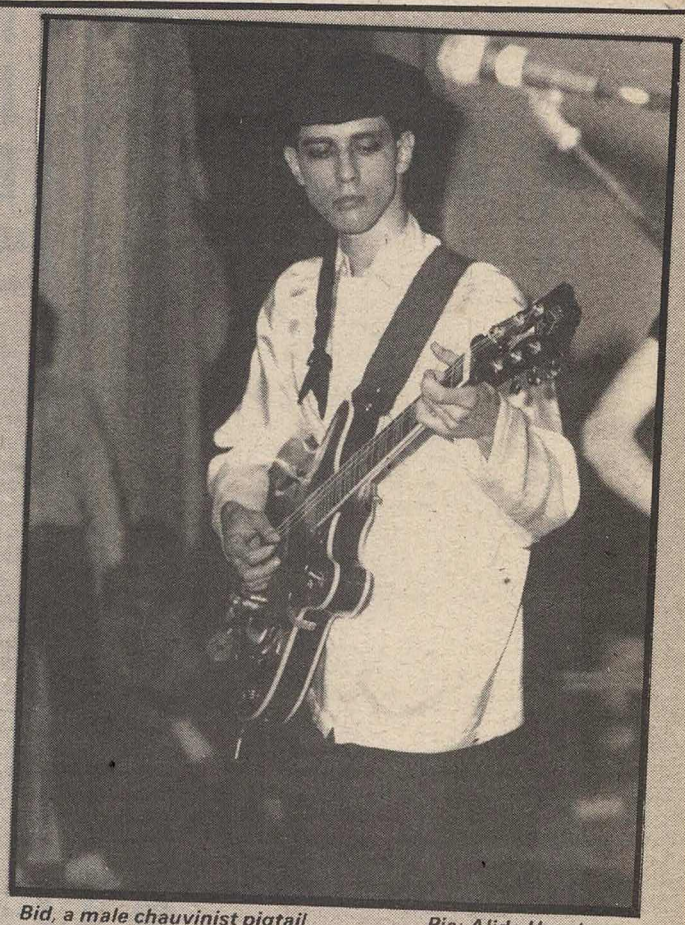
IN THAT precarious area between ho-ho, and ho-hum, there stands The Monochrome Set. As coolly humorous as ever, still knocking out witty ditties for whistling milkmen, the Set nonetheless seem limited: a gag in search of a punchline.

Excepting the musical proficiency they've picked up along the way, they sound little altered from the band which made its debut LP in 1980. That modest appeal is intact, to be sure, but it's never been built on: they remain pleasant but fatally *inessential;* likeable under-achievers. There may indeed by a place for The Monochrome Set within the rich pageant of this, our island's story, but what a small, cosy little place it is. They should be after much, much more.

For those uninitiated, the formula runs something like . . . One voice, cultured, smoothly English (singer Bid, the sort who sounds like he uses a cigarette holder), some drums, bouncy and brisk, and guitars, several and twangy. They're a balladeering beat group with a clutch of cute tunes to croon, satire in their hearts and a smirk on their collective lip. The group's name suggests not so much a television, as some obscure clique of '60s swingers, cocking a snooty snook at the class sytem: *"My old man's a viscount,"* goes one song, *"and he wears a viscount's crown . . ."*

The 11 numbers on 'Eligible Bachelors' are flip and catchy, always amusing, given to pun and parody, nudges and nostalgia. It's an attractive brand of whimsey, certainly. I only wonder it it's enough.

Paul Du Noyer



Bid, a male chauvinist pigtail. *Pic: Alida Hazelgrove*

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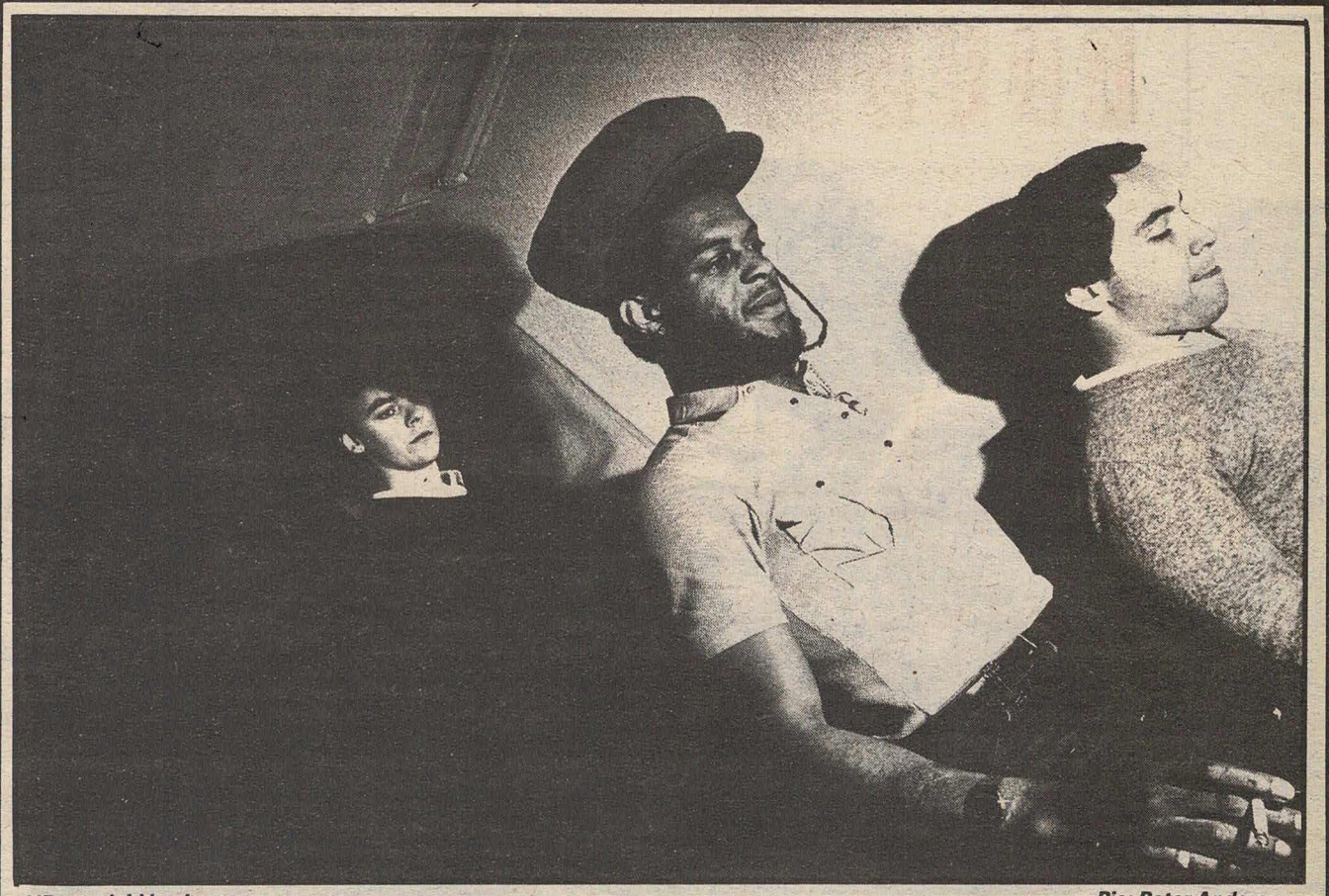

UBs get laid back, man *Pic: Peter Anderson*

UB40

The Singles Album (Graduate Records)

THIS IS the set that the UBs are petulantly kicking up a fuss about.

"All old material" . . . "Quick cash in" . . . "Being ripped off" are among the quotes bandied about. I for one, can't really see what's so damaging about allowing your fans cut price access to your early songs, but then I'm not a pop star and here is not a forum for issues of morals, merely those of music.

Musically speaking, if this is UB40's old work then their new work hasn't taken them very far. Right from the beginning they got the bass and drum mix right, but went on to drag anything remotely lively down to dungeon level with horn and vocal parts so bogged down in 'conviction' and 'credibility' that they squelch about the album like Mr Weekend in a car breaker's yard on a rainy Saturday afternoon.

Sufferation? It could well be, but there has to be more to street-cred than misery . . . doesn't there?

Maybe I'm being a little hard calling their music dismal, but then it's not often that one hears their singles one after the other like this. When one does, the band's lack of understanding for their chosen avenue is made much easier to see, and from hearing their new stuff it hasn't got any better.

A singles album from a singles band, that'll no doubt please the believers (at a bargain price of £3.99), but unlikely to make any converts.

Lloyd Bradley

NO BUTS— IT'S GOT TO BE BETTER!

THE DANCE

Soul Force (Statak)

AT FIRST flush I was intrigued. This is worlds ahead of their debut. The lyrics take chances and there are lines that sink in immediately — heard once, known intimately. The melodies have lines, here and there, that jump up with the most easy and natural propulsion.

But later listenings revealed problems. Some of the songs are just bad — 'Guerilla Love' for instance sounds like an off-key B-52's fronting a bad version of The Bush Tetras. Overall there is a hesitancy to the music. The Dance remain chronic underachievers, though they do have a remarkable vision. Lyricist Eugenie Diserio and guitarist Steve Alexander are seeking to write a different kind of lexicon of love, a personal speech coupled with the moves of an unforced dance/funk music. But something keeps them from reaching their excellent ambitions.

Eugenie Diserio is a woman who knows what she wants. *"We're not going nowhere tonight"* she tells her lover. *"Stay down."* That's GREAT.

But Eugenie is also a woman given to fantastic lyrical over-reaching. At times she burdens her songs — and us — with the kind of stoned profundity that should be left to private diaries. *"I find time for ripping off / The actual reality of loving you / There's more that's true than we could know / The hidden meanings don't come any faster than this."* That's TERRIBLE.

There's a lot of ground between those poles of clarity and confusion, and Eugenie traverses quite a bit of it. Her take on the theme of love is at various times lucid, engaging, direct, obsessed, funny, overbearing and ridiculous.

The real problem is that, for a group with their name and their aims, The Dance produce relatively little music you actually want or need to dance to.

It's mostly intellectual funk, too spare to shake it down, too concerned with rhythm. It needs something more. Horns, perhaps, or mixes that would open up the power of the instruments and let them punch harder. Perhaps the coming twelve-inch single version of 'Tumble To The Power', a long meditation on love's exchange and surrender, will do the trick.

The Dance produce some great moments. The spaces in the sound can be filled by imagination; the lyrics, when they're not cause for embarrassment, can be starting points for all sorts of reveries.

But — there are too many 'buts' in this review.

Richard Grabel

BOYS KEEP CRUISIN'

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Mastermixes (Prelude Import)

THE BOYSTOWN GANG

Disc Charge (Ramshorn Import)

TWO SIDES of a continent, both veering towards one side of the great mass of superb soul music coming out of America these days: polished, immaculate dance music to compliment the new raw street funk. Soon to be one nation under a groove (again)?

Operating out of New York, along with labels such as West Coast and SAM, Prelude are as responsible as anyone for the classic '80s soul sound. Besides the more obvious similarities in music and language (the usual catalogue of churning synths, brutal syndrum, love and dance rituals . . .), Prelude tracks use classic structuring: a gentle slide into rhythm, repetition built up to a first climax, followed by a re-building from base of percussion towards the more major, multi-tracked climax of voice, rhythm and melody: such a formal ecstacy!

The Dance

The beauty of Shep Pettibone's re-mixes of these tracks lies in the way that lines of rhythm and repetition are twisted, reversed or simply erased. Unlike much of the quick-mixing presently to be heard in New York, Pettibone has found a way of introducing the unpredictability of dub without sacrificing the vital structures of the soul song and the more subtle (sexual) pleasures of repetition.

From a record that is one high from the first snare on, my (very arbitrary) favourites: The Strikers' stunning 'Body Music', Gayle Adams' steamy 'Love Fever', an inverted 'You're The One For Me' by D-Train that brings out the singers' hysterics far better than the single, and a very curious re-mix of Sharon Redd's 'Can You Handle It'.

Whilst most of Britain races around, producing extraordinarily bad versions of "the classics", San Francisco's Boystown Gang, who last year gave us the superb gay anthem 'Cruisin' The Streets', are about to have a hit here with their version of Andy Williams' 'Can't Take My Eyes Off You'. I doubt anyone will do a better cover all year. The sound on 'Disc Charge' takes one back to the glories of the early Savannah Band: lush, swirling orchestration, chattering synthesizers and speedy disco beat, though words and vocals never quite reach the splendour of Darnell and Daye.

At import prices, perhaps the single offers better value for money, but 'Disc Charge' is no hit-single-plus-padding production. Neither of these records are, or attempt to be, the most powerful soul of the year, but both represent a perfection of sorts. Pure Body Music!

Marcus Boon

DOUBLE TAKE

An occasional series in which *NME* writers survey some former glories.
This week, Richard Cook rides the Escalator Over The Hill.

Carla Bley *Pic: Marcia Maglione*

CARLA BLEY AND THE JAZZ COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA

Escalator Over The Hill (ECM)

I'VE SAID things about Carla Bley's 'Escalator' before, words like 'flabby' and 'muddled'. When I listened to ECM's reissue of the three record set, resplendent in its black and gold box, I could only laugh at those callow sentiments. With its vast roster of players and singers, deployed as roomers in Cecil Clark's Old Hotel, 'Escalator' is a pantechnicon for the most audacious of ideas, the most sophisticated realisation of those notions and the wildest contrasts of pleasure and pain. The 10 years since its first appearance have sharpened some shafts, blunted others, mostly cauterised the problems: told you so! Well, I stand accused.

The sureness is brought out by playing any of the six sides. Each stands on its own, needling perceptions with felicities of sound and juxtaposition which the unresponsive might refuse; swinging songs, horn solos that abandon security — you wanna bet I can't hit that note? — squeezed beside singers treating the batty aphorisms of lyricist Paul Haines with a seriousness that opens them up to a smile or a frown.

But play them all together and the chain builds up, the gathering punch socks home. Call it razored song cycle, comic opera perverted by jazz baby memories or gallimaufry of beauty and caricature haunted by Lear, Weill and Albert Ayler alike, 'Escalator' has grown so magically compelling its greatness *must* be acknowledged.

It begins with 'Hotel Overture', a work in itself. Bley's writing has seldom merged such a consummate balance between the expected and the amazed. All the coils of the themes that vein the music later on are wound into the 17 piece orchestra's one extended feature. There are soloists — Roswell Rudd's brazenly vulgar trombone, Perry Robinson's mischievously pungent clarinet — and there are unisons and arguments that would reduce many a clomping big band to pipsqueaking fright. But most of all, there is Gato Barbieri.

It's hard to reconcile Barbieri's subsequent muttonhead amalgamation of primping South American music-to-chew-nougat-by and vacuous simplification of free jazz screaming with the brilliantly sustained control he keeps here. His tenor sax speaks in tones of savaged rawness but is channelled to hew through the remaining brass at the *right* moments. When he shoulders out of the ensemble towards the 'Overture's' close like some awful behemoth parting the waves, it works up a frightening exhilaration. Every section the orchestra has to play is coloured by Barbieri's mesmerising presence.

Hereon in it's every interpreter for him/herself, as the chronotransduction gathers its momentum in the music of the smaller groups devised by Bley — the Hotel Lobby Band, the Phantom Music, Jack's Travelling Band and the Desert Band — facing off against the vocal tribes, the ragged wisecrackers among the Hotelpeople, the disturbed yet imperturbably voiced main characters — Jack (Jack Bruce), Ginger (Linda Ronstadt and Jeanne Lee), David (Paul Jones) and Leader (Bley herself). If a story lurks in Haines' script it dissolves into unimportance beside the far more palpable run of images created by the music. 'Escalator' might have a tragedy at its cheating heart; I cannot tell.

The words are what always used to bother me. They still do, to a degree: how do you get on with *"Businessmen deeply awake/Sleeping like spinning tops/Cover the smalltown mastoid market/Their uvulas hopping mad/Beneath bony earache profits"*? To damn them as gibberish misses the point, though. These aren't meant to be song lyrics or bubblebrain poetry — often the words seem picked for sound value or to slip round the contours of a particular voice. Like a Firesign Theatre record, a reference-back in the language will click after a dozen plays.

What has suffered are the rockier threads in the cloth. Jack's Travelling Band, a featurette for Bruce and John McLaughlin, may have seemed up to the minute in '72; now Big Mac's endless sprays of sixteenth notes reek of stun-'em musicianliness alongside the pulsing emotion of the other players. But a small detraction, for there is so much else to be heard. The sequence of 'Businessmen', 'Why' and 'Detective Writer Daughter' displays Bley's mastery of a pop sophistry born of looking askance at tin pan alley conventions. Her delight in improbable bedfellows sets jazz improvisers like Charlie Haden and Jimmy Lyons against Bruce and Ronstadt with scarcely a hint of unease.

And within this great scrapbook of talents is a pearl of a group. The Desert Band, led by the guttering trumpet of Don Cherry, spooked by the rustic eerieness of Leroy Jenkins' violin, takes the music into some eastern phantom zone in the long dream-within-a-dream of 'A.I.R. (All India Radio)' and 'Rawalpindi Blues'. It shouldn't work — it's way out of joint with the rest — but Bley's willing and Cherry's inspiration make it.

The last side of the six ties the loose ends unravelled as the previous five played out. The final movement is '. . . And It's Again', where those involved drift in and out for their final bows. As it ends to the collective hum of the Multiple Public Members the memory of what's gone seems to disappear — haven't we been here before? Perhaps nothing, after all, has really been delivered. Perhaps you dreamt it all.

Carla Bley will never make another record like this. For all the attraction and good humour in records like last year's 'Social Studies', the aura of sorcery which pervades the music she organised for 'Escalator' hasn't been surpassed, either in her own efforts or elsewhere — though I can't see anyone else with the deranged nerve to try and compose a second chronotransduction. This doesn't deserve to moulder as a milestone that everyone's heard of but nobody listens to. 'Escalator' is not so much timeless as beyond time. It is without comparison. It is.

Richard Cook

19 MAGAZINE FOR THE WAY YOU LOOK...

19's fashion makes eyes widen and heads turn because it's just that bit ahead of its time to make sure you're noticed. And there's our regular 'chiconomy' feature which gives individual looks at budget prices. Beauty-wise, there's no beating 19 for the latest in products, shapes and shades – and everything you need to know to keep you healthy and fit...and looking great.

AND THE LIFE YOU LEAD...

19 knows what you're into. So we bring you the facts, the features, the people you want to know about. Our hard-hitting features don't tell you what to think but give all the facts from all sides to set you thinking for yourself – and you'll find advice on everything from sex to consumer problems. And in 19 we cover films and their stars, music and its makers, exhibitions and events to cater for all tastes, in fact everything that's of interest to lively minds.

19's for the woman who wants to know everything...and then think it out for herself.

MAGAZINE *OUT NOW*

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SHOOT – you can't buy a better soccer magazine.

NME tour NEWS

● Notting Hill
● Associates cancel

Gillan's old metal magic

GILLAN, whose new Virgin album 'Magic' is set for September 17 release in both black vinyl and limited edition picture disc versions, have announced their most extensive tour to date.

A 37-date affair, the long jaunt starts at Guildford Civic Hall on October 22, after which come shows at Swindon Oasis Leisure Centre (23), Portsmouth Guildhall (24), Nottingham Rock City (27), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (28), Preston Guildhall (29), Newcastle City Hall (30), Aberdeen Capitol (November 4), Dundee Caird Hall (5), Glasgow Apollo (6), Edinburgh Playhouse (7), Carlisle Market Hall (8), Hanley Victoria Hall (10), Liverpool Empire (11), Manchester Apollo (13), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (15), Cardiff Top Rank (16), Ebbw Vale Leisure Centre (17), Bradford St George's Hall (19), Leeds University (20), Corby Festival Hall (21), Hull City Hall (22), Gloucester Leisure Centre (25), Bristol Colston Hall (26), St Austell Cornish Coliseum (27), Margate Winter Gardens (29), Southen Cliffs Pavilion (30), Poole Arts Centre (December 3), Southampton Gaumont (4), Oxford Apollo (5), Brighton Dome (6), Derby Assembly Rooms (8), Sheffield City Hall (9), Birmingham Odeon (11), Leicester De Montfort Hall (14), Ipswich Gaumont (15) and London Wembley Arena (17). Tickets will be available from the relevant box office and usual agencies.

SHIRLEY MACLAINE, star of such movies as *The Apartment* and *Irma La Douce* comes to London next month to play a short season at the Victoria Apollo Theatre. The series begins on Thursday, September 30 and runs for seven nights, excluding Sunday October 3, tickets being set at the extremely high prices of £20.00, £17.50, £15.00, £12.50 and £8.50 — though misguided M. Smith of Gillingham insists: "She's worth every penny of it!"

RIP RIG AND PANIC, Raincoats, King Sounds And The Israelites, Cimarons, Sons Of Jah and Jazira are just a few of the 32 bands playing onstage at this year's Notting Hill Carnival in West London, which takes place over the coming Bank Holiday on Sunday, August 29 and Monday, August 30.

The stage at Portobello Green, where most of the local reggae bands usually play, has become an integral part of the event over the past four years and so popular has it proved that a second stage has now been erected at Meanwhile Gardens in order that many additional bands who wished to play the Carnival could also make their contribution to the proceedings.

The complete line-up for this year's event now reads:

Under The Flyover, Portobello Green (Sunday): Major Wiley (noon), Spartacus (1.00), Musical Youth (2.00), Rip Rig And Panic (3.00), Cimarons (4.00), Junior Brown (5.00), King Sounds And The Israelites (6.00), Sons Of Jah (7.00-8.00).

Meanwhile Gardens (Sunday): Stylee 22 (noon), Vecent Type (1.00), Prag Vec (2.00), Primitive Society (3.00), Undivided Roots (4.00), Alliance (5.00), Urban Warriors (6.00), One Force (7.00), Hard Rock (8.00-9.00).

Under The Flyover, Portobello Green (Monday): Scatter Rocks (noon), Lioness (1.00), Renegades (2.00), Zabandis (3.00), Spartacus (4.00), Junior Brown (5.00), Sons Of Jah (6.00), King Sounds And The Israelites (7.00-8.00).

Meanwhile Gardens (Monday): Tunukwa (noon), Persons Unknown (1.00), Classic Black (2.00), Abacus (3.00), Raincoats (4.00), Amazulu (5.00), Jazira (6.00), Steel And Skins (7.00-8.00).

Also taking part in the event will be myriad costume bands, dancers, brass bands, sound systems and steel bands including the London All Stars, Metronomes and The Ebony Steelband. The organisers, who can be contacted at the Carnival Offices (01-969-3603), say that the 1982 edition of the Carnival should be virtually trouble-free. But visitors to the area are advised not to flash any family heirlooms or carry much in the way of valuables if a good time is to be ensured.

NEIL YOUNG has added a further London Wembley Arena date and now plays the venue on Tuesday, September 28. Tickets are priced £8.50 and £7.50, available by post, adding 30p per ticket booking fee, from Mac Promotions (to whom Postal Orders only should be made payable), P.O. Box 28Z, London W1A 2BZ, enclosing SAE. Tickets are also on sale at several booking agencies.

BLUE RONDO, the scourge of the gig guide, have yet again once more rescheduled some dates, the latest communication via Virgin avowing the band's intention to play Sheffield Romeo's on September 1, Preston Clouds (2) and London Kensington Palace (6). Previously announced dates at Dartford and Brighton, it seems, have proved impossible to reschedule at this moment. Meanwhile, Rondo have employed the services of one Dawson Miller to fill their vacant percussion chair.

JAZIRA, Louis Moholo's African Drum Ensemble, reggae outfit Abacush and Afro-jazz dance specialists Black Tulip provide 'Drum, Dub And Dance', a free show which will take place at London's Clapham Common Bandstand on Sunday, September 5.

AC/DC have added four more London dates to their Autumn UK tour. These extra shows take place at the Hammersmith Odeon on October 13-16 and tickets, which go on sale this week, will be available from the Odeon box-office and usual agents.

FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS are promoting their rush-released 'A Selection Of Songs' single by a series of Midland dates, this week's quota being gigs at Birmingham Dumas Express (26) and Birmingham Midlands Art Centre (28).

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS, with their album currently charting at No 26 in the US Hot 100, have decided to continue touring America and, as a result, will not now be playing the Futurama festival on September 11. They will be replaced on the bill by Brilliant, the new band formed by Youth, the ex-Killing Joke bassist. Chelsea, who were booked to appear at Futurama IV on September 12, have also decided to stay on in the States and won't be able to make the Deeside date either.

THE ASSOCIATES, who were due to start their comeback tour at Edinburgh's George Square Assembly Rooms last week, have been forced to pull out of all current gigs due to a throat ailment which has struck vocalist Billy Mackenzie. All the band's shows are now due to be rescheduled, the Edinburgh gigs being replaced by one major concert at the city's Playhouse Theatre on September 20. Tickets for the Assembly Room dates will have to be exchanged for new ones at the Playhouse box office, while further tickets for the rescheduled show will also be available, price £3.50. Postal applications will be accepted and should be addressed to The Playhouse Box Office, an SAE also being required. All cheques and postal orders should be made payable to The Playhouse Theatre. News of other rescheduled gigs is expected to be announced next week.

Pete Townshend wonders if the old 'retirement' ploy will boost record and ticket sales. *Pic: Adrian Boot*

Who's last

THE WHO's forthcoming Birmingham dates may be Townshend and Co's last-ever British appearances. Roger Daltrey announced at a New York press reception last week that the band's current American tour is to be the final one on the other side of the Atlantic — a revelation that sparked off a massive demand for tickets at all venues, the huge Shea Stadium selling out within three hours.

"We're going out with a mega-blast on this tour, with no intention of limping down memory lane onstage," he told the US media. Later, speaking of British gigs he said: "We would like to come home for one last burst but it's proving difficult finding the right arenas. Birmingham may have to be goodbye!"

The band's initial concert at Birmingham's International Arena, originally set for Thursday, September 9, has now been rescheduled for Saturday, September 11. This change in plans follows a cancellation at the National Exhibition Centre venue, resulting in The Who taking up an option on the date — which, being at the weekend, will make things easier for fans travelwise. Tickets already purchased for September 9 will automatically be valid for the rescheduled show but anyone wishing to redeem their ticket outlay must contact the original vendors within the next 10 days.

Polydor release a new Who album, 'It's Hard', on September 3 to tie-in with the brace of NEC concerts. Produced by Glyn Johns, the album contains the following tracks: 'Athena', 'It's Your Turn', 'Cooks County', 'It's Hard', 'Dangerous', 'Eminence Front', 'I've Known no War', 'One Life's Enough', 'One At A Time', 'Why Did I Fall For That', 'A Man Is A Man' and 'Cry If You Want'. John Enwistle composed 'It's Your Turn', 'Dangerous' and 'One At A Time', the rest of the songs being penned by Pete Townshend.

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT, whose planned single has now been given the chop, have also disappeared from the line-up of 'Up Yer Tower' gig at Blackpool on August 29. The confirmed line-up for the event now reads: GBH, Peter And The Test Tube Babies, The Adicts, Abrasive Wheels, One Way System and The Insane.

ROXY MUSIC have added an additional date to the series of concerts they're playing at London's Wembley Arena. The new gig, the first of their UK tour, will take place on Wednesday, September 22 and tickets, priced £7.50 and £6.50 are obtainable by post only from Wembley Stadium, Wembley Arena, Wembley, Middlesex. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Wembley Stadium (Roxy Music) and there will be a limit of four tickets per application.

JOHN MARTYN has added two dates to his UK tour and now brings a little class to Stirling Albert Hall (September 28) and Colchester Essex University (October 14). Martyn, who's been writing good songs since the late '60s but never had a songbook published, rectifies the matter on September 3, when *Open Window*, a folio collection of 13 Martyn specials including 'Solid Air', 'Bless The Weather' and 'Couldn't Love You More', will be published.

THE PASSIONS appear at London's Bloomsbury Theatre from September 20-24 inclusive, heading a varied bill that includes an acoustic set by Tom Robinson, the premier of a play written by Tim Fywell, comedy from Hammer And Tongs plus rabbits-out-of-the-hat etc by one Malcolm The Magician. Ticket prices will be £4.00 and £3.00 with reductions for those possessing UB40 or student cards.

SIMPLE MINDS have added two extra dates to their already announced schedule and are now booked to play a second night at London's Lyceum on Monday, September 13 and at Aylesbury Friars on September 18.

DANSE SOCIETY appear at St Alban's Town Hall on August 27 and at Sheffield Limit Club on September 9. The band say that their name has been added to one or two bills they never agreed to play in the first place and number Klub Foot in particular. However, they will be taking in the Futurama Festival, as previously stated, and a full tour on the UK is to follow in October to promote the band's 'Seduction' album, which is due to emerge on Society Records in mid-September.

SLADE are lined-up for two major dates during the pre-Christmas period, the first being a knees-up at London's Hammersmith Odeon on December 17, followed by a similar shindig at the Birmingham Odeon December 19. Maximum price for tickets will be £4.00.

record NEWS

● WEA release nine new double-play cassettes this Friday, each tape containing two complete albums by top acts. Each tape retails at the normal price of £3.20 and the range features: **Yes** 'Close To The Edge' / 'Fragile': **Manhattan Transfer** 'Pastiche' / 'Manhattan Transfer': **Grover Washington** 'Winelight' / 'Paradise': **Doors** and **Jim Morrison** 'Soft Parade' / 'American Prayer'; **Gary Numan** 'Replicas' / 'Pleasure Principle'; **Randy Crawford** 'Raw Silk' / 'Now We May Begin'; **Van Morrison** 'Moondance' / 'His Band And Street Choir'; **Joni Mitchell** 'Blue' / 'Clouds': **Talking Heads** 'Talking Heads' / 'More Songs About Buildings And Food'.

● **Mari Wilson's** latest single 'Just What I've Always Wanted' emerges this Friday (27) and will be available in 7" and 12" formats, the 12" version including a bonus track in Mari's rendering of the Bacharach classic 'Are You There With Another Girl?' The singer is currently in the studios recording her debut album, which will feature Japanese band **Sandi And The Sunsets** on some tracks.

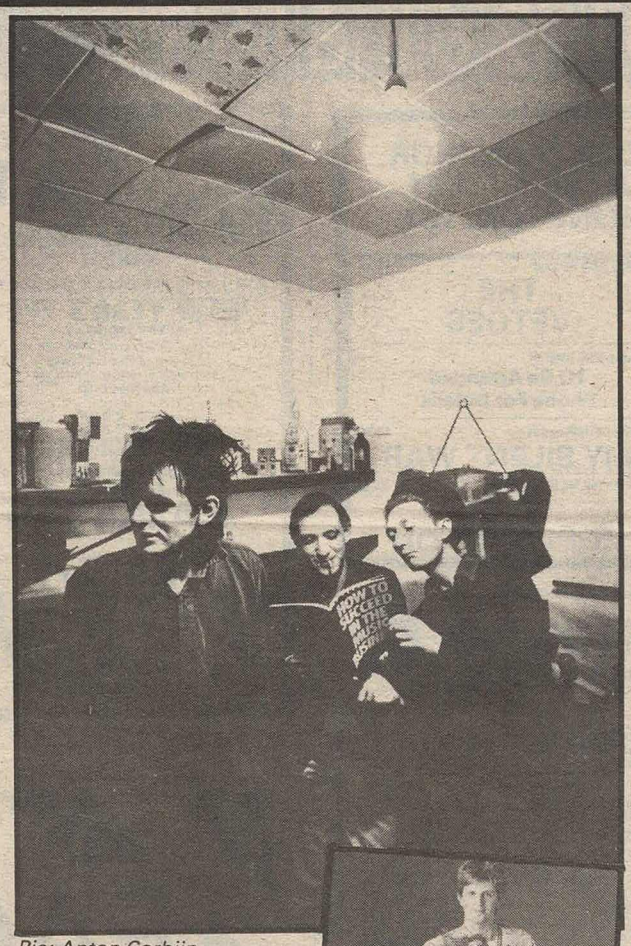
● **Discharge,** who are currently finalising details of a five-week tour of the USA, release a new single on September 3, titled 'State Violence, State Control' / 'Domesday'. As with the group's previous releases, the label is Clay and distribution will be through Pinnacle.

● **Light Of The World's** American mix of 'Famous Faces' is being released as an EMI 12" on August 31, while a 7" version will be available from September 13. The track is culled from the group's current album 'Check Us Out'.

● **Fat Larry's Band** rush release 'Zoom', their third single, which should be in the shops, on the Virgin-WMOT label, this weekend. Again it's both a 7" and 12" proposition, the latter featuring an extra track in 'Traffic Stoppers'.

● **Culture Club,** whose 'Suburban Skank' tour of unusual dates (one of which is at a scrap dealers' convention in Woolwich) is being set up, unlease their third single on September 3. A Virgin release, it will be available as a 7" and a 12", the 7" being backed with a dub version of the A-side featuring a talkover by one Pappa Weasel, while the 12" combines both the 7" A-and B-sides in a special club mix and sports a new track 'Love Is Cold (You Were Never So Good)' as its additional item.

● **Beggar And Co., Light Of The World, Morrisey Mullen, Linx, Incognito, Freeez** and **Direct Drive** are some of the 14 acts supplying the music on 'Slipstream — The Best Of British Jazz Funk — Vol Two', which emerges from Beggars Banquet in early September. Many of the tracks will be extended mixes and the resulting album contains over an hour of virtually continuous dance music.



Pic: Anton Corbijn

Above: Scritti Politti desperately plot their next outrageous hype, and come up with . . . Right: That old showbiz chestnut, the totally self-abasing publicity pic — The Sweetest Boy or Is This Man A Prat (Part 379)?

SCRITS BID FOR POP HEGEMONY

SCRITTI POLITTI's long overdue debut album eventually surfaces on Rough Trade on September 3. Titled 'Songs To Remember', it features the recently recorded 'Faithless' plus other material laid down between the end of 1980 and the Summer of 1981. Musicians to be heard on the album include Robert Wyatt who, along with Mike McEvoy, provided the keyboard parts.

DAF, who recently announced that their next album will also be their last before the duo split to pursue individual projects, release a new Virgin single on September 3. Called 'Verlieb Dich In Mich' it's in 12" form only and is backed by 'Ein Bisschen Krieg — A Little Bit Of War', DAF's response to Nicole's Euro-slop 'A Little Bit Of Peace'.

record NEWS

● **Sudenten Creche** tracks, recorded at Conny Plank's Cologne studio are among the items to be heard on 'Europe In The Year Zero', a 12" EP which benefits No Nukes. Released on the Sexual Phonograph label through IKF, the disc also contains a hitherto unreleased track by **Yazoo** plus material by Basildon's **Colour Me Pop.**

● **Buzzcock's** 'Lest We Forget', **Television's** 'The Blow Up', 'Prince Charles Versus King Trigger Finger and Slyck' and a 'Great New York Singles Scene' compilation featuring tracks such as **Patti Smith's** 'Piss Factory' and **Richard Hell's** original 'Blank Generation' are among the forthcoming delights being assembled by ROIR, the cassette-only label, which recently completed its first year of operation. Current releases by **Human Switchboard, Alfonia Tims And His Flying Tigers,** plus **Scientific Americans** are now available in the UK through Red Rhino, the York based distributors.

● **Rubella Ballet** make their vinyl debut via 'Ballet Dance', a four track EP, which emerges on the Poison Girls' XNTRIX label on September 12. **Poison Girls** themselves are currently mixing their new album, which should be around sometime in November.

● **Black Slate's** new Top Ranking Records album 'Six Plus One' is being readied for September 10 release. The first 5,000 copies will contain a special free dub album, 'Dub Slate' and will retail at a suggested price of £4.99. The band play a London date at The Venue on September 16.

● **Sylvester's** hot import 12" 'Do You Wanna Funk' gets a UK release this week on the London label. A 7" version will also be available.

● **Syreeta's** latest single 'Can't Shake Your Love', comes out on Motown this Friday (27). The B-side of the 7" version is 'Wish Upon A Star' while the 12" edition will feature an instrumental version of the A-side which will be exclusive to the UK.

● **Pookiesnackenburger,** whose last single emerged on Stiff, are this week releasing a mini-album called 'Beach Party'. A seven track job that includes a remixed version of 'Just One Cornetto', the disc is on the Pookies' own label Hep Note and will be available by mail order from Bluegates, Thaxted, Essex CM6 3PY, price £2.50 plus 60p postage and packing.

● **The Stranglers** have a greatest bits package due for release on EMI in three weeks time. Titled 'The Collection '77-'82', it includes 'Grip', 'Peaches', 'Hanging Around', 'Duchess', 'Walk On By', 'Waltz In Black', 'Nice And Sleezy', 'Bear Cage', 'Who Wants The World', 'Golden Brown', 'La Folie' and the band's current single 'Strange Little Girl'. The Stranglers have now quit EMI and are currently working on their CBS debut album.

Sudden outbreak of soul stars

● Dionne Warwick
● Pointer Sisters
● Rick James
● Edwin Starr
● Gloria Gaynor
● Millie Jackson

DIONNE WARWICK, Millie Jackson and The Pointer Sisters are all booked for forthcoming London dates. The influx begins on September 20 when the Pointers appear at the Dominion Theatre, where tickets are set at £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50. Then, on October 21 and 22 Dionne Warwick demonstrates her considerable talents onstage at the Victoria Apollo (£8.50, £7.50 and £6.50), Millie Jackson making her presence felt at Hammersmith Odeon on Friday, November 5 (£6.50, £5.50 and £4.50), postal applications only being accepted for this date at the present moment.

Also set for a London appearance is Motown star RICK JAMES, who's planning a mid-November trip — though no shows have yet been confirmed.

EDWIN STARR plays three British venues during September: Manchester Garter Club (13-18), London Dominion (19) and Watford Baileys (20-25).

GLORIA GAYNOR arrives back in Britain this week and opens at Southend Cliffs Pavilion on Sunday (29) before moving on to Eastbourne Kings Club (30), Birmingham Night Out (August 31-September 4), Manchester Garter Club (6-11), Watford Baileys (13-18) and London Dominion Theatre (19).

DIAMOND HEAD, the hard-rock specialists from Brum, replace Trust on the Friday, August 27 bill at the Reading Festival.

LEVEL 42 play a seven concert 'taster' tour in September as a prelude to a massive UK trek later this year. Dates are: Portsmouth Guildhall (September 11), Croydon Fairfield Hall (12), Oxford Apollo (13), Nottingham Rock City (14), Sheffield Lyceum (15), Dunstable Queensway Hall (16) and Chatham Central Hall (17), these gigs coinciding with the release of a new album, 'The Pursuit Of Accidents', produced by bluesmeister Mike Vernon.

The band head for Europe immediately after the Chatham concert and play dates there until early November when the full UK tour gets underway, London dates being included in the run-up to Christmas.

IMAGINATION's six shows at London's Dominion Theatre have all proved sell-outs and a seventh has now been added on Wednesday, September 9. Further dates have also been added at Coventry Apollo (16) and Liverpool Empire (17). The group's latest album, 'In The Heat Of The Night' is released on September 3.

Dionne Warwick. Pic: Tony Trimmington

KID CREOLE And The Coconuts have added a third London date to their Autumn UK tour. The new date — added because both previously announced shows are sell-outs — is at the Hammersmith Odeon on October 26. Tickest cost £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 and are available from the box-office.

WISHBONE ASH set out on a short British tour at Southend Cliffs Pavilion on September 21, then wend their way to Guildford Civic Hall (22), Gloucester Leisure Centre (23), Hull City Hall (24), Preston Guildhall (25), Sunderland Empire Theatre (27), Ashton Under Lyme Tameside Theatre (28), Sheffield Lyceum (29), St Albans City Hall (October 1), Margate Winter Gardens (3), Worthing Assembly Rooms (6), Bradford St Georges Hall (7), London Dominion Theatre (8), Chippenham Rock Theatre (9), Croydon Fairfield Halls (10) and Norwich Theatre Royal (11). It's possible that a new album, 'Twin Barrels Burning', recently completed at Jimmy Page's studio, will be readied in time for the tour.

DOLLAR play a Sunday Date at London's Wimbledon Theatre on September 26, where they'll be supported by acappella specialists The Flying Pickets. Prices are £6.00 and £5.00.

Klub Foot CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL (MAIN BAR-OPENING HOURS), ALBEMARLE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS. LATE BAR TILL 12-00

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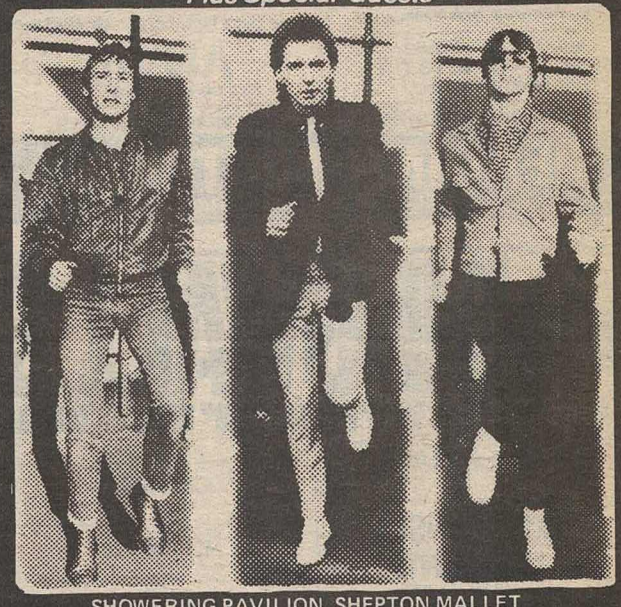
MCP presents

THE JAM

Plus Special Guests



SHOWERING PAVILION, SHEPTON MALLET
TUESDAY 21st SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Virgin Bristol, Spillers Cardiff, Derricks Swansea, Music Market Bath, Records Unlimited Mid Summer Norton, La Monde Travel Wells, Acorn Records Yeovil, Pathway Records Shepton and Bath Place Records Taunton.

BRIGHTON CENTRE
WEDNESDAY 22nd SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Box Office 0273 202881 and all usual agents.

GRANBY HALLS, LEICESTER
THURSDAY 23rd SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Box Office Tel No: 0533 544414

ROYAL COURT THEATRE, LIVERPOOL
FRIDAY/SATURDAY 24/25 SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Box Office Tel No: 051 709 4320

ROYAL HIGHLAND EXHIBITION HALL, INGLISTON, EDINBURGH
MONDAY 27th SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Playhouse Theatre Edinburgh, Liston Records and Apollo Theatre Glasgow, Rockpile Records Dundee, 2001 Ayr, Other Records Shop Aberdeen and Pink Panther Carlisle and Other Record Shop Stirling.

WHITLEY BAY ICE RINK
TUESDAY/WEDNESDAY 28th/29th SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Ice Rink, Newcastle City Hall Box Office, Image Records South Shields, Spinning Disc Sunderland, Gateshead Leisure Centre, Music Box Blyth, Musicore Durham and Hamiltons Middlesbrough and Williams Darlington.

LEEDS QUEENS HALL
THURSDAY 30th SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Queens Hall Box Office, Virgin Leeds, H.M.V. Bradford, Sound Effects York, Virgin Sheffield, Cavendish Travel Sheffield and Middlesbrough and Gough and Davy Hull.

BINGLEY HALL SHOWGROUND, STAFFORD
FRIDAY 1st OCTOBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Bingley Hall Box Office, Cyclops Birmingham, Goulds Wolverhampton, Lotus Records Stafford, Mike Lloyd Music, Hanley & Tunstall, Piccadilly Manchester, R.E. Cords Derby and Select a Disc Nottingham.

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ON PAGES 47, 48 & 49

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Featuring: Ian Paice, Neil Murray, Tommy Ayre & Charlie Huhn
Plus Special Guests & Nick Henbrey

Fri 27th Aug (Adm £2.50)
BERNIE TORME'S ELECTRIC GYPSIES
Plus Ore & Nick Henbrey

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Plus support & Nick Henbrey

SUNDAY 29th AUGUST
CLOSED — GONE TO THE READING FESTIVAL!

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THE LURKERS
Urban Dogs & Nick Henbrey

Tue 31st Aug (Adm £2.50)
STEVE GIBBONS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Wed 1st Sept (Adm £2.50)
GRAND PRIX
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Thur 2nd & Fri 3rd Sept (Adm £2.50)
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Fri 27
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Sat 28
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supported by Illusions £3.30

Mon 30
CLOSED

Tues 31
CLOSED

Weds 1
AMAZULU
+ support
Reggae £2.50

Thurs 2
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
with special guest
Darryl Way £2.50

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SCREEN 3
+ Acrobat
+ Batwing Chap

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Saturday 28th August £3.00
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Monday 30th August
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WASTED YOUTH
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FRANKIE MILLER

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SNIFF 'N' THE TEARS + K.K. Khan

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Wednesday 8th September £2.50
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COMSAT ANGELS

Thursday 16th September £3.00
BLACK SLATE

Friday 17th September £3.50
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Thur 26th August PAVILLION, BATERSEA
Wed 1st September AD-LIB CLUB, KENSINGTON
Sat 4th September CLARENDON, HAMMERSMITH
Mon 6th September RED LION, HOUNSLOW
Sun 19th September STAR CLUB, BIRMINGHAM

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51-53 Woolwich New Road
presents
Friday 27th Aug 8.00 pm

WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS
+ THE ESCORTS £2.50

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UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

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THE HELICOPTERS

Thursday 26th August £1.25
THE BULLET BLUES BAND

Friday 27th August £1.50
DIRTY STRANGERS

Saturday 28th August £1.50
AMAZULU

Sunday 29th August £1.25
THE VETOES

Monday 30th August
TO Be Arranged
Phone For Details

Tuesday 31st August £1.25
MY SILENT WAR

Wednesday 1st September £1.25
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THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 26th August £1.25
MAD SHADOWS
+ Outboys

Friday 27th August £1.50
EMPIRE
+ Blue Max

Saturday 28th August £1.50
Bank Holiday Carnival Special with
ICARUS
+ Phase One

Sunday 29th August £1.00
60s & NORTHERN SOUL DISCO

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THE DIRTY STRANGERS
+ Under The Influence

Tuesday 31st August £1.25
SMALL WORLD / THE TIMES

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+ EL-34

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Sundays 7.30-10.30

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+ Life

Thursday 26th August £1.50
GRASS TIES
+ Red Banner

Friday 27th August £1.75
LOT 49
+ Access

Saturday 28th August £1.75
HARLEQUINS
+ The Shakers

Sunday 29th August £1.00
DANGEROUS BANANS
+ Support

Monday 30th August
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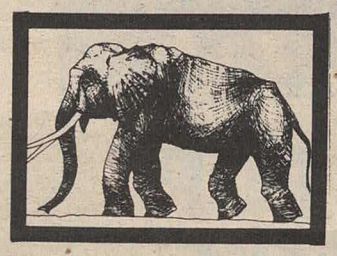
Tuesday 31st August £1.00
REFLEX
+ Beasts in Suits

Wednesday 1st September £1.50
IMPOSSIBLE DREAMS
+ The Speed Queens



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Poplar Civic Hall, Bow Road, E2
Saturday September 4th
7.30 – 11.30pm
with DOLLY MIXTURES
plus a Short Commercial Break
Alternative Comedian JIM BARCLAY
and WALKING WOUNDED
Entrance £2.00/£1.00 with UB40

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AUGUST
27, 28 Jethro Tull
27, 28,29 Reading Rock Festival
29 Anti-Nowhere League
29 The Associates

SEPTEMBER
12 Tygers of Pan Tang
12 King Crimson
12, 13 Simple Minds
16 Mike Oldfield
18 Echo & The Bunnymen
19 Gloria Gaynor
20, 21, 22, 23 UB40
21 Radio 1's 15th Birthday Party
23,24 Roxy Music
24, 25 Hot Chocolate
24 25 Bob James
26,27 Neil Young
27, 28, 29, 30 Shirley Bassey

OCTOBER
3,4 Imagination
3, 11 Shadows
4 Toto
6 Neil Sedaka
7 Stiff Little Fingers
8, 9 Saxon
11 The Damned
13, 14, 15, 16 AC/DC
15 The Fureys & Davey Arthur
17, 18, 19 Darryl Hall & John Oates
18, 19 AC/DC
21 Odyssey
21, 22 George Benson
22 John Martyn
24, 25 Depeche Mode
24, 25, 27, 28 Julio Inglesias
28, 29 Shakin' Stevens

NOVEMBER
11 Shakatak
12, 13 Hawkwind
17, 18, 19, 20, 21 Japan

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60's Soul Night
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FROM
HEY! ELASTICA
All drinks 50p till 1.00pm
Thursday September 2nd
THE MO-DETTES

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STEVE · OLLIE
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THE ASSOCIATES
due to illness gig will now take place
Friday 17th September

Thursday 9th September
PALE FOUNTAINS

Tuesday 21st September
MARK STEWART'S MAFIA

Wednesday 29th September
MAXIMUM JOY

11-13 Whitworth St. West, Manchester
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BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thu 26th Aug £1
DESOLATION ANGELS
+ Support

Fri 27th Aug £1.50
PAINT
+ Monomix

Sat 28th Aug £1.50
DREAM CYCLE
+ Outboys

Sun 29th Aug Mon 30th Aug
Closed for Bank Holiday

Tue 31st Aug 50p
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY
Real ale served 7.30pm-11.30pm

KINGS HEAD
4 Fulham High St. SW6 736 1413

Thursday 26th August £1.50
JAZZ SLUTS

Friday 27th August £1.50
SALT
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Saturday 28th August £1.50
THE SAM MITCHELL BLUES BAND

Sunday 29th August £1.00
THE LEGENDARY LUTON KIPPERS

Monday 30th August £1.00
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Tuesday 31st August £1.00
TRIANGLE NILE
Futurist Band

Wednesday 1st September £1.00
BASILS BALLS UP BAND

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THU AUG.26. ORCHESTRE ROUGE + STYGIAN EELS

FRI AUG.27
THE GO-BETWEENS
Antipodean trio highly regarded for their live work and album debut.
"The most perverse group ever... Like Hairy! Joe Joined by David Byrne... Rather Amazing." SOUNDS

SAT AUG. 28 SPECIAL BANK HOLIDAY ADMISSION **£2.00**
STOLEN FACE
DOWN-THE-LINE, HARD-ROLLIN ROCK WHICH STEPS WELL PAST 12-BAR R'N'B and SUCCESSFULLY COMBINES INSTRUMENTAL PRECISION and VOCAL ENERGY.

SUN AUG. 29 SUBTITLES + DINO'S + SOUND INTERNATIONAL

MON AUG.30 FUSION + SOULS VALIANT + The FAN CLUB

TUES AUG 31 EASTERN ALLIANCE + TOR GUEST HOUSE

WED SEP 1
THE DANCING DID
Somerset band who match Ian Drury's eclecticism and passion to their own off-beat delivery. + SENSIBLE JERSEYS

THU SEP 2
ZERRAI
TWO-MAN SYNTH ACT WHO HAUNT THE PERSONA WITH ATMOSPHERIC SONGS AND ELECTRO-ORCHESTRAL SOUNDS OF SURPRISING DEPTH AND PASSION.

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PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1929
PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

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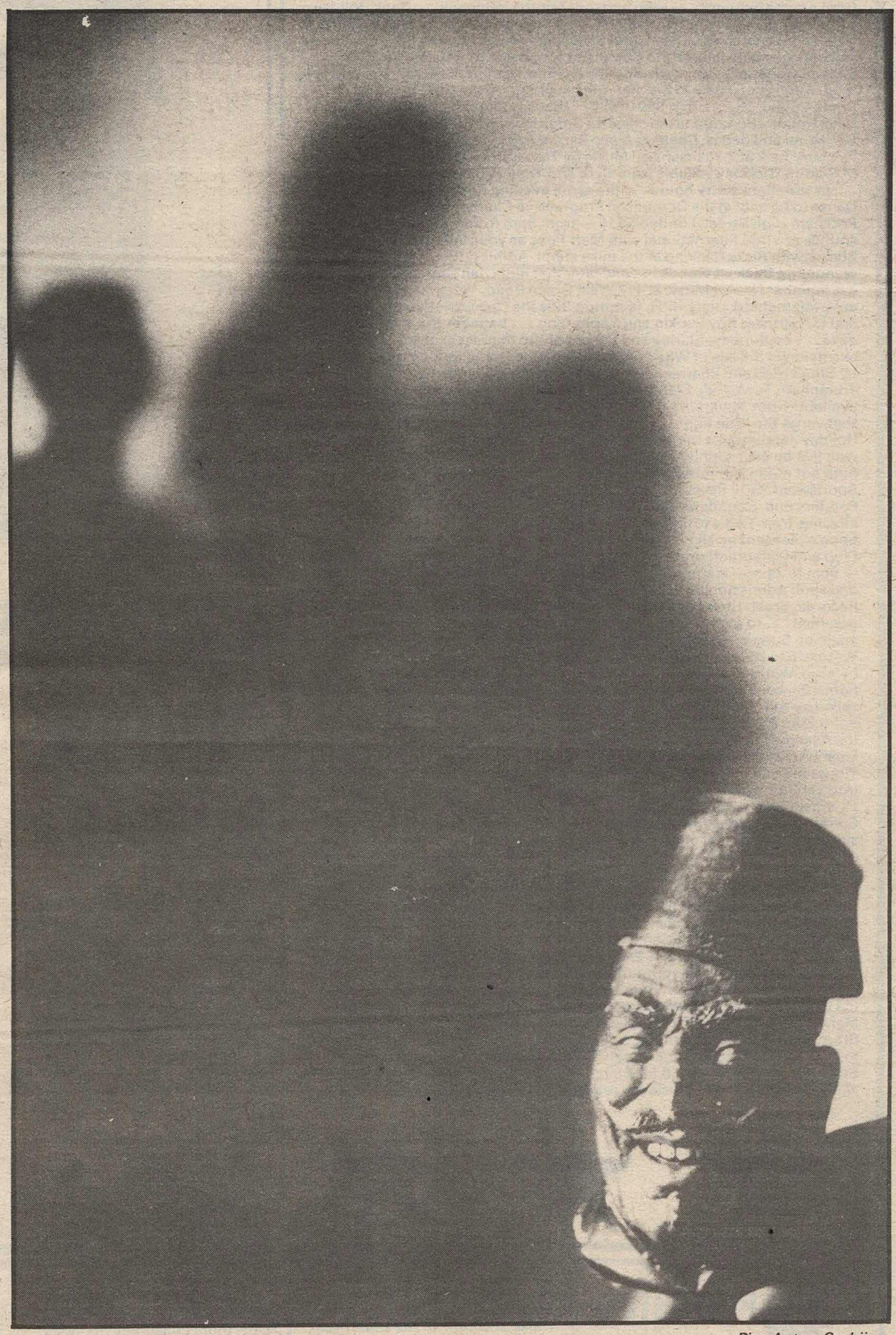

For openers . . . Cabaret Voltaire *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

CABARET VOLTAIRE, the group who have changed the entire face of "rock" music as we know it (nearly), celebrate the non-release of their latest "waxing" with a "banker" home "gig" at Sheffield Lyceum tomorrow (Friday). This also marks the "official" re-opening of the venue for "rock" concerts.

Don't forget the three days' serious Reading this weekend when hundreds of groups with names like "Yesterday and Today", "Electric Gypsies" and (say it with) "Ore" converge for a "Festival" somewhere in the South of England (details of line-up announced months ago in *NME*).

thursday 26th

Ashford Leisure Centre: **Bucks Fizz**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Dome: **David Essex**
Brighton New Regent: **Sex Gang Children**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Grand Prix/Tutch**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **25th Street**
Edinburgh Reid Concert Hall (3 days): **Robin Williamson**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Ray Stubbs R & B Allstars**
Glasgow Dian Inn: **The Dolphins**
Greenock Arts Theatre: **George Melly & John Chiltern's Feetwarmers**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Bedside Manners/Voodoo Passion**
Hitchin The Regal: **Junior**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Pyramid: **Membranes**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Marillion/Uncle Sirus/Skeptic**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Bond St Embassy Club: **Bandseye (was once Household Names)**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J J & The Jealous Guys**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Charlotte St. Sol Y Sombre: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Trevor Richards New Orleans Trio**
London Euston Bloomsbury Theatre: **Ivory Coasters**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Homerton Chats Palace: **Louis 'Fingers' O'Neil**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Bullet Blues Band**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park (2 days): **Eddie Thompson**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **The Enemy/Blitz**
London Putney Half Moon: **Stevie Smith's Harp Party**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange (every week): **Bill Brunskills Jazz Band**
London Southall White Hart: **Liaison/Soldier**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Drama**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Mr Clean**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Transporter**
London W1 Gt. Portland St. The Albany: **Room 13**
Manchester Smithfield Band On The Wall: **Harry Miller Quartet**
Newcastle-upon-Tyne The Soul Kitchen at Tiffs: **The Daintees/Prefab Sprout**
Northampton Black Lion: **Hoko-Heh/Groovy Underwear**
Nottingham Foretown Miners' Welfare: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Fictitious Four**
Peterborough The Glasshouse: **Cindy And The Action Man**
Royton Railway Hotel: **Howard The Duck**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **The Relatives**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Apollinaires**
Southall Heads Club: **Liaison**
Wellingborough The Chequers: **Precious Little Idols**

friday 27th

Ash (Kent) The Chequers: **Sandy & The Deckchairs**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Bradford Hollings Road Palm Cove: **Dry Ice**
Brighton Jazz Club: **Ivory Coasters**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Beatroots**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Hot Chocolate 2 days**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Dudley JB's Club: **Lionheart**
Dunfermline Chimes: **The Works Night Out**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Genes**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **Loose Talk**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Dirt/Flux of Pink Indians**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Kendal Folk Festival at the Brewery Arts Centre: **Silly Wizard/Home Service/Michael Chapman/Dick Gaughan/Eddie Walker/Mountain Road etc. (3 days)**
Knebworth Park Greenbelt Festival: **Dynamic/Steve Flashman/Paul Field/Iva Twydell/Paul Stookery 4 days. 4.30pm till 11.30pm.**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Mouse & The Underdogs**
Koldrun Cumberland Theatre: **George Melly & John Chiltern's Feetwarmers**
Liverpool The Left Bank Club: **Crosstalk A/V**
Liverpool The Warehouse: **The Room/Electric Morning**
London Battersea The Latchmene: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Soul Revue 82**
London Brixton Late Club: **The Lollipop Sisters**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Studio 2**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The 45's**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Orchestre Jazira/Steel & Skin**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Go-Betweens**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Dirty Strangers**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Idle Flowers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **J J & The Jealous Guys**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **The Breakfast Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Rotherhite Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **The Eastside Stompers**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Fugitive**
London Shepherds Bush Wellington: **Fugitive**
London Skunks: **The Enemy**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Macrami Brothers**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Earl's Band Wish/Ideal Homes**
London W1 (Bond St) Embassy Club): **I Am Alone**
London Willesden Grosvenor Rooms: **Annie McGown/Tony Goodacre/The Jame Town Ferry Band**
London WC2 Arts Theatre Club: **John Stevens Quartet**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The Relatives**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Anti-Nowhere League**
Nottingham Retford Porterhouse: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Exit**
Poole Arts Centre: **Junior**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Bucks Fizz**
Reading Festival: **Against The Grain/The Angels/Overkill/Stampede/Tank/Praying Mantis/Baron Rojo/Randy California/Trust/Budgie (Starts 3pm til 11.30pm).**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Cabaret Voltaire**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
Southampton Gaumont: **David Essex**
Theakston Music Festival at Nostell Priory (near Wakefield): **Jethro Tull/Lindisfarne/Blues Band/Huang Chung/Richard & Linda Thompson/Dave Swarbrick (2 day open air festival).**

saturday 28th

Bacup Royal Oak: **Howard The Duck**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Hot Chocolate**
Deal (Kent) The Yew Tree: **Temporary Fault**
Dudley JB's Club: **The DT's**
Dunstable Queensway: **Modern Romance**
Edinburgh Dominion Cinema: **George Melly & John Chilterns Feetwarmers (2 days)**
Knebworth Park Greenbelt Festival: **Pew Shakers / Collision / Andy Pratt / Moral Support / Kenny Marks / Servant / Bryn Haworth Band**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Fear Of Falling /Neon Blondes**
Liverpool The Pyramid: **Crosstalk A/V**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Bend Bros / Forensic Experts**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Leisure & The Beast**
London Brixton Late Club: **Vivian Weathers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Keith Nichol's Trio**
London Isligton Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **Dead Man's Shadow / The Threats**
London E9 Chats Palace: **Lola & The Protectors / Matseemehlah**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Amazulu**
London Marquee: **The Enemy / Addicts**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Slap / Size Three**
London Putney Half Moon: **Kokomo**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover / Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Sketch**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Phenoix**
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London WC2 Arts Theatre Club: **Weller - Spring Quartet**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Steve Hookers Shakers**
Manchester Bacup Royal Oak: **Howard The Duck**
Manchester The Gallery: **Syncopation**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **Anti - Nowhere League**
Oxford New Theare: **Prince Lincoln & The Royal Rasses**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Vetoes**
Poole Arts Centre: **Bucks Fizz**
Reading Festival: **Bow Wow / Rock Goddess / Bernie Torme Band / Ore / Cheetah / Gary Moore / Blackfoot / Tygers Of Pan Tang / Iron Maiden (starts at noon till 11.30pm).**
Retford Porterhouse: **Ilana & The Champagne Dance Orchestra**
Salisbury St. Edmunds Art Centre: **The Appollinaires**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Stoke Trentham Gardens: **Liquid Gold**
Wallasey Shepherds Rest: **French Lessons**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

sunday 29th

Aberdeen Copper Beech: **Segue**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chelmsford YMCA: **Vane** (CND Benefit)
Edinburgh Assembly Rooms: **Poetry with Attila The Stockbroker / Benjamin Zephania / Seething Wells / Little Brother / Akimbo** (Afternoons till September 11th)
Edinburgh Assembly Rooms (3 nights): **Michael Nyman Band**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Ipswich Gaumont: **David Essex**
Glasgow Queenspark Bandstand: **The Dolphins**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Knebworth Park Greenbelt Festival: **Quiet Commandos / The Predators / Giantkiller / Paradise / Resurrection Band / Adrian Snell**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Exhibit A**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Paul Lacey Band**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Cambridge Theatre: **The Associates**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Maconda**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Subtitles**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **The Matthews Brothers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Vetoes**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour**
London Putney Half Moon: **Little Sister**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange (lunchtime): **The Kim Lesley Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange (evening): **Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Steve Waller & Stevie Smith**
London Stockwell The Plough: **The Iviners**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Jo-Anne Kelly Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Anti-Nowhere League**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Trafalgar Sq. St. Martin's Crypt: **Dave Peabody & Bob Hall**
London Wimbledon Nelsons: **Private Function**
London W1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Brian Leake's Sweet & Sour**
Manchester Smithfield Band on the Wall: **Yessir**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Five Bells: **Precious Little Idols**
Poole Arts Centre: **Hot Chocolate** (2 days)
Poynton Folk Centre: **Pete Thompson & Alan Bell**

☐ *CONTINUED OVER*

nationwide GIG GUIDE

Reading Festival: **Terraplane / Chinatown / Spider / Marillion / Twisted Sister / Wilko Johnson Band / Bernie Marsden's SOS / Dave Edmunds / Y & T / Jackie Lynton Band / Michael Schenker Group.**
Shepperton Upper Halliford Rd. The Goat: **The Rattlers**

monday 30th

Bedford The Five Bar: **Precious Little Idols**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham City Lights: **Photos**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Boys Of The Lough**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Lone Wolf**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Knebworth Park Greenbelt Festival: **Xtras/Rebel X/ Radio 1 Roadshow with Peter Powell / Barry Compton / The Barratt Band / Charlene**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Five Play Dutch / Moi Polloi Open Mind**
London Camden Palace: **The Associates**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Polkadots**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Kathy Stobart Quintet**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Robyn Hitchcock / Motor Boys Motor**
London Knighsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Tony Lee 5 days**
London NW2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt (lunchtime): **Joe Concorde R & B Band**
London Old Brompton Rd. Troubadour: **Raisin Sheerin**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Harry Miller Quartet**
London Putney Half Moon: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Brunskills Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Myst**
London W1 (Maddox St.) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Gary Glitter (1 week)**
Margate Winter Gardens: **David Essex**
Nottingham Zhivago's: **Prince Lincoln & The Royal Rasses**
Paignton Festival Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
Sandown IOW The Court Jester: **The Choir (until Saturday except Thursday)**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts. County Club: **UK Players**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Baileys: **Wall Street Crash (1 week)**

tuesday 31st

Aberdeen Arts Centre: **Robin Williamson**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Teaser**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Night Out: **Gloria Gaynor (week)**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bradford Hollings Rd. Palm Cove: **The Destructors/The Herberts**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Bamboo Fringe/Enormous Curios**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Intros/Into The Blue/Arena**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden The Cantee: **Weller-Spring quartet**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Pizza Express All-Star Band**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **25th Street**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **The Exciters**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Angleic Upstarts**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **20th Century Blues**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Little Sister/The Escorts**
London W1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
South Shields Boilermakers Club: **The Dynamite Band**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Bucks Fizz**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Chevy**

wednesday 1st

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Edinburgh Queens Hall: **Battlefield Band**
Glasgow The Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Ipswich Gaumont: **Hot Chocolate**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Littleborough Royal Oak: **Howard The Duck**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Diz & The Doormen**
London King's Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **The Fan Club**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Littlebrough Royal Oak: **Howard The Duck**
New Romney Sea Horse: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing obliquely from a semi-frequency — who hath not felt the influence . . . Bank Holiday runnings begin tonight (Thursday) with A Lovers Rock Night at Brixton Town Hall, Acre Lane, SW9 — from 9pm until 4am — featuring the S&G Showcase with live on stage female trio Simplicity supported by Tenastellin plus Second Generation Dancers. Sounds by Frontline International. Hot and cold food. Admission £3.50 at the door or tickets £3.00 from S&G Records, 417 Roman Road, E3. Tel: (01) 980 0762 . . . **that so calms the weary mind** . . . a Bank Holiday Bonanza takes place on Saturday with a day outing to Blackpool and dance. Coaches leave Bakers Arms, Leyton and outside Finsbury Park at 7.30am sharp. Music by Tipper from Tottenham and Chalwa of Brixton. Tickets available from Cyril and Tony at Caxton House, Archway . . . **in summers sultry hours** . . . the same evening hosts a Pre-Carnival Dance to be held at the Dominican Progressive Charitable Association, 69 Peckham High Street, London SE15 — from 8pm to 2am — rocking to the sounds of Virgo International with Mari-Posa as your mike mc plus Nasty Rocker with Ricky Ranking at the mike stand. Admission: £2.50 . . . **when wandering thickest woods** . . . and later that night Jah Roy invites you to a get together Nite Of Music at 117 West Green Road, Tottenham, N15 with entertainment by Unity Hi-Fi, featuring Ribs the Operator, the man Charghan and DJ partners Roy Rankin and Yabby-You . . . **beneath the arms of ancient oaks** . . . on Sunday, Shirley and Viy are proud to present another great excursion to the Isle of Wight, with an all round island tour by coach followed by Sticks Hi-Fi and Eqarter Hi-Fi. Coaches depart 8am from Edmonton Regal, Tottenham Town Hall, Clapton roundabout and Bakers Arms, Leyton. Tickets available from Aquarius (01) 272 2051 . . . **and brushing nameless flowers that verge the little ride** . . . also on Sunday Spotlight and JB present a Bank Holiday Jamboree at the Grosvenor Rooms, London, NW2 — 8pm to 3am — with live on stage Junior Delgado. Music by Java and Sir Coxsone . . . **who hath not made a minutes waste of time** . . . alternatively, you are invited to a Sportswear Party the same night at 12 Aberdare Road, off Southbury Road, Ponders End. Sounds by Seven Warriors. Free food and drink. Tickets £3 in advance from Eddie (01) 807 7774; or £4 at the door . . . **and sat him down upon a pleasant swell** . . . up in Birmingham on Sunday, Maximilians (Nite Club and restaurant) present a Bank Holiday Dance at Fiveways, Edgbaston — 9pm to 2am — featuring Gemini International Sound playing lovers rock and soul. Admission by ticket only, price £2.50 from Baileys (Bullring), Virgin Records, Broad Street and the Hit Factory (West Bromwich). Smart dress essential . . . **to gaze awhile on crowding ferns bluebells and hazel leaves** . . . again on Sunday you are invited by Chef Henry & Williams to a Carnival Warm Up to be held at St Thomas Church Hall, East Row (off Kensal Road), London, W10 — 7pm to 2am — with music by City Link Disco plus the Disco Rama Dancers. Admission: £3 at the door . . . **and showers of lady smocks so called by toil** . . . run come quick! Unity Association announcing Bom Bom Bafm Bom Bom Bom Bom Bafm Music Festival to be held in the grounds of the Association from midday to midnight at Jack Ashley School, Prah Road, Finsbury Park, N4. Sounds by Kingston Rebel, Jah Whitey, Youth Of Zion, Tippatone and others. Plus Tony Mahony live on stage. Also sky juice, fri fish, tropical fruit, prizes, competitions an' a whole heap more. Entrance free . . . **when boys sprote gathering sit on stulps and weave garlands** . . . while in Cardiff on the same day, local group Roots And Branches, who recently supported Prince Lincoln and the Royal Rasses in the town, are taking part in a free festival. Also featured is Black Roots, Musical Youth, Beatroots plus steel band and sound. The free entertainment will be held at Butetown Park, Dock, Cardiff and all are welcome . . . **while barkmen pill the fallen tree — then mid the green variety to start** . . . also on Monday is to be held a Sports And Beachwear Spectacular at the Wessex House Banqueting Suite, 1A St Johns Hill, Clapham Junction with Soul Incorporated of Harlesden and Roxy Soul Sound from Tottenham. Doors open from 8pm to 2am. Admission £3 . . . **who hath not met that mood from turmoil free** . . . finally, First Step present a Grand Caribbean Fashion Show on Bank Holiday Monday featuring the works of London's most prominent young designers at the Podium, Market Towers, 1 Nine Elms Lane, New Covent Garden, SW8 with Cool Breeze dance group and music by Lads Construction plus DJ celebrities. 8pm to 2am. Fashion show starts 10pm. Tickets available from Ital Records of Stoke Newington. Seats £8.50; standing £7.50. Enquiries from First Step: (01) 249 2124 . . . **and felt a placid joy refeshed at heart?** . . . One Love . . .

★ ★ ★

beat period Sugar Minott. *Pic: Adrian Boot*

MINOTT'S STUDIO SUGAR

REGGAE RUNNINGS

A FURTHER album of Sugar Minott recordings for Studio 1 has emerged out of Brentford Road and is currently circulating UK specialist outlets.

Entitled 'More' (PSO LP 0999), the LP is a set of nine previously unissued recordings and features adaptations by Minott of both The Heptones' 'Party Time' and Alexander Henry's 'Please Be True', both utilising their original rhythms, plus a soul styled workout entitled 'Ghetto Funk' and various other Studio 1 rhythms of some vintage restyled for the likes of 'Wrong Doers', 'Swinging My Love' etc.

It is at Brentford Road that Sugar Minott gains his earliest reputation, having previous to this recorded as part of the African Brothers vocal group alongside Tony Tuff. For Dodd he cut a slew of singles, culminating in the popular 'Mr DC' rocker and a gem debut album 'Live Loving', before teaming up with Prince Jammy and others and initiating his own Black Roots and Youth Promotion set ups.

His recent four track 10" mini LP 'In A Showcase Style' remains a popular item on reggae club and dub playlists.

★ ★ ★

ANYONE contemplating going to Belgium for the Bank Holiday be advised that at the Hof Ter-Lo in Antwerp this Saturday takes place the first Jamaican Cultural Reggae Dance. Live on stage is *Brimstone, Ijahman, Militant Barry* and *Ras Michael*. Sounds by *Fat Man Hi-Fi*. Doors open at 7.30pm.

● "Next year 160 Cruise missiles will be arriving in Britain to be sited on Greenham Common in Berkshire and Molesworth in Cambridgeshire. These will be a target for any non-conventional attack on the UK and will be under US control!

"At a time of spending cuts in housing, education, health, jobs, and social services, the government is about to spend £10,000 millions on Trident submarines. Arms spending is the world's only consistent growth industry; £8,000 millions is spent every two weeks on arms and related systems!

"These are only some of the disturbing facts about our nuclear future . . . a depressing prospect for the solitary individual. It's easy to feel you are powerless in the face of government and multi-national policies but remember — that is how they want you to feel. The solution is to organise."

These are some of the sentiments you *won't* be reading on a leaflet inside your copy of the new EP Sexual Phonograph, 'Europe In the Year Zero', issued a fortnight ago. The EP — which includes tracks by Yazoo, Colour Me Pop and Sudeten Creche — originally began life as an 'album cassette' sponsored by No Nukes Music.

When the agitprop organisation ran low on funds, the duo from Colour Me Pop managed to interest Sexual Phonograph in the project, but SP ditched the cassette format in favour of the more cost-effective EP.

"For the leaflet, we couldn't use the original copy No Nukes Music gave us," says Sexual Phonograph spokesman Yvette, "as there were technical legals in it. So we re-wrote it ourselves."

According to Yvette, SP wanted "quite a few leaflets printed" but delayed some time in picking up the first "two thousand or so". Their printers were PR Print Centre of Peterborough — old friends and previous printers of "our record sleeve by The Destructors and other pretty sensitive stuff".

While SP's order was sitting in wait at PR, however, some of the firm's more conservative clients caught sight of the leaflets and complained. PR had to ask Sexual Phonograph to drop the rest of their print order. "We can't actually name the complainant because PR's been very helpful to us and obviously, we'll never constitute that sort of bread-and-butter custom. But much of PR's business comes from the local Conservative Party and various trade councils. They seem to have more conservative policies than their printers."

Sexual Phonograph's EP — without the insert — is marketed by Illuminated Records, through Rough Trade.

● The peace camp outside RAF Waddington now has gone 'on the road', after five of its members were arrested on Hiroshima Day for chaining themselves to gates guarding stores of nuclear material. They've donated their supplies and equipment, however, to fellow demonstrators at the Lakenheath camp — now one of nine healthy peace camps in the UK.

The most famous, the Women's Peace Camp at Greenham Common, celebrates its first anniversary on September 5th. They are still under eviction orders (at presstime, the deadline is the end of this week). But, since they do not plan to vacate what has been their home for a year now, you can send them birthday or anniversary cards and telegrams addressed to: The Women's Peace Camp, USAF Greenham Common, Newbury, Berks.

● Looking forward to the Labour Party Conference making more stringent disarmament measures an inherent part of party policy? So are Greater Manchester CND and Greater Manchester Youth CND, who are collaborating to sponsor a march under the banner 'Jobs Not Bombs'.

The march leaves Manchester on September 23 and is due in Blackpool on September 26, where Labour CND are organising a welcoming demo. There will then be a serious lobbying of delegates taking place the following day (Monday, September 27).

For further details write to 48 Swindon Close, Gordon, Manchester M18 8LL (tel 061-236-4905).

—CYNTHIA ROSE

REGGAE RUNNINGS

Papas Ranking and Lucky. Pic: John Williams

"ram-a-jam this session 'ave fe jam . . ."

THE Greenwich Town toast duo of Peter Ranking and General Lucky have emerged on the Silver Camel label out of Leyton with a debut LP entitled 'Jah Standing Over Me' (SCLP 011).

Produced by singer Phil Fraser and Michael Chin as part of the area's Cornerstone set up, the album was laid and voiced at Channel One with the Roots Radics in lieu of nine titles, including a pair of dance hall steppers for 'Love How They Rock' and 'Ram-A-Jam', the latter yet a further variation of 'Real Rock', plus also comment on the 'Island In The Sun' and 'Outa Hand' themes.

Peter Ranking (21) and General Lucky (20) — a brother to Sammy Dread — start their career deejaying for the Echo Vibration sound and make their first recordings for Don Mais' Roots Tradition label. Among their recordings are 'DJ Power', 'Black Am I', 'Vineyard', 'Housing Scheme' and the hilarious 'Easies And Squeesies'. Peter Ranking is also responsible for a solo, singing interpretation of 'Suki Yaki'.

SAMPSON UNCHAINED

NATURAL ROOTS — the eight-piece outfit led by Chesley "Fardenian" Sampson, formerly of Misty In Roots — have released a debut discomix single on the group's own Fasim label coupling 'Ain't Got No Money' and 'Know Yourself' (FF 106).

Long established on the local blues circuit, Chesley Sampson arrived in England from the Caribbean in 1963, where together with his cousin Julian he formed Slough's first reggae group The Grova Trons. In 1974 he joined Misty as a bass player, departed for a brief interlude with The Gaylords, before returning to Misty as lead guitarist. Natural Roots was formed in 1980 and are currently at work in the studio on an LP. Further news of forthcoming live appearances soon come.

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Thurs tickets valid for Sat or money refunded if tickets returned by 4th September.
Fri 10th September unchanged.
Tickets available by personal application at £8.00 and £7.50 (inclusive of 50p booking fee).

Cyclops Sounds, Birmingham 021 643 2196
Piccadilly Records, Manchester 061 236 2555
HMV Shops: Coventry, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Wolverhampton and Liverpool.
Mike Lloyd Music Shops: Newcastle Under Lyme 0782 610940, Hanley 0782 24641
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All enquiries telephone:- 01-636 0655

MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS
present

ASIA live in Brussels 5th October price of £56 includes ● Ticket for concert ● 4 star hotel ● Luxury coach ● Cross-channel ferry. Depart morning 4th October, return 6th October, Box 1

ROXY MUSIC live in Paris 9th September price of £60 includes ● Ticket for concert ● 4 star hotel ● Luxury coach ● Cross-channel ferry. Depart morning 8th September, return 10th September, Box 2

A deposit of £20 will secure a place. Please tick box for trip required 1 ☐ 2 ☐
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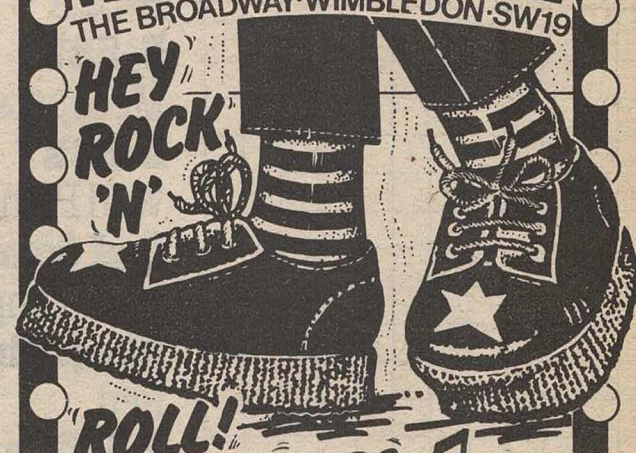
Thursday 2nd September £1.50
PUNK NIGHT

HALF MOON PUTNEY
THURSDAY 26th
★ GERAINT WATKINS BAND ★
(Dave Edmunds pianist)
Saturday 28th
KOKOMO
Thursday 2nd
THE DANCE BAND

Wimbledon Theatre
THE BROADWAY·WIMBLEDON·SW19



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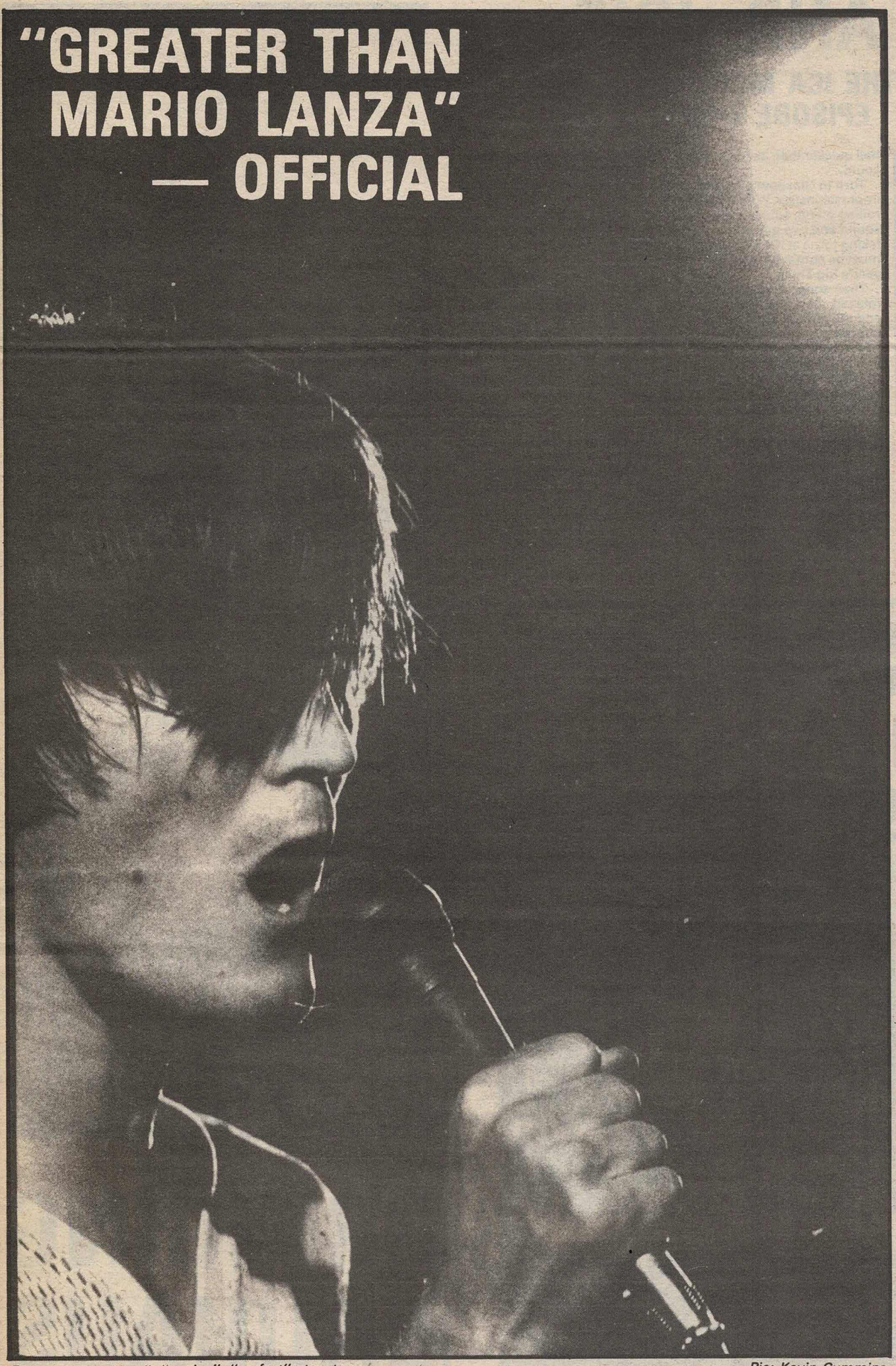
"GREATER THAN MARIO LANZA" — OFFICIAL



Feargal — "brilliant", "genius", "perfect" etc. etc. *Pic: Kevin Cummins*

FEARLESS FEARGAL

THE UNDERTONES

National Club, Kilburn

THE CROWD stretched far down the High Road in Kilburn from early in the evening. Steadily an irrepressible atmosphere, a definite sense of "an event" built up and when The 'Tones finally took the stage for this one-off return to London, all the expectations were fulfilled, and then surpassed.

Half-way through the performance I'm three storeys and two closed doors away from the throbbing mass on the dancefloor, but even here (in the bloody toilet!) the sound and the message is coming through; loud and clear, strong and proud.

The group are playing a trilogy of razor sharp goldlined singles — 'Julie Ocean', 'Wednesday Week' and 'Teenage Kicks'. Moving through the songs' dreamy craft and construction it all starts to crystalise, sounds so beautiful, so right . . . and when they hit into the propellor-frantic introduction of their 1978 debut hit, I can't contain my excitement (*steady, Gavin, — Ed*). I'm smiling inanely, fixing up my zip and rushing onto the balcony to cheer and join in the triumph.

If The Undertones hadn't released 'Teenage Kicks' four years ago the world would be a poorer place. But this is much more than a gig for old times' sake. The Undertones at Kilburn are a roaring success because they still sound fresh and alert and they inspire the same feeling in the audience. They invest the old or new, with a purpose and passion which is positively heartwarming. I'm layed out, slayed and when that happens I know why I began to love pop music in the first place.

La monde pop has become an altogether more self-important beast than it was when The Undertones came to prominence a few years ago. Then they were a great tonic for a sagging form and the public and press responded gleefully; these guys were harder to believe in than the leprechauns, it was a dream come true.

Detached from the ingrown, prissy pop process The 'Tones never got over-awed by their excellence or the critics' explanations for it, never stopped to consider their place in the grand scheme of things. And now as great pop writers and performers — crisp, level-headed and common-sensical — they are in a position to return with all their initiative and personality intact and provide us with a tonic we need now just as badly as we did in 1978.

From the top — a helter skelter 'When Saturday Comes', a set building with pace and clarity, the thumping 'Get Over You', the wise cracking 'Untouchables' and then the new songs, the sort of songs you want to hear again as soon as you've heard them, just to check the sheer craft and confidence, the spite and the hard laughs delivered in the lyrics and the music.

There are no great departures — they use what they know and use it how they want and the new compostions — mature, melodic peach-perfect pop ballads — show the Undertones mould being stretched, the instruments and the melodies used with a care and skill which gives them more texture and more definition. These songs are *strong;*, it becomes clearer than ever that Feargal Sharkey is one of the great British pop singers.

While half the world wants to be Mario Lanza and the other half wants to be his sister, it's really refreshing to hear someone with a powerful voice letting it roar like a lion, the best of its kind since early John Lennon and Small Faces' Steve Marriott. It's a marvellous, throaty voice, with a lean crying edge and it fits in perfectly with the hungry sound of the group.

Most of all the night exuded happiness: this was a celebration and a confirmation of real values. Not rock as any great moral dictate, but one for clear heads and strong hearts fighting the good fight and winning it with humour, resilience and dedication. Pop became alive again, it became something natural and spontaneous.

It's been a great year for Irish achievements and events — Gerry Armstrong in Spain, Van Morrison in Belfast, Hurricane Higgins at Wembley and now another special occasion with The Undertones at Kilburn. Older, wiser and stronger, they towered like giants over virtually every group in the country.

Nine encores, 90 gallons of sweat, and then the shock. Mickey Bradley made the announcement: "This is our farewell concert." Silence, frowns, astonishment on the brink of real tears when . . . "until the next one," he continues. Of course, of course — they'll always be far too young and clever to go out like that.

Gavin Martin

LIVE!

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BOW WOW WOW

Hammersmith Odeon

"ANY OF YOU still think we're rock and roll puppets? Some of you have got a lot to learn."

For a long time Bow Wow Wow have been buried beneath the Machiavellian plotting that's surrounded them since they started. Tonight there was no roller disco, no fun fair, no pink cassette scenery, no additional tribal dancers. This sudden loss of exotic trappings made it clear just how far they've fitted into the conventional commercial scheme.

The advantage of Bow Wow Wow's new simplicity of presentation is that it focuses some long overdue attention on the group themselves. What with the fashion, the philosophy, the scandals and the scheming, the group have previously appeared to be no more than an incidental footnote on a grand design to change the whole of youth culture. Once attention is confined to the group's performance, it's amazing how the controversy, the lingering doubts of exploitation, the nasty taint of manipulation just quietly fade away.

Musically Bow Wow Wow are magnificent and their Odeon appearance showcases a faultless stream of the most inspiring '80s pop. A perfect succession of the sweetest melodies and cleverest syncopation melt into a breathtakingly intricate construction that's re-invented the pop song from a glorious burst of sunshine influences and Western ethical obsessions.

From such a basic format of drums, bass and guitar they build a jazzy mesh of rhythm that's a uniquely delicate integration of cross-cultural shadings. It's enough to have Gorman, Ashman and Barbarossa careering through a dizzying instrumental, but Bow Wow Wow's real transformation is in the person of Annabella.

From a plump, stiff, shrinking child-starlet whose predicament would have wrung sympathy from the most rock-hardened heart, Annabella has been undergoing a gradual metamorphosis. The recent hits seem to have completed the transformation to the sort of performer who suddenly looks as if she was a natural all along.

Those chillingly well-drilled cavortings have given way to vigorous grace and spontaneous vitality. Most importantly there's a sudden smart sparkle about Annabella that takes away the unpleasant parasitical aspects of those teen-sex orientated lyrics while her light touch makes them seem no more salacious than an '80s equivalent of traditionally risque music hall comedy.

Bow Wow Wow's one miscalculation appeared to be in their audience. Presumably by playing both the Odeon and Palais, the intention was to give their younger fans an opportunity to see them. But instead of legions of golden, leisured teenagers, Bow Wow Wow found themselves confronted by a considerably older crew, most of whom stood faintly bemused and staring at the stage in daunting polite silence. Despite a surly remark from Leroy Gorman and some rather more polite exhortations from Annabella, this apparent indifference acted as a spur rather than damper on Bow Wow Wow's exertions.

What the evening's lack of specifically youthful enthusiasm revealed about Bow Wow Wow's connection with the age-group that they've always aimed at is debatable. Simply as an evening of entertainment it was pure pleasure, not to mention a convincing demonstration of just who's holding the strings.

Lynn Hanna

SEMOLINA AND JOIE DE VIVRE (THE ICA MOOCH-IN EPISODE THREE)

ZILA THE REPUBLIC

ICA

THE REPUBLIC reminded me of Modern Romance and slugs, and everybody loved them. Cluttering the stage up with every brass instrument they'd ever seen on *TOTP*, they moseyed on down, convinced that they were being stimulating when in actuality they were as invigorating as lumpy semolina.

The lead singer was in drag, and obviously found this great source of hilarity an excuse for flapping around and being boring. Anyone who escaped to the bar can tell you the group in the corner were several hundred times more entertaining.

The rock 'n' roll monster had sent his disciples out in full force. While Zila sat on stage playing loud and medicore tribal music well down on its quota of rhythm, the punters who had "come to have a good time" forced themselves to do so by contorting themselves to the tiniest threads of beat. Are we allowed to admit we don't *feel* it? Er — what was it — "wild and spontaneous" or "tight and danceable"? When will gigs for their own sake become a thing of the past?

Leyla Sanai

FRENCH IMPRESSIONSISTS FLYING PICKETS WILL GAINES

ICA

WILL GAINES, last on, tap-danced furiously while his drummer attacked his instrument with such vengeance that he cleared the hall quicker than any bouncer could.

Turn to Glasgow's French Impressionists. With their rolling piano, subtle drum sound and two girl singers taking turns at the front, they must be contenders for this year's Big Thing.

Their songs are pleasant, relaxed, slow and dreamy, and the different vocal styles offered by Loise (fresh, sweet) and Margaret (more mature, trilled) are refreshing, but it's too easy for the overall sound to be listless.

The delicate touch they have in common with The Jazzateers would be at home at the Whiskey A Gogo, but at the ICA it sounded a trifle weedy. Whatever happened to the life and colour of impressionism, *joie de vivre* and all that?

The Flying Pickets couldn't tell you, but at least they'll make you smile. It's very easy to be sour about six brash and noisy grown men, making idiots of themselves by covering oldies without instruments, but like The Firm, you can't fault them.

Leyla Sanai

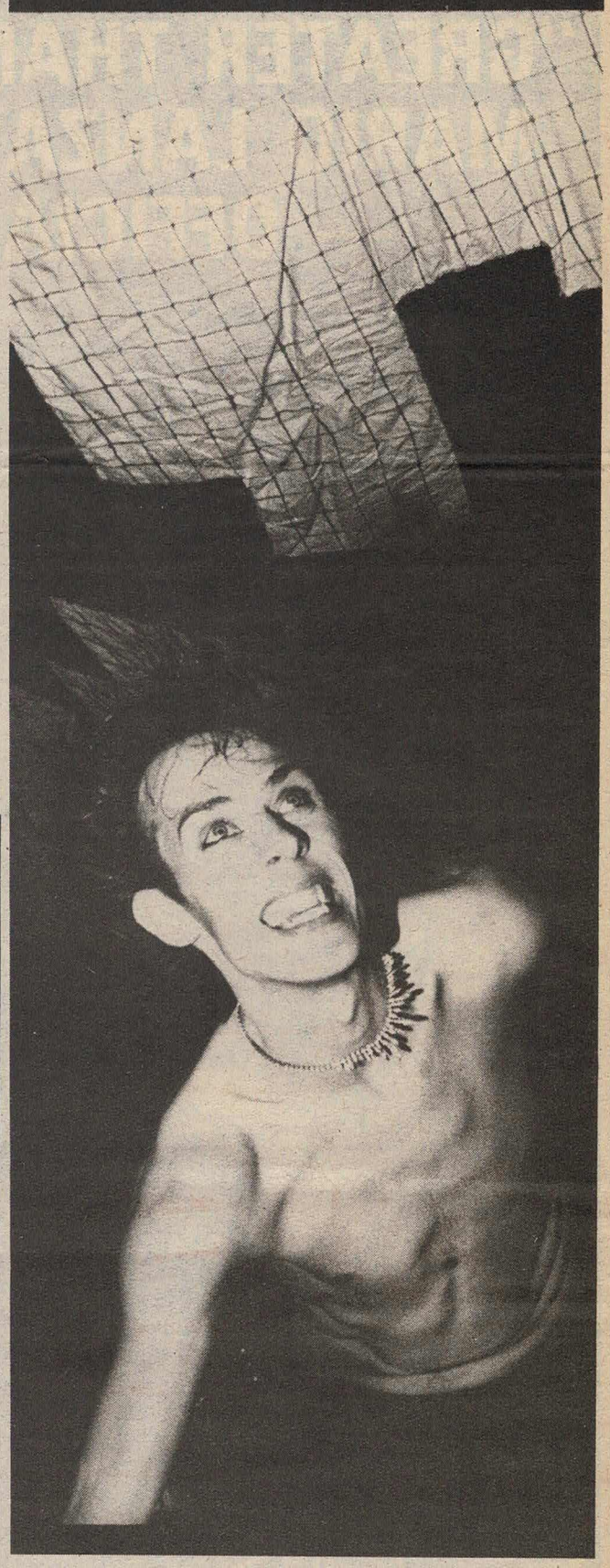
RIP RIG AND PANIC

Manchester Hacienda

RIP Rig and Panic — a Random Rhythmic Profusion accompanied by Andrea Oliver's physical exultation. Saxophones scream while the bass hammers and the drums smoulder, Sager sits and scats while Andrea's raw sex and pure energy voice soars

'Storm The Reality Asylum' rises from the improvisation with a slow inexorable groundswell to a proud roar. Rip Rig and Panic are wild, sweet creative energy at its most elating — absorb and rebel.

Don Watson



Murphy's Law

BRINGING BAUHAUS

BAUHAUS

Glasgow Tiffany's

IT COULD have gone something like this: Bauhaus, embarking on what will probably prove to be their last live shows before they hit dizzy heights of success, fame and fortune, presented a formidable display of thrills and chills to a packed-house of loyal fans; one rousing number building into a frenzied group chant of "We love our audience, we love our audience" . . . But that would be a shallow glimpse and largely lacking in conviction — so I pulled out of the pogo-ing crowd sway in the hope that the chant was tongue-in-cheek.

Because the Bauhaus conceit must surely acknowledge that the gurgling mass approval would be duplicated for the Banshees, probably favours The Damned, and loves Theatre Of Hate.

And since my hands are dirty now anyway, let's delve a little deeper:

The useless by-products and otherwise ('true punk' 'post-punk' 'heavy metal') of what the repulsive B. A. Robertson remembers as "the punk thing that happened here several years ago" have now hazily merged together; leaving little distinction beyond insignificant cult snobbery, a colour, or a cut — and generally sounding nowhere near as good as Motorhead.

And if I just momentarily introduce certain criteria that demand precious moments, inexplicable elation, sudden shivers; then we can swiftly and simply dismiss this audience-machine, and relative statements like "you can't knock success" or "a cast of thousands can't be wrong." Removing these confusing incidentals strips Bauhaus bare of blind adulation; and how I wish they defied — transcended — analysis . . . .

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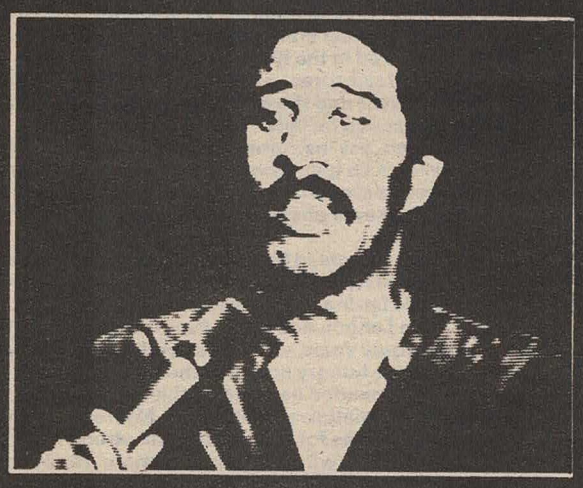

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DAYS OF FUTURA PAST (SLIGHT RETURN)

RICHARD STRANGE

Gargoyle, Soho

THE SPIRIT of Cabaret Futura lives, and here's an interesting package (bound for the Edinburgh Festival) to prove it. However, on closer inspection, most of the acts turned out to be a disappointment.

Tymon Dogg can be weird and wonderful on record; but tonight the busker, on electro-fiddle and acoustic guitar, whined inconsequentially, a cross between Loudon Wainright and Kevin Coyne.

Next came Joolz, the northern poet. Dressed like a mixture of punk and a biker's moll, she still struck me as a very nice middle-class person — with a Yorkshire accent (ceee, there's nowt so queer as your Yorkshire bourgeois).

She has none of the rhythm of SWells or Attila, and her world-view, as revealed in pieces like 'Oi For Art', is a neo-hippy one, ie she's less anti-capitalist than anti-commercial, perceiving life as a series of rip-offs carried out by middle-class playwrights, trendy Londoners etc.

Richard Strange made the evening worthwhile. With backing tapes and slides he interspersed older material like 'International Language' with new songs such as 'The Beast Goes On', a dark look at imperialism and the lure of primitivism for over-educated westerners, which ended with the sound of orgasm.

A lot of the time Strange was accompanied by dancer Rene Eyre. She's not too arty, and her gracefulness and expressiveness didn't just serve as back-up to the numbers, but also functioned as a foil to the tortured edge which can now be detected in Strange's work.

Appropriately, he's devised a little something about the Doctor of Madness himself, Freud. *The White Hotel,* based on DM Thomas's best-selling novel (specifically its introductory section which is a long erotic — middle-class pornographic? — poem), is less a song, more a mini-drama with soundtrack and choreography; the dancer plays the patient, and Strange plays the psychoanalyst, furiously leafing through his notebook and hinting, with rolled up sleeve, at Freud's fondness, *a la* Sherlock Holmes, for injecting himself with cocaine. More, please. More. Richard Strange still drips with ideas.

Paul Tickell

KEITH ALLEN *(Not Me! I'm A Fireman)*

Albany, Deptford

KEITH ALLEN has a cult reputation to keep up. Hailed in some quarters as the Alternative Comedian Who Didn't Sell Out, on stage he's certainly possessed of a dour menacing mania. In real life too — I've seen the little fellow skulking in the cloakroom of the Fridge and the foyer of the Barracuda, and making a meal of staring, very hard, at the punters.

Keith, though, is no more of a threat than a lot of the new comics (Alexei Sayle, *Tony* Allen etc) from whom his champions seek to dissociate him. His stand-up confreres tell what are utlimately nice cosy jokes about social workers and Stoke Newington trendies, instead of the more traditional mother-in-law ones.

Keith, dressed mock aggressively in ACR/*It Ain't Half Hot Mum* jungle gear, has his batch of easy targets too — Channel 4, The Clash etc. Nothing particularly wrong with this: some laughs all round, but don't let's get the laughter out of proportion: it *is* very marginal (Alternative) and more from the brain than the belly. And very safe: jokes — sorry, "improvised bullshit" — about 3-litre Fords as "dick-compensators" are bound to go down well in front of a liberal audience, thick with its anti-sexist credentials.

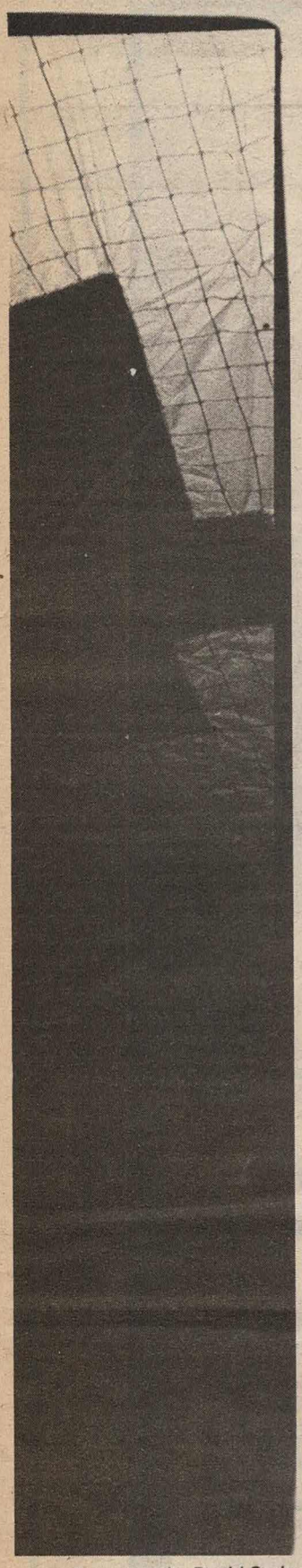
Even so, when hecklers aren't flummoxing him with requests for *Dave* Allen, Allen does stay in the mind. Perhaps he'll find a way of investing somewhat narrow concerns with a bit more vision and accessibility. It's not a question of the *Farceur* watering himself down (he's not particularly uncompromising anyway), but rather of watering a pretty arid comic landscape.

For a start he could get rid of the tedious backing band and endless musical jokes, and jazzy cabaret versions of 'White Riot' and Lol Coxhill causing embarrassment with his idea of a Viv Stanshall monologue.

Allen, of course, would probably reply that embarrassment is an essential weapon in the joker's armoury, both a way of subverting the notion of comic spot-on timing and a way of laying bare the essentially sado-masochistic relationship between performer and audience. Yawn. I left early.

Paul Tickell

HUMOUR IN UNIFORM



Bauhaus pic: David Corio

LIVE!

THE DOWN

large, effective role in accentuating their sense of churning, mounting drama.

But basically Bauhaus aesthetics are acceptable — if somewhat overstated. (And if viewed beside hams of unparalleled stature and odious pretentions like Midge Ure, Thomas Dolby, Steve Strange, then Bauhaus art is really quite glorious.) And their glam-rock guitarist (in heavy make-up and girl's blouse) is an outrageously stunning prototype for today's more tacky models such as Duran Duran and Japan. And then, of course, there is the star.

Suggestions and endless permutations of mystery, violence, implied sexual ambiguity, intrigue, unknown pleasures and more are all contained in a flash of his eyes: Pete Murphy embodies glamour in the modern sense. The Beauty. And The Beast . . .

For here is where the gaping sores are all too apparent.

Bauhaus music stampedes wildly with little or no grace. A persistent defence of old forms, at its worst wallowing quite miserably in dank territories; at its best — the singles: untypical brief relief from their dark preferences. ('Bela Lugosi's Dead' at least adds structure and humour to the extravagance of the obsessive drama.)

Bauhaus are a unit with passionate musical convictions, in hugely questionable ground. But they are definitely capable of working in the present tense — while still retaining their precious gleaming danger — if and when they want to: 'Kick in the Eye' tampered wickedly with the edge of the singles chart . . . . It is a matter of fact — and if for no other reason than Murphy's face alone — that this is the very eve of Bauhaus' monumental popular glory.

But that's incidental to the fact that it would be more daring by far if Bauhaus were to start shedding old skin right now.

Kirsty McNeill

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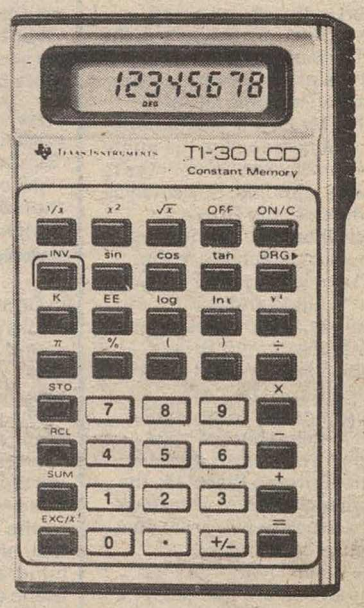

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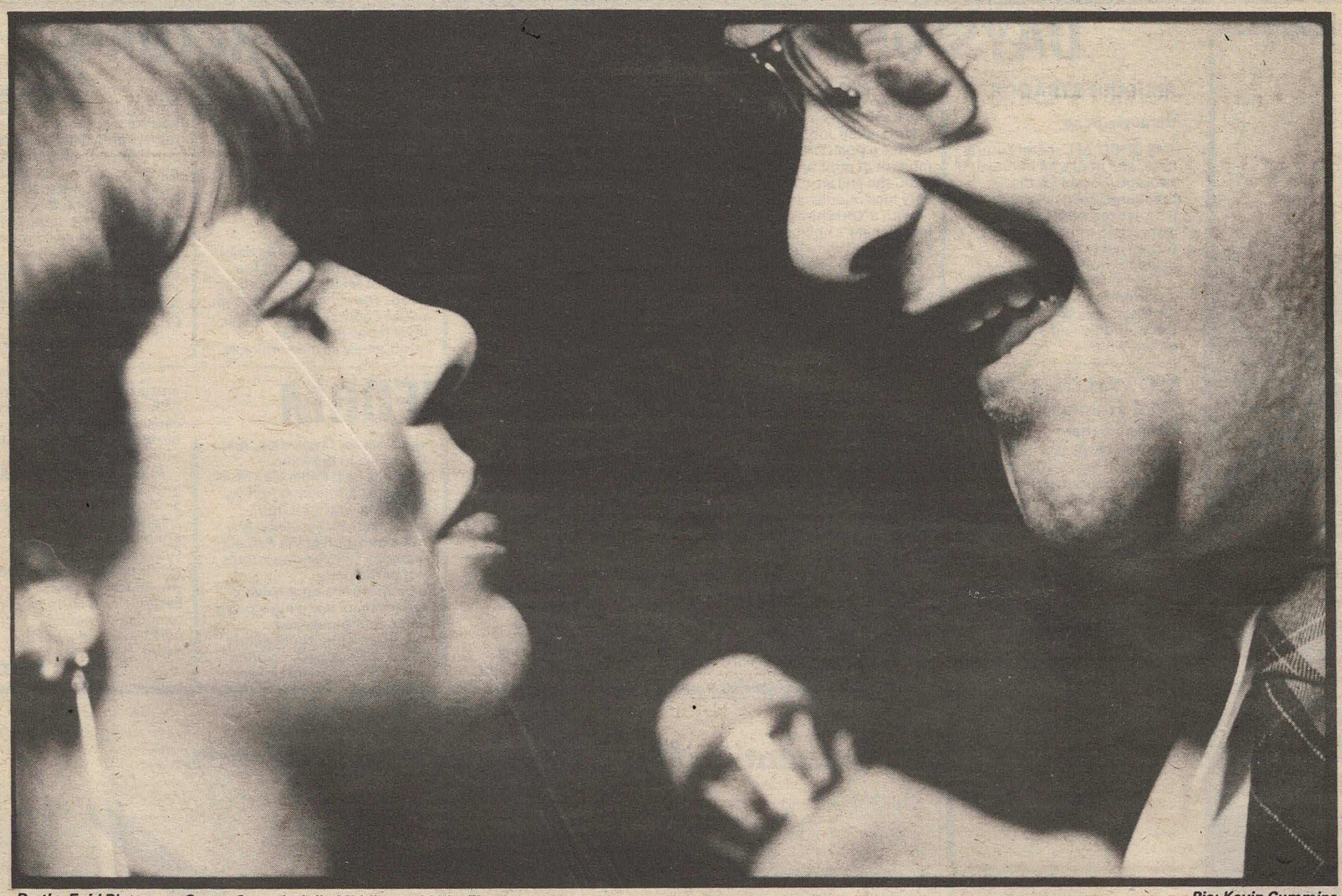

Do the Enid Blyton . . . Secret Seven's Julie Middles and Mike Finney *Pic: Kevin Cummins*

SEVEN KNOCK FIVE FOR SIX

DELTA 5
THE SECRET SEVEN

Manchester Hacienda

FRIDAY 13th was a day of mixed fortunes at the increasingly popular Hacienda drive-in. For Delta 5, it was an ill-fated day that saw their latest streamlined model splutter and cough, try too hard, rev too loud and ultimately derail.

For the Secret Seven, test driving their fizzy-sweet wares before a rock circuit for the first time, the same notorious day saw them criss-cross various pop gears and cruise through the Hacienda's wall of cool with an almost desparate ease.

There was a time when the Delta 5 weren't afraid to spray splinters of haphazard catharcism through an intricate veil of jagged funk. It was rumoured that Delta 5 could one day be The Famous Five. It was only a rumour, as they chose to sink themselves even deeper into a cluttered and fraught lip service to some obscurist leaden drone.

Delta 5 called it their funkdream; if only they'd woken up and seen all the other dreamers that punk's thrown up. And now there's only Bethan and Ross, the two bass players, left to play the Delta 5 way.

The extras (Jacqui Callis, vocals; Graham High, guitar; Simon Fish, drums) play like session musicians who've been instructed to model themselves on the departed three: the end result is hard and efficient and simultaneously drab and dated.

Delta 5 have remodelled and reshaped, but what's the point when the end product is still two years behind everyone else? It's high time they pulled over and read some books about fun and laughter, books about The Secret Seven . . .

Delta 5 were the perfect first conquest for The Secret Seven who rattled their hallmark as the future purveyors of pop finery with a rare display of animated twirl and dreamy adventure. Any band that begins with The Velvet Underground's 'I'll Be Your Mirror' and makes it sound as easy as Dollar's 'Mirror Mirror' but with all the feel of Joy Division's 'Atmosphere' . . . do I really need to say any more?

From that most underrated of pop thrills, the now defunct Distractions, Mike Finney has assembled a musical phenomenon with inherent suss and unilateral appeal.

There's the twin vocals that put Yazoo and Dollar to shame for a start: Finney's insidious but understanding croon couples perfectly with Julie Middles' twee innocence. There's the piano and bass for starters: the instruments excelling in their exploitation of the guitarless landscapes of Japan and The Human League. There's a drum machine and there's The Secret Seven.

Cute romanticism is hardly any description of The Secret Seven at all . . . there's so much more. In between sneaking a cleverly reworked reference to The Isley Brothers (via 'This Old Heart Of Mine') and pleasing a Hacienda full of record companies (that means passing a bagful of fizz bombs around!) The Secret Seven encapsulate the kaleidoscope of current pop virtues with a zestful exhuberance and unimpeachable confidence.

Theirs is an exhibition that, at once, entertains like the very best of cabaret and triggers off nerve ends producing a deliciously warm, drunken feeling that, I think, used to be called soul (or perhaps it was something they put in the fizz bombs!)

Mindful of past experiences suffered by The Distractions, The Secret Seven will not be playing live too often, so it's up to the boys from Vasto Records to show that they haven't lost their talent-spotting teeth. It would be a tragedy to deprive the number one spot from a long and lasting association with The Secret Seven.

Amrik Rai

SONS OF JAH

Albany, Deptford

I DON'T KNOW whether I ever mention an acquaintanceship of several years' standing I assert with a man named Trevor Bow, who dwells in the environs of Ladbroke Grove and maintains a vocal group he calls The Sons Of Jah.

This Mr Bow is a singularly forceful personality, the anger of whom seems sometimes to act as a stimulus, nay catalyst for much of the Grove's musical output; his militant presence detectable in the works of idren such as Aswad, King Sounds and the Israelites, Delroy Washington, Brimstone, Junior Brown, Ranking Reuben and others, while his own fierce recordings are comparable with the very best of local reggae. I refer your attention to the 'Burning Black' LP, the premier UK album of its year and a presage of a great deal that has occurred since.

So when I hear that The Sons Of Jah are booked for a rare live appearance at the newly opened Albany theatre in Deptford supported by Jah Shaka's equally bellicose sound system, I decide to make tracks to the district and take in the event.

The previous Albany Empire is gutted by fire courtesy of people with what are termed right wing views. The present building, opened by the Princess of Wales in May of this year, lies a few hundred yards away from the scene of another fascist arson attack, the New Cross house where a dozen young partygoers lost their lives last year.

We stand for a silent moment in front of this charred tomb, where a few cobwebs of new curtain still flutter from blackened windows, before proceeding down the road to where Shaka is wreaking vengeance on the protagonists with a selection of defiant Twinkle Brothers dubs.

Following a soul set from Seventh Heaven, The Sons Of Jah take the stage. Or more pertinently, one son and one daughter. What is always in the part a vocal trio comprising Trevor, Derrick and Howard is now reduced to Mr Bow alone, with Ella Boothe and rhythm guitarist Bunny McKenzie providing harmonies. Also onstage is a scratch band featuring Kenny McKenzie on bass, Leroy Holmes on drums, Errol Fenton on lead guitar, Stefan on organ and trumpet, with trombone and saxophone from Patrick Buttons and Roger respectively.

The group proceed to execute a showcase of songs from the four Sons Of Jah albums, beginning with 'What The World Needs Today' and 'We've Got To Build Examples Of The Truth', settling into Trevor Bow's irate 'Fool The Children'.

"Babylon a fool the children," he sings, *"Babylon has got them tricked. Keeping them in hell right now, telling them of a heaven above."*

The song swells and crescendos. The organ weaves in and out of the steady bass and drum coda. The horns blare phrases of counterpoint. The singer continues.

"Babylon will have you in its queendom, as long as you're subordinate; but just you mention your freedom, they say you're being obstinate. They've got sophisticated traps, yes they dangle their bait; but watch you don't get caught like a rat for a slice of Babylon's cake."

It is a short set, played in front of a small audience, and in spite of the band's drive and the vocalist's ire, never really gets into its stride, until right at the end when Trevor gives voice to 'Breaking Down The Barriers', leaves the stage for the remaining Sons to perform a barnstorming instrumental, when the crowd bursts into spontaneous applause. Suddenly the night is warm once again, and Jah Shaka whiles away the remainder of the night with a selection of virulent steppers and the warrior dancers cavort.

Penny Reel

JOE JACKSON

Hammersmith Odeon

THEY SAY you can always tell whether or not a man knows what he's doing by looking at his shoes . . . Joe Jackson wore trainers.

He begins with old material: 'On The Radio', 'Sunday Papers', 'Look Sharp' — all of which I, along with thousands of others, remembered, though not necessarily with equal affection. Then, an accapella 'Is She Really Going Out With Him', played for laughs, which both the group and I quite enjoyed — much, much more than I did 'Fools In Love', which bloated well above its station and embarrassed itself badly, tottering on a structure built of the (absent) guitars.

It's well known that synthesisers are not a substitute for anything, and nor are they best employed blowing up vignettes of adolescent frustration into "anthems" for older adolescents to dump their consciences in. It sounded solemn like a hymn.

The Springsteen-like drummer moved over for the newer, more "dance" orientated material, which took up the bulk of the second half of a show into which a perceptible amount of careful, if rather dull thought had gone. Earlier, a song from the new album, 'Cancer', had set the tone: *"Everything gives you cancer"* sang Joe, with feeling, in between treating us to a tasteful and very lengthy electric-piano solo. All very fine, but this is out of date; Herpes is *the* disease now . . .

For an encore, there was a despicable Motown medley of some of our favourites on 45, or was it 78? Anyway, I left my comfy chair. All right, he didn't like me either. But believe it or not, this wasn't, by a long way, the "worst" show I've ever seen.

Mark Cordery

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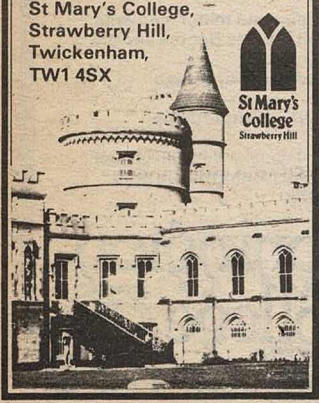

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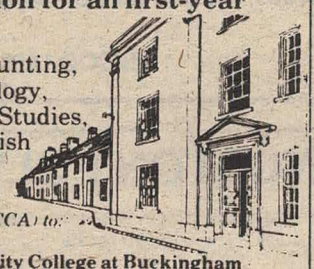

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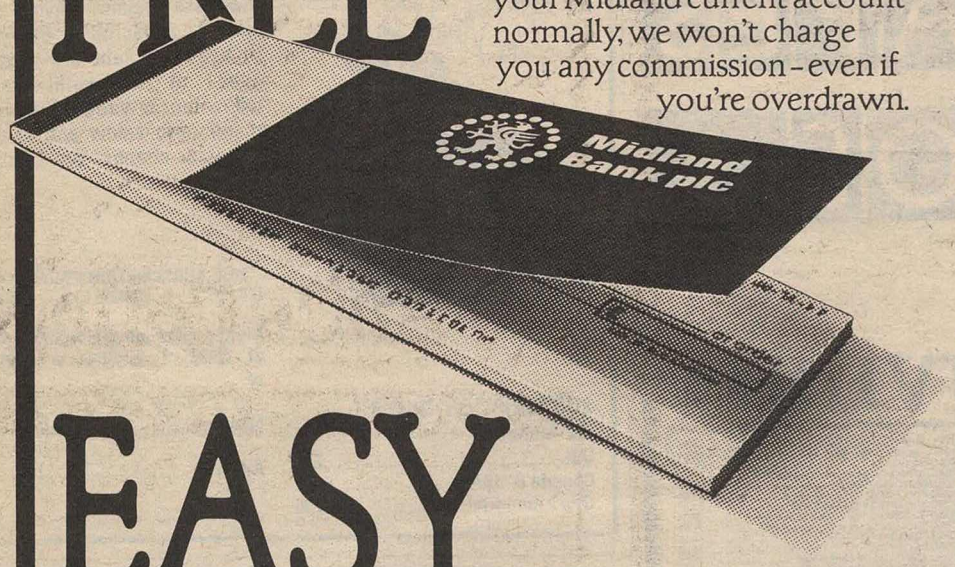

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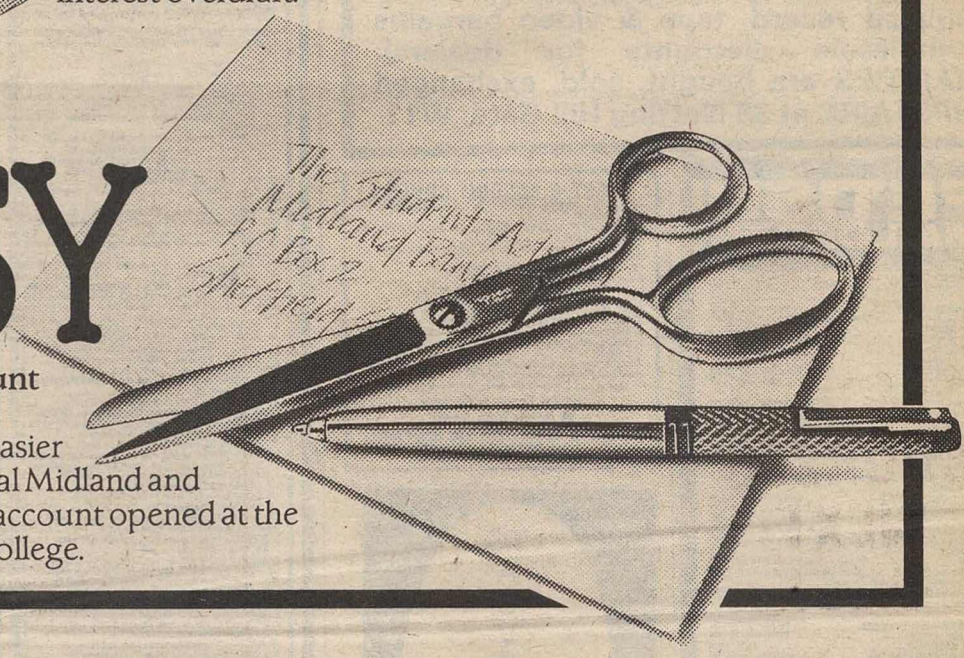
ISIC CARD This entitles you to one third off any ordinary National Express coach fare, plus discounts on other travel, theatre tickets and accommodation. Details when you open your account.

EASY

Overdraft If you open a Midland current account but your LEA grant cheque is late, show us your grant letter and we'll talk about arranging a special low-interest overdraft.

EASY

Opening Your Account
The easiest of all.
Fill in the coupon, or easier still, pop into your local Midland and arrange to have your account opened at the branch nearest your college.



PROOF THAT A STUDENT'S LIFE CAN BE FREE AND EASY

We're not suggesting that college is all play and no work. But at the Midland, we try to make it as free and easy as we can.

That's why we've introduced our Students' 'plus' package. It makes your grant easier to manage, easier to do as you please with.

You qualify for the package as long as you fulfil two simple conditions: you must begin or be attending a full time course of further or higher education for which an LEA mandatory award is available; and you must open your first current account with us this year before 30th November, 1982.

(If you already have an account with us, and you're becoming a student during 1982, then naturally, you'll qualify too).

So read all about the package. See how free and easy it is. Then come and talk.

After all, isn't this how you wanted college to be?

To: The Student Adviser, Midland Bank plc, PO Box 2, Sheffield S1 3GG. (Please complete in block capitals).

I would like my current account opened at the nearest branch to _____
which I will be attending this year. And/or I would like details of Midland's Students' 'plus' package.

Name _____

Address (home) _____

_____

_____ NME/28.8.82

Term time address (if known) _____

_____

Midland
The Listening Bank
Midland Bank plc

RECORD CORNER. Collector's service offers fast and efficient service to customers worldwide. From rare out of print records to current UK and Imports.

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PICTURE DISKS £1.50 each

Blancmange/Feel Me. Skids/Goodbye Civilian. Samson/Riding With The Angels/Tygers of Pan Tang/Love Potion No 9. Prelude/Only The Lonely. Judus Priest/You've Got Another Thing Comin. Pete Townshend/Uniforms. Scorpions/No One Like You. Tom Petty/ Refugee. Meat Loaf/Dead Ringer. Kiss/A World Without Heroes. Genesis/Paperlate

IMPORT SINGLES £1.65 each (all pic sleeves)

Queen/Calling All Girl. Roxy Music/Take A Chance On Me. Clash/Should I Stay Or Should I Go/First Night In London. Police/Secret Journey. Devo/Snowball (remix). Joan Jett/Do You Wanna Touch.

SURF MUSIC

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The Surf Raiders/Raiders Of The Lost Surf £6.35
Summer Means Fun (double CBS album) (inc The Ripchords)..... £4.99
The Challengers The Best Of..... £6.35

SPECIAL PRICED SINGLES 65p each (all pic sleeves)

The Jam/That's Entertainment. Specials/Too Young Too Soon. David Bowie/Fashion. Buzzcocks/Are Everything. Blondie/Atomic. Fleetwood Mac/Hold Me. Clash/Train In Vain. The Cars/It's All I Can Do. Who/You Better You Bet. Who/Long Live Rock. UK Subs/Party In Paris.

Above are just a small sample of what we have to offer. 1000s of oldies/100s of picture disks/100s of special priced singles/The American Country/Pop/Soul Charts/100s of rare singles of our famous collectors lists . . .
All you have to do to get a copy of our latest list is send 50p + an SAE or if you wish to receive our lists for one year send £1.50 (UK) £2.50 (overseas) approx 25 lists per year . . .

Postage/Packing 7" (1) 25p (2 to 5) 40p (6 or more) 60p. LPs (1) 70p (2) 90p, (3/4) £1.50. (Overseas) double the UK postage.

RECORD CORNER
27 BEDFORD HILL, BALHAM SW12 9EX
(VISIT OUR SHOP WHEN IN LONDON)

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ALL RECORDS, TAPES, VIDEOS BOUGHT, SOLD, EXCHANGED!!

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Or ***SEND*** any quantity by post with SAE for cash to Record & Tape Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W11 (none returned once sent — we decide fair price; list+SAE for estimate if required).

All shops open 10 - 8 EVERY day of the year for many 1000s of cheap used/ unused record, tape & video bargains (wholesale discounts for dealers). RARITIES are bought, sold, exchanged UPSTAIRS at 38 Notting Hill Gate, W11.

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THE BONGOS..... Zebra Club
THE BONGOS..... Mambo Sun
CLOCK DVA..... 4 Hours
BUSH TETRAS..... Boom/Das Ah Riot
PERRY HAINES..... What's Funk?
12" SINGLES:
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THROBBING GRISTLE..... Discipline
SNATCH..... Joey/Shopping For Clothes EP
STEPHEN MALLINDER..... Temperature Drop
23 SKIDOO..... The Gospel Comes To New Guinea EP
PERRY HAINES..... What's Funk? (Extended Version)
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CLOCK DVA..... Thirst
23 SKIDOO..... 7 Songs (Mini-LP)
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BOOKS
Final Academy Catalogue...Featuring Burroughs, Gysin, Skidoo, Cab, Voltaire etc..... £5.00
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U.K.: 7" 1=30p, 2=35p, 3=40p, 4=45p. 12" 1=70p, 2=85p, 3=£1.25, 4=£1.50. Box 1=£2.00. T-Shirt, same as singles.
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JAPAN: 7" 1=£1.10, 2=£1.50, 3=£1.90, 4=£2.30. 12" 1=£2.70, 2=£4.70, 3=£6.70, 4=£8.70. Box: Surface £8.00. Air £10.50. T-Shirt same as singles.
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Send postal orders, cheques, international money order to:
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Prices include postage and packing in U.K. and Eire. Trade and Overseas customers write for list.
Cheque or P.O. with order please and ALL MAIL ONLY to
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94 Sandy Lane South,
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THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL OFFER
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"We do not advertise Videos before they are released.
"All videos are sent in strong top quality cardboard packaging specially designed for sending videos by post.
"We do not issue credit notes unless you ask. If we cannot supply what you require — *We refund your money*
"All Videos advertised are new & factory fresh
"Personal callers always welcome.

(All VHS films are on the PAL system). V2 = Also on V2000. (Please add £2 to price of each for V2000 format).
LOTS MORE CONCERTS AND FILMS IN OUR CATALOGUE.
POSTAGE & PACKAGING: INLAND (includes Ireland & BFPO) 1.45 any quantity (recorded delivery). **OVERSEAS** Europe (Air) 2.50 each. Outside Europe (Surface) 2.50 each. Outside Europe (Air) 7.50 each. EIRE. Please add 25p for every £1 (on cost of videos & postage) to cover rate of exchange.
PLEASE ALLOW 10 DAYS CLEARANCE FOR CHEQUES. (Postal Orders can mean quicker delivery).

Adrians

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Have you paid us a visit yet? Wickford is only 40 mins direct from Liverpool St Station. Open Mon-Sat 9-6, Sunday 10am-12.30 pm

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12" ABC All of my heart/Overture (P)..... 1.99
12" RUSH New world man/V Sigus (live)/Free Will (live)(P)..... 1.99
12" MARI WILSON What I always wanted/Are you there/Woe (P)..... 1.50
10" DIRE STRAITS Private Investigations (P)..... 1.99
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12" SNIFF'N'TEARS Drivers seat (discomix) + 3 (P)..... 1.99
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CASSINGLE MEATLOAF Bat/Readem/Deadringer/Gonna love (P)..... 1.99
7" FRIDA Something going on (I) (diff pic)..... 1.99
7" CAPT SENSIBLE This is your captain (P)..... .85p
12" WAYNE COUNTY Berlin (6.56)(pink vinyl)..... 1.99
12" EXPLAINER Lorraine (E)..... 1.99
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12" BANANARAMA Really saying (7.54)/Aie A Mwana (7.54/Dub) (I)(P)..... 4.49
7" KID CREOLE But for grace of God/Not such a bad boy..... 1.50
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12" UB40 So here I am/S Witness live/Dr X live (P)..... 1.99
12" MICHAEL ZAGER Let's all chant (7.05)..... 1.99
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12" S MILLER Abracadabra (5.10)/Macho (16.35 (I)..... 4.49
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12" T. REX Deep Summer/Oh Baby/DIB COCHRANE & EARWIGS One inch Rock (Blue Vinyl) (P)..... 1.99
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12" BILLY IDOL Hot in city (5.30)/Dead on arrival (P)..... 2.35
10" XTC Bali & Chain/No thugs/Punch & Judy (I) (P)..... 2.99
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YAZOO Official Fan Club Badges (Piper)... Button 40p Square 60p
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7" CAB VOLTAIRE Flexi Gut level (6.41) (+ Mag)..... .50
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(Post & Good Packing on flexis 75p any quantity UK)
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Each one is a numbered limited edition with pic insert
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Barnacle and brass

Pic: David Corio

GARY BARNACLE — SAXOPHONE

IF YOU'VE heard a sax seeping from the speakers lately it could well have been provided by the player whose phone number more and more producers are learning by heart: Gary Barnacle. He's graced vinyl for Beggar & Co, M, Bush Tetras, Teardrop Explodes, Blue Rondo and many more, and still finds time for his own project in collaboration with Ross Middleton, called Leisure Process. "I don't want to come across as a cynical session man," he suggests. OK.

INTERVIEW: TONY BACON

"The great interest in brass instruments now must, I think, be born out of frustration with guitars and keyboards. With keyboards, even though you've got all these great sounds at your disposal, kids have discovered that it's really difficult to put in feel and emotion via the synthesizers.

Even though a sax or a trumpet is a really daunting prospect to start with, I think people would prefer to make a bit of a racket and a few mistakes — at least it's a direct form of communication. If you can't sing, then playing a brass instrument's about the next best thing in that sense.

The sax is quite easy to play compared to, say, an oboe or a clarinet, but it's such an open instrument in the sense that the register on it is virtually as high as you can take it, whereas other instruments are a bit more restricted.

What makes the saxophone difficult is that you've got a whole range of different sounds and ways of playing it — a trumpet, for example, doesn't have a lot you can do with the tone or the way you play it, but a sax you can play like Bill Haley's sax player. Compare his sound to Ben Webster, a vast difference! And I think that makes it more difficult in that you've got so many options open to you.

I do think the make of instrument makes a difference — I use Selmer all the time. I've recorded things like Yamaha, Conns and Kings, and I can hear quite a difference on playback. I've gone back to the Selmers every time.

The Mark VI is the one I'm familiar with and I think you'll find most top sax players use them. Unfortunately they don't make them any more which is a bit silly, it's a classic design. The way the Mark VI is laid out is about as near perfect as you can get, the placement of the keys, the intonation, the balance it has a really good feel to it.

I've had my Mark VI tenor all my playing life, and it's actually about 30 years old. They have a good tone, but without any distinct colourations, so you can put more of yourself into it.

All my saxes are Selmer Mark VIs — alto, baritone, tenor and soprano — and I have a couple of Yamahas. A Yamaha, for instance, has immediately got a very bright, brilliant sound which is only really good for something where you want a rough, raucous sound. The Selmer is neutral, it works perfectly and it'll do whatever you make it do.

For the last few years — and I'm getting the opportunity to put it across a bit more now — I've sometimes used sax with a synthesiser. I don't like the Lyricon at all: I use a Roland Rack pitch-to-voltage synth triggered by my sax with a bug on the mouthpiece, going to a Murton and a Carlsbro ADT.

I also put a mic on the sax in the normal way, so I give the studio or live engineer two signals to choose from, getting a blend between the two. So you can hear the real sound of the sax, but at the same time you can have octaves above and below, tone colours, and so on. A good example is the Visage single, 'Night Train', I used it on that.

There's straight sax, and overdubbed synthetic brass on the choruses. Pete Thoms from Landscape introduced me to the Roland system I use, although it's strange that he doesn't actually use the real sound of his trombone at all.

You can go on for your whole life experimenting with different combinations of reeds and mouthpieces — for all I know, somewhere there's the perfect combination for me, but it's a matter of saying am I going to settle on something and get really used to it, or am I going to spend years searching?

At the moment I have to think about being quite flexible, the phone goes and I don't know what sound they're going to want: a Junior Walker solo, an Andy Mackay solo.

I get increasingly annoyed by that approach, it's like being the Mike Yarwood of the sax. I'd much rather people wanted me to be like me, which is happening more and more now. I know people who have two different mouthpieces: one for when they can play the way they want to play, and another for when they've got to do a session and need to get all different kinds of sounds.

I used a Lawton mouthpiece, a British one, quite widely used. I suppose the most popular is an Otto Link, but I can't get on with them at all for some reason. Technically, there's hardly any difference. They're both straight-through mouthpieces.

For some reason, though, I can hardly get a note out of a Link — I've never been able to. A Lawton's really easy for me, whereas for some players it's the other way round. It's your lip and jaw formation which make the difference, I think. I use La Voz reeds. They're not the most common either, most people use Rico. Reeds are the biggest problem of all because you buy a box of 12 and maybe one or two of them are useable. Either the grain's wrong, or they're sort of rigid, others give *too* much . . . I cut my reeds down anyway, I can pick one out of the box and it's right. Some are obviously not working at all, so I chuck them away; the in-between ones I keep and try over a period of time, sometimes they improve.

I think that to most people's ears one sax is pretty much like another. If a record's got a sax on it, it's got a sax on it. I find people talking about a black funk record and Madness as if the thing that unites them is that they've got a sax on. To me there's a world of difference.

If I hear Dave Sanborn or Mike Brecker from America they've got a sound I can recognise straight away. But I think in Britain they think, Oh sax is really trendy at the moment, and act as if there's no different categories of sax playing.

I think there's a hell of a difference between, say, The Belle Stars, and Michael Jackson's latest record with sax on it."

BARNACLE BULLETIN

Musical tuition: Mostly self-taught, some basics from sax and flute teachers early on.
Favourite sax players: Mike Brecker; Andrew Love (Memphis Horns); Junior Walker; Dave Sanborn.
Favourite engineer/studio: Nick Launay/Townhouse "young and adventurous"; John Hudson/Mayfair "a lot of pop experience".
Favourite venue played: "There's certainly a lot I *don't* like." Fairfield Halls Croydon "acoustics seemed very clear".
Favourite instrument: Selmer MkVI tenor.
Favourite personal recorded solos: John Eden 'Working On The Land'; Leisure Process 'A Way You'll Never Be'; Level 42 'Heathrow'.

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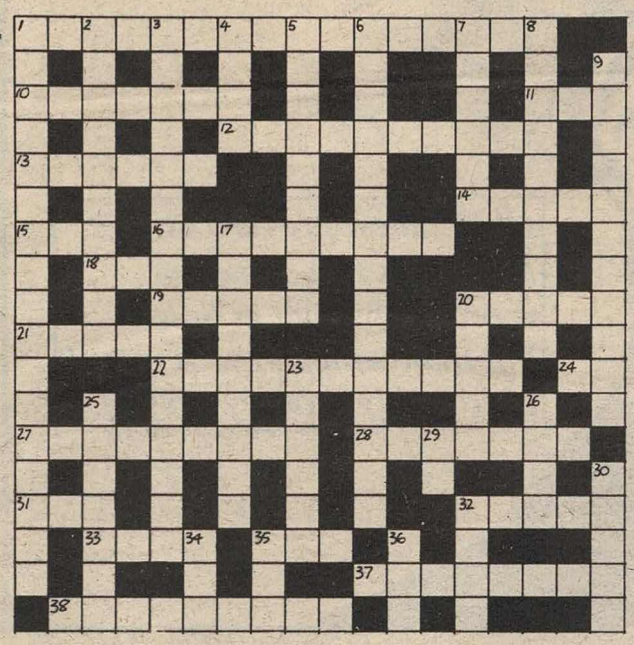

ACROSS

1 Those who cope with tiny children (8-8)
10 Hit for the Platters and Ringo Starr, the title recently being revived by a band albeit a different song (4-3)
11 **+13A** The record that announced Freddie Mercury's arrival on the scene, although it was Queen's third hit (3-2-4)
12 Sex Pistol's A-side that was coupled with 'Who Killed Bambi' (5-5)
14 Creole furniture (5)
15 See 26D
16 F Mac single which reached numbers one and two on separate occasions (9)
18 **+ 30D** Her father scored with 'Donna' and a 'Teenager In Love' among others (3 5)
19 How David Gates used to earn his money (5)
20 **+37A** *"And when I ask you to explain, you say you've got to be . . . . . in the right measure"* — Nick Lowe (5 2 2 4)
21 The Beatles one turned out to be the rotten one in the barrel, financially (5)
22 **+ 38A** Flowerpower song from the Flowerpot Men (4 2 2 3 9)
24 Top 10 hit from Gigliola Cinquetti (who?) in 1974 (2)
25 He was the political subject of a Peter Gabriel hit (5 4)
28 Gerry of the Pacemakers was in favour (1 4 2)
31 Something that Elton John took from within the wine goblet in 1978 (3)
32 '. . . . Babe' by Hot Chocolate (5)
33 Forename of our lassie who had many smasheroos before the charts were inaugurated, such as 'We'll Meet Again' (4)
35 From whence comes Holger Czukay and Baked Beans (3)
37 See 20A
38 See 22A

DOWN

1 Kid and the Coconuts with the grass-skirted hoodlums (aka the raffia-mafia) (8-9)
2 Elvis Presley's 12th UK hit but his first number one here (3 5 2)
3 *". . . . . but six rings, and I rise, wipe the sleep out of my eyes the shaving razor's cold and it stings"* — 1967 hit (8-8)
4 The Four Seasons 17th work (4)
5 Explode it into a total noise set up (9)
6 Where the kids revive the old Chubby Checker days is also where you'll find Siouxsie (10-5)
7 The name that the two Kinky brothers got called (6)
8 When a young lad at Rocket Records was killed, Elton titled this number after him (4 3 3)
9 For those of you learning the ABC, U2 can tell you what comes after H (1 4 6)
17 A tossing and turning bare night for Kate Bush (9)
20 The winners of this years Battle of the Bands (5)
23 Another one for U2 fans — or for Them fans (6)
25 **+ 36D** The Undertones floperoo follow-up to 'Teenage Kicks' (3 4 3)
26 **+15A** 'Happenings Ten Years . . . . . ', by The Yardbirds (4 3)
29 Yin and Yan take off of an earlier number one in the same year of 1974 (2)
30 See 18A
32 At one time married to Sonny Bono (4)
34 I know some bands like to go for honours, but this lot have got 23 letters after their name (3)
35 The company who pay Clash, Adam Ant and Aswad among others (3)
36 See 25D

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 The Birthday Party, 9 Eno, 10 'Peking', 12 Ibsen, 13 Steve, 15 Grandmaster, 17 'Law', 19 Players, 23 + 36 Adler, Lou, 24 'Chill', 25 Sugar, 27 'Please', 28 'Me', 29 Oxo, 30 Esther, 31 'War', 32 'Open', 33 Rhubarb, 35 Trio, 36 See 23 Across, 37 Small, 38 Pink, 39 'Blackout'.

DOWN: 1 'The Only Way Out', 2 Eros, 3 'Imperial Bedroom', 4 'Take No Prisoners', 5 Denim, 6 'Point', 7 Resort, 8 *Yanks,* 11 Eva, 14 T.G., 16 'Asylums', 18 WEA, 20 RCA, 21 Shriekback, 22 'A Leaky Boat', 26 'Get', 27 'Power', 33 Roll, 34 Hula, 35 Twi, 36 Lab.

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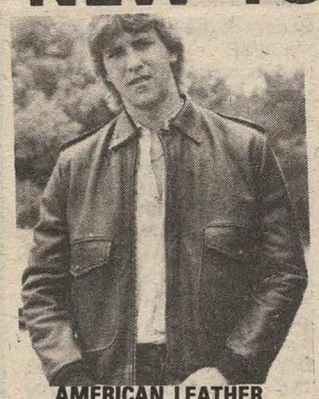

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T-ZERS

DOWN OUR ALLEY: Kim Wilde bowls 'em over in New York City. *Pic: Laurie Paladino/Star File.*

WAIT FOR IT. Wait for it . . . Heeeeeeere's *T-Zers!!!*

Hi Sluggers! Sling those *Gasbag* blues and get a taste of some reeeeeeeeeal hard stuff. Have a chew on this X-Cert dirt — a smash HIT, bouffant twit's WOW-doo-wopping, hip-hopping, flag-waving, circulation-saving SEXTRAVAGANZA! Hang on to your seats, hang on to your kid brother, touch your toes, say "Pineapple" . . . welcome to the SHOW!!!

Well worth waiting for, worth stay up late-ing for *(Aw . . . — Ed) (Later! — Bill)* *T-Zers* comes to your from IPC's pleasant estates in Carnaby Street . . . Well, *would* do if *T-Zers* hadn't popped round the corner to see a peep show in Wardour Street. IPC however, never cheapskates, have left *T-Zers* to its pleasures and enlisted the services of a delightful couple by the name of *(— Ed)* and *(— Bill)*. Never ones to turn down a fistful of sponderoonies, *(— Ed)* and *(— Bill)* accepted and proudly present a page of smut and filth for your fornication!!!

All this time you thought *T-Zers* was such a serious proposition, fitfully moralising on a corrupt world, deliverer of one page essays on the dearth of truth and *decent* passion in this rock doobrie biz. Think again, Sluggers! *T-Zers* is a dirty date!!!

Not so **Kevin** 'Brat' **Rowland,** who had to pay for his one page essays till he got noticed again. Actually, Our Kev's dropped all that boring "passion" lark and started talking SEX!!! Said 'Armpits' Rowland to the *Daily Stag:* "Girls are my greatest pleasure. I like all kinds . . . all shapes and all sizes. My philosophy is this . . . why buy a book when you can join the library?" Whether this 'philosophy' bit is meant to justify him re-recording the little known sixth album by **V*n M*rris*n** under the title 'Too Rye Ay' he didn't say . . . he just kept bragging about his conquests . . .

We here at the Lust Emporium hear that **Dexys** have been nabbing no end of hassle from chart-wise policemen in the Kilburn area since 'going Celtic'. The boys in blue have taken to searching their dungarees and fiddle cases for Armalites, AK47s, trick cigarettes, things that go "BOO!", old V*n M*rris*n riffs . . . *(Give us a break — Ed) (Give us some SMUT!!! — Bill)*

OK, OK . . . Smut seen flying fast and furious as ever in last week's *News Of The Screws.* **Jock** 'Strap' **McDonald** claims the BBC have banned **Red Lipstique's** 'Drac's Back' single on account of its provocative SEX!!! content. The fact that the Beeb mightn't want to play duff records doesn't seem to have occurred to him. The story was 'about' "Wicked lady" **Cathy Ross,** "friend" to the "stars". The lady in question has since got "engaged" to another Lipstiquer, **Paul Gadd,** seventeen year old son of well-known Festival of Light campaigner 'Big' **Gaz Glitter** . . .

Elsewhere in the *NOW* story were tales of **Mick** 'Mott The Hoople' **Ralphs** *(Who?—Ed) (Mick Ralphs, rock musician of fixed trousers — Bill)* who used to listen to Hoople records while bonking and 'make love' in time to his own music!! If **Cal** from **Discharge** would like to contact us at p.55, we'd be happy to talk terms *(I'll call him right away. I'll use my dictaphone — Ed) (Use yer finger like everyone else! — Bill)* . . .

Over in the US of A, **The Stray Cats,** not content with wowing the girls have been wowing the boys as well, **Brian** 'Quiffing' **Setzer** bagged a hot date whilst on tour in the American colonies, being joined onstage by **Bruce** 'Riffing' **Springsteen** for "a jam"!!! Press releases are so *priggish* . . .

More our style is **David Lee Roth** of **Van Halen,** "America's queens of heavy metal" (what *can* they mean?) who said unashamedly: "I'm not interested in broadening anyone's musical horizons. I'm only interested in having a good time . . . Y'haven't got any sex salts have ya?". . .

Sure must be some bad salts around at the moment!!! Naughty funkateer **Rick James** collapsed from "exhaustion" onstage in Houston, Texas . . . Progressive performance artist **Laurie** 'My Front Room Is My Stage' **Anderson** collapsed from "exhaustion" backstage in her kitchen . . .

Capitalist lackey **Charlene** got a painful "mystery illness" (privately, of course) and collapsed in her own 64-track studio whilst recording 'Take Away The Pain' *(The Truth! — Ed and Bill). T-Zers,* from the backroom of a Gay Video Parlour, says: "Tell more! Tell more!" As pistol-packing **Al Capone** once said: "Ahem *(clears throat)* the first time its *happenstance.* The second time it's *coincidence.* The third third time it's *bad sex salts* . . ."

Details of further "collapses" are streaming in but *T-Zers'* Rubber Punishment Cap goes to **Linx** guitarist **J.J. Belle** *(Queen? — Ed) (Queen! — Bill)* who, being British and made of kinkier stuff, collapsed last week not from exhaustion but from a fractured knuckle, a tooth abscess and groin strain!!! *T-Zers* suggests he try a different approach . . .

Taking a quick fag-break from SEX!!! we sift the gossip mountain for The Obligatory **Madness** *T-Zer.* The Nutty Ones are currently searching for a moderately successful, bedsit-sized new single to rent, following the runaway success of their last monster 'Writhing In my Car'. Too many Top Ten hits are costing Stiff a fortune in no-expense-spared celebrations. ("Eating a melon to celebrate a Number One single was just ridiculous," quipped supremo **Dave** 'No-Expense-Spared' **Robinson.** "Next time they'll have to make do with a grape. Now who's running in the 4.30 at Catterick?") . . .

Anyone with an old **Beatles** B-side to let should contact **Dave** 'Make That Half A Grape' **Robinson.**

FOLLOWING **Madness'** success at getting a song about contraception on to *TOTP,* miffed Marxists **Gang Of Four** are taking a tip from Camden's finest — the quartet have dropped all references to "packets" and have been busy penning songs about less offensive matters, like good ole uncontroversial 'cars'. Unfortunately, their first attempt 'I Love A Man In A Vauxhall Viva' never made it onto *TOTP. T-Zers* tells us the Beeb were concerned about certain references to a 'back seat'. "Well, it's obvious what they're *implying,*" said a Corporation spokesman. "Why don't you sod off," said a hitless Gang. We can but wait . . .

Get this!!! BBC soupsville smash HIT *Fame,* featuring well-known West Coast closet **Leroy,** is certainly pulling the kids with its wacky brand of subliminal SEX!!! This week 'The Kids From Fame' went platinum. Next week The Kids go rubber. The week after that, leather . . .

"Their first single," say the Beeb, "saw young people all over the country gripped by *Fame* fever." *T-Zers* is happy to report that their mucky follow-up 'Hi-Infidelity' has had even more success and seen young people all over the country gripped by nipple clamps!!! *(The Kids are T-Zers' 'Tops' — Ed) (Obscure S&M reference to all you Gasbag 'Bottoms' out there — Bill).*

Switching the groove again, we go to Incest Corner. *T-Zers* phones from a Tokyo Geisha house in Bermondsey to tell us that *NME's* very own **Lynn Hanna** (you read her here first!) was seen with denim queen **Danny Baker** somewhere in the environs of London Weekend Television's video shack approaching stray children and asking *questions* — supposedly for a programme on Sex Education she and Danny were doing for *Twentieth Century Box!!!* Never take sweets from investigative journalists, kiddies . . .

More Incest Corner!!! Rampant *NME* Editor **Neil Spencer** spotted at the **Sunny Ade** reception (in **X. Moore's** favourite joint, the Barracuda club) being "interviewed" for BBC's *Newsnight* whilst at the bar buying a glass of Coke . . . We only hope that IPC footed the bill and it's not us who have to have a whip-round to fork out the four thousand smackeroonies . . .

And more!!! White Rasta sex slaves **Haysi Fantazee** croon stupidly in the chorus of their hopeless **'John Wayne** Is Big Leggy' — *"It's enough to make any* **Redskin** *cry!" Many a true word . . .*

No more incestuous plugs, honest. Not much more SMUT!!! either apart from . .

Not much more to smut about, apart from reports of **'sex poet' Seething Wells,** anxious to keep blagging the publicity following the 'simulated masturbation' incident, and now turning up to gigs with whips, wax and Xeroxed statements of denial on hand for the press . . .

Oh, and here's a late entry from **Dexys** *(T-Zers'* favourite boys). Conclusive proof that **Kevin** 'Stud' **Rowland** is indeed "back in control" of his empire came when the bristly hunk was overheard at Willesden Green tube station telling the rest of his band how to get to Hammersmith. Said Our Kev: "Those boys are a bunch of morons — they couldn't find their way out of a pair of dungarees . . ."

T-Zers declines to comment but, instead, gracefully retires with a tired wrist and love bites on the brain . . .

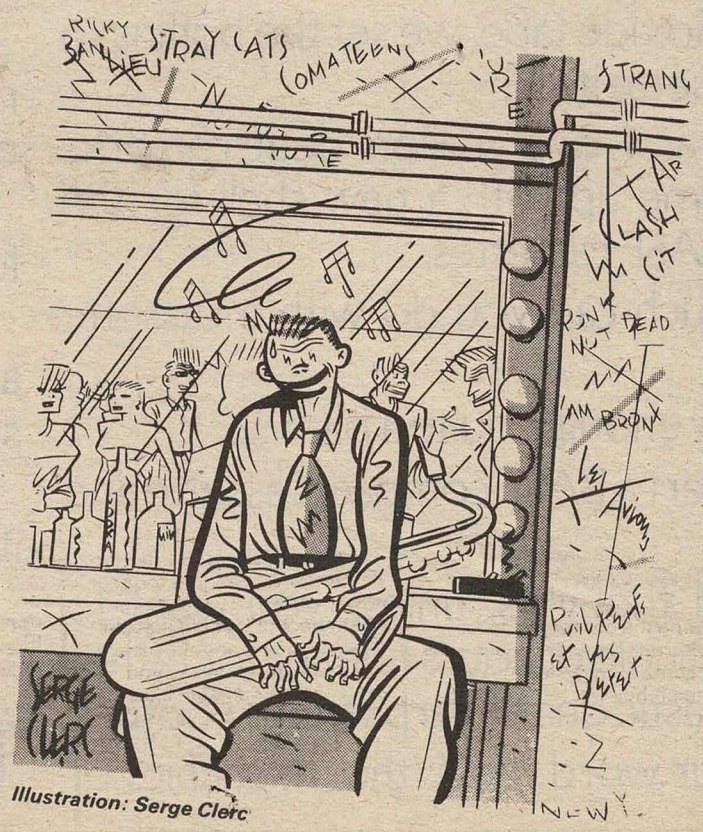

Illustration: Serge Clerc

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Publisher: Eric Jackson

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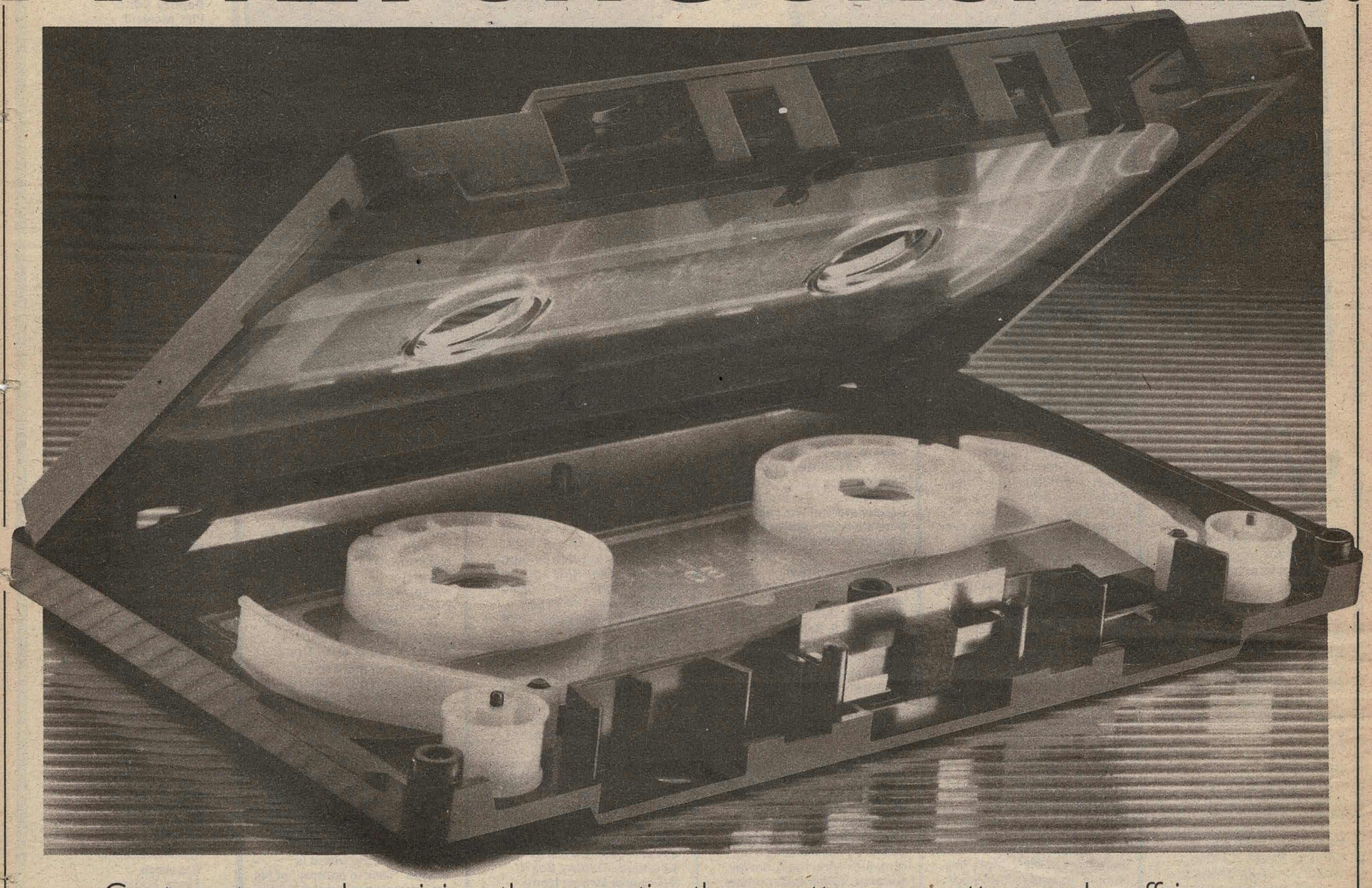

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